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SUNNY SIDE SERIES.

A MORAL INHERITANCE.

— BY —

LYDIA HOYT FARMER,

Author of a "Knight of Faith," Etc., Etc.

J. S. OGILVIE
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A

MORAL INHERITANCE.

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LYDIA HOYT FARMER,

Author of "A Knight of Faith," "The Life of La Fayette," "A Short History of the French Revolution," "Boys' Book of Famous Rulers," "Girls' Book of Famous Queens," "A Story Book of Science," "The Prince of the Flaming Star," etc., etc.

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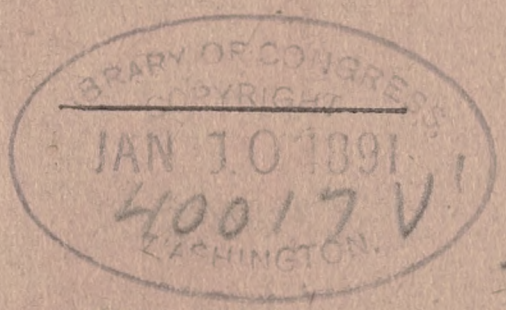

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DEDICATED

TO MY BELOVED FATHER, AND TO THE MEMORY OF MY SAINTED MOTHER,

WHOSE BLESSED UNION OF CONGENIAL NATURES, PURE SOULS, AND CHRISTIAN LIVES, HAS BEQUEATHED TO THEIR CHILDREN, AND CHILDREN'S CHILDREN, A MORAL INHERITANCE, WHICH IS ABOVE ALL PRICE.

PREFACE.

"SOUL-HEREDITY," or Traducianism, is a solemn fact, more vital to our earthly and eternal interests than the inheritance of rank, or wealth, or even genius. We not only partake of the physical peculiarities of our parents and ancestors, but we receive from them a moral inheritance of soul, which largely determines our characters in this life, and consequently, bears strongly upon our eternal destinies. Education, environments, and Christianity, are influences which can counteract much of inherited evil; and the God-Man hath power, not only over the devil in the world, but over the tempter in our own hearts, and is "able to save to the uttermost." But the souls of our parents and ancestors have bequeathed to us either harmonious natures, in which good so strongly preponderates as to insure tendencies toward good choices; or we inherit souls in which the diverse natures of our ancestors maintain a continual warfare. These conflicting tendencies, successive generations can only modify, and Christianity alone can eradicate. Parents who gain the victory over the evil in their own hearts, through the aid of the Spirit of God, may not thereby insure the certain salvation of their children—for free will in every individual, necessitates personal responsibility—but such parents do bequeath to their children the priceless legacy of natures in which the conquest over evil has been largely attained. Heroic times make heroic souls, and heroic souls bequeath heroism to their posterity.

As "Soul-heredity," is the vital root which determines the motive, which culminates in word and action; so ancestral influences give the key-note to historical characters, and form an important basis for the probable and natural building up of those characters in fiction which are intended to exemplify some vital truth.

THE AUTHOR.

A MORAL INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER I.

It was the first of July, 1867. The sun shone brightly in a clear sky, and beautiful Paris never appeared more fair. The famous *Exposition Universelle*, in which the arts, sciences, and industries of the entire world were displayed with unequalled magnificence, was just then at its height. France on that occasion fraternized with all nations. Her resplendent capital was the admiration of mankind, and Louis Napoleon and Eugénie had reached the culmination of the glory of their reign. Unclouded happiness seemed to pervade the land, and the French Empire for a time blazed forth once more in splendor.

On this day, Napoleon III. was to distribute prizes to the successful competitors. The emperor and empress left the Tuileries at two o'clock, and entering a gorgeous state carriage resplendent with red and gold, drawn by eight horses magnificently caparisoned, escorted by Cent Gardes and squadrons of Lancers, together with officers and servants of the imperial household, they arrived at the Palais de l'Industrie in the Champs Elysées. The interior of this edifice had been superbly decorated for the occasion. A thin white drapery, dotted with golden stars and bordered with bands of pale green, was gracefully festooned from the semicircular glass roof. The galleries were hung with crimson velvet draperies, trimmed with gold lace. The armorial designs of the various nations exhibiting, were displayed on the front of the columns supporting the roof. Around the vast hall, tier upon tier of crimson-colored benches provided seats for thirty thousand people. In the centre of one side of the hall stood the imperial throne, gorgeous with crimson and gold, canopied with golden velvet, surmounted by a massive crown, towering to the roof. The folds of richest-hued velvet, embroidered with golden bees—the royal insignia—the crimson and black covering of the dais, the dazzling ornaments of the imperial throne filled the eye with a blaze of

color even before the royal *cortége* swept into the thronged and gorgeous apartment.

As the august party took their respective positions, two young men, seated upon one of the rows of benches nearest the throne, uttered exclamations of admiration as the beautiful Empress Eugénie, with queenly grace, took her place by the Emperor Napoleon upon the glittering throne. Eugénie was arrayed in white, embroidered with gold, with a mauve satin train. Her crown, necklace, and stomacher were of diamonds, and diamonds blazed in her ears and fell in dazzling pendants upon her breast.

On the right of Napoleon was the Sultan of Turkey, in a blue and gold uniform, upon which glistened a diamond star, while the ribbon of the Legion of Honor adorned his breast. Next to the sultan sat the Prince of Wales. Then came the Prince of Orange, the Prince of Saxony and the Prince Imperial. The Grand Duchess Marie, the Duke of Aosta, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Princess Mathilde, together with the brother of the Japanese Tycoon, attired in a crimson and gold brocaded petticoat and black tunic, bordered with gold lace, occupied positions on the right of the Emperor Napoleon. On the left of the empress were the Prince Royal of Prussia, the Princess of Saxony, Prince Humbert of Italy, Prince Napoleon, and Abdul Hamed, son of the sultan. In the second row were members of the Murat and Bonaparte families, and behind them were the French marshals, ministers of state, officers of the imperial household, and the Turkish beys and pachas in attendance upon the sultan.

The thirty thousand spectators were in splendid toilets; the ladies attired in richest costumes, and the gentlemen in evening dress, or some picturesque national uniform. Here could be seen Turks in fezes and turbans, with surtouts covered with gold lace, and long robes of gorgeous hues. Hungarian magnates wore blue velvet, bejewelled tunics, crimson pantaloons fringed with gold, and hats ornamented with feathers and diamond aigrettes. Japanese dignitaries were resplendent in cloth of gold, light blue petticoats, scarlet breeches, white stockings, patent-leather shoes, and spiked hats fringed with silver. Tunisians were there, glittering in green and gold, blazing with diamond stars. Austrian Uhlans wore picturesque uniforms, Persians sported their tall national head-dress, and Siamese might be seen in their queer flat hats, baggy satin breeches, and brocaded tunics. There were members of the

Council of State, senators, deputies, prefects, lord mayors of London and Dublin, aldermen, sheriffs, masters of arts and doctors of divinity. There were also French, Russian, German, Italian, Dutch, and British military and naval uniforms. Stars, crosses, ribbons of every order, jewels, and feathers, met the eye in all directions. The hall was a blaze of color and gorgeousness.

After the distribution of the prizes by the Emperor Napoleon, and the retirement of the imperial party, the two young men we have already mentioned sauntered leisurely amongst the crowds of their fair friends, bestowing gracious bows here and there, now and then stopping to favor some lovely feminine vision with some complimentary remark. The taller of the two young men was a fine specimen of physical beauty. His nationality was rather difficult to determine. He spoke French with great elegance to his fair friends, but when he turned to his companion they conversed in English. The taller one was dark-eyed, with brown hair, which in the sunlight had a glint of gold in it; while his complexion was rather pale, with a white intellectual brow. He wore no beard, but a dark brown moustache overshadowed his expressive mouth. His companion was evidently an Englishman—no doubt there. His blue-gray eyes, ruddy skin, tawny hair and beard, and plainly English accent to his French when he essayed to answer some lady friend in that polite and fascinating tongue, made known at once to the beholder his native land. The taller young man was dressed with neatness, but unobtrusively; while the shorter tawny-bearded individual sported English styles, with a loudness of design which denoted that he belonged to the class of dudish swells.

Having left the Exposition building, and passed beyond the Champs Elysêes, the two young men strolled along until they reached one of the gayest boulevards of Paris. Entering an imposing *maison* on the right, the two friends were soon ensconced in the elegant apartments of Hector Ormandoff.

The two had been discussing some project of pleasure with evident earnestness, and as they lighted fresh cigars, and threw themselves into luxuriously lounging attitudes, the dark-eyed one exclaimed:

"I can't do it, Will! I've sworn off from that sort of life."

"Since when, pray thee, my model Hector? Only last month you were the jolliest fellow in the world, up to the wildest deviltry! What fit of blues has attacked you now?

And in the gay city of Paris, of all places, to play the devout recluse!"

The two friends were seated in a richly furnished apartment, whose windows looked out upon one of the most fashionable Parisian boulevards. Rich hangings, rare *bric-à-brac*, inviting divans, costly rugs, various master-pieces of art, artistically bound copies of the works of famous authors, gave to the room an air of glowing blendings of harmonious colors, handsome fabrics, graceful forms, cultivated tastes and lavish expenditure. Such was the mingled impression made upon an observer by a hasty glance around the bachelor apartments inhabited by Hector Ormandoff.

"It is no fit of the blues, Will, but science, legacies, and letters, which have influenced my determination to break away from some of my past habits and companionships. Of late, I have been dipping into the science of traducianism. Last week I discovered a hitherto unrevealed legacy from my grandfather, in the shape of a journal of his life, and yesterday I received a letter from my mother. Traducianism, or 'soul-heredity,' suggested to me the kind of moral inheritance I have received from my ancestors. My grandfather's journal revealed to me the mystery of the dual natures I find warring against each other in my own soul, and my mother's letter hinted a possible method of thought and action; or, at least, it was the balancing weight which turned the scale of my resolve."

"Well, Hector, old fellow, you've always been too fast for me, when you've mounted your philosophical hobbies. But when you come down and deign to walk the earth with common mortals, you're the jolliest fellow alive. What's the use, anyhow, of these outlandish notions you sometimes give yourself up to? Why not take the swing of the world, like the rest of us, and let old '*grinds*,' and college 'proffs' befuddle their brains with such misty musings? For my part, give me Paris and a purse, and I'll look out that I have my full share of a swell swing while youth lasts, anyhow! It's Mademoiselle Blanche this evening—charming little coquette! Can you resist her, old fellow? and all the other attractive mademoiselles?"

For an instant, the trace of the old grandfather's blood flowing in the veins of Hector Ormandoff—or rather, a trace of his coarse and brutal soul bequeathed to his descendants with his titles and estates—stirred the lower nature of the young man, inducing a half-longing for the diverting pleasures in which he

had so often plunged, in the endeavor to quiet the soul-restlessness caused by the promptings of his higher and better nature, inherited from his maternal ancestry.

"Blood will tell!" is an old and true saying. But metaphysical science has probed far deeper into the mysteries of heredity, and has proven, to the firm conviction of modern metaphysicians, that not only corporeal similarity is the inheritance of children, but that souls reproduce souls, and that the soul of the child is the direct result of a union of the souls of the parents. Or, in other words, the soul of each child is not a new creation by a recent fiat of God, but is a direct reproduction from the souls of the parents. Hence it follows, when a devilish soul is united in marriage with an angelic nature—as is often the case where marriage is contracted upon the basis of merely worldly and mercenary bargains—the soul of the child resulting from such a moral *mésalliance* must inevitably find a constant warfare between the good and evil attributes of its own being; and good or evil will predominate in the child's character, according to the ascendancy of the devilish or angelic moral inheritance bequeathed to it by the commingled natures of its ancestry.

This refers to the inherited disposition and nature of the child; which, of course, is modified to a greater or less degree by education, environment, and Christian principles.

CHAPTER II.

THE grandfather of Hector Ormandoff was a Russian noble. In mighty Russia, that land of violent extremes, that land of lavish wealth and utter poverty;—whose frightful climate conquered the otherwise invincible Napoleon, and with its keen frosts snapped the pillars of his throne; where millions tremble before a despot whose will is fettered by no constitution; whose prisons are the ice realms of Siberia, whither so many trains of wretched captives have passed to linger hopelessly in living tombs; whose smouldering fires of discontent and hatred, fanned by the ardent breath of Nihilism, are constantly breaking out into rebellion and assassination;—in that land of splendor and of barbarism, where the proud empress-queen, Catherine II., squandered a hundred millions of dollars upon her various favorites; scattered diamonds by the handfuls, and made gold and silver as common as pebbles among her favored courtiers, and bestowed estates equal to provinces, and gave away tens of thousands of wretched serfs, as a mere bagatelle, to some recent fawning flatterer; in the famous St. Petersburg, the city of palaces, with its royal and princely residences, adorned with Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian columns, surmounted by massive friezes, entablatures, and sculptures; with its Grecian and Gothic temples, its great squares, its spacious streets, its monuments, its warehouses and docks, its gardens and boulevards; Cronstadt with its frowning bastions and painted spires; and in the midst, giving to all an air of space, of freedom and dignity, the Neva, thronged by craft of all kinds and sizes, from the tiny gondola to the man-of-war, and from the mighty merchant ship to the rude barge laden with timber and grain;—in this city of present opulence and magnificence, which even in the time of "*Catherine la Grande*," as she was pompously styled by the Prince de Ligne, had become a famous city, lived Ivan Ormandoff, the grandfather of Hector.

On the bank of the Neva, where, midway between the Senate House and the Admiralty, stands that most famous of the

monuments of St. Petersburg—the equestrian statue of Peter the Great, erected by the last and the greatest of the five women who succeeded him upon the Russian throne—somewhat beyond the city's crowded thoroughfares, was the stately mansion inhabited by the Ormandoff family.

Ivan Ormandoff was for a time one of the favored courtiers of Catherine II. He had been one of her train when she made her famous voyage down the Dnieper, when she was accompanied by Joseph II., to lay the foundations of a city to be called after her name, *Ekaterinaslof.* The empress laid the first stone with great pomp, and the emperor laid the second, regarding which memorable ceremony, Joseph remarked in his dry way: "The empress and I have this day achieved a great work: she has laid the *first* stone of a great city, and I have laid the *last.*" His half sneering prophecy was fulfilled; the two royal memorial stones of the *never-to-be-built* city of *Ekaterinaslof*, were the sole monuments of one of Catherine's chimeras.

In the coarse, profligate court of Catherine II., where morals were hopelessly corrupt, and favorities fawned, and the criminal extravagance of the court was equalled only in the days of Caligula and Heliogabalus; where the chief minister, Potemkin, made a prince by the empress, held the highest honors of the empire for twenty years, achieving his infamous renown; living with the magnificence of a sovereign prince; sending his aid-de-camp to ride two or three hundred miles to bring him a melon or a pine-apple; and at other times devouring with half-savage barbarity raw carrots in his own antechamber; in such a court, luxurious, profligate, infamous, Ivan Ormandoff gave free rein to his coarse and half-barbarian nature inherited from a long line of semi-civilized Russian ancestry.

He joined the imperial *cortége* when politic Potemkin persuaded Catherine to go and admire herself in her new dominions of the Crimea and Kuban, which by the second Turkish war had been annexed to her domains under the names of Taurida and Caucasus. Magnificent were the preparations, and gorgeous were the spectacles of this memorable journey. The empress and her court were furnished with fourteen carriages upon sledges, while one hundred and sixty were needed for the attendants and baggage. Five hundred and sixty relays of horses waited them at every post, and they travelled over the frozen plains in their luxurious sleighs, at the rate of

a hundred miles a day. Wherever they stopped, there had been erected a temporary palace for the empress, fitted with every luxury, and adorned as much as possible like her royal residence in St. Petersburg. When they arrived at Khief, the empress embarked on the Dnieper, with a fleet of fifty galleys, and sailed in state down the river to Cherson. Here the King of Poland came to do her homage, and even the Emperor Joseph lent his presence to swell the splendor of her state. Money, provisions and troops had been conveyed from every part of the empire. The Borysthenes was covered with magnificent galleys; a hundred and fifty thousand newly equipped soldiers escorted the triumphant empress; deserts were peopled as by magic for the occasion, and in the midst of trackless wilds palaces were reared for Catherine la Grande with almost the marvellous expedition of the stories of the Arabian Nights, and Catherine seemed almost to hold in her hand the famous lamp of Aladdin, such ceaseless handfuls of gold coins were thrown from her carriage windows by her favored courtiers, to the grovelling crowds of people fawning on the earth, prostrating themselves before their despotic monarch.

Not satisfied with even such expenditures, Catherine reared the splendid palace of the Hermitage, within whose portals it pleased her royal fancy to lay aside for a time the imperial diadem of all the Russias, and pose as a patron of literature and the fine arts; though she had no taste for music, as she could not distinguish one tune from another, and knew nothing personally of the merits of paintings beyond their fabulous prices. Here at the Hermitage, Catherine surrounded herself with men of letters. Lomonozof, the poet; Sumorokof, the dramatic author; Kheraskof, the writer of tragedies; Sherebetoff, the historian; and Pallas, the naturalist, were favored with her patronage. She affected the friendship of French writers, entertained Diderot with royal magnificence, and kept up a constant correspondence with Voltaire.

Being admitted to this favored Hermitage not so much for mental attainments, though Ivan Ormandoff was, with all his coarse nature, one who affected dilettanteism, or luxurious profligacy, according to the humor of his fascinating but depraved empress; but the haughty Catherine, though strong of mind and will, was also weakly capricious and inordinately vain; and he who fawned the lowest was for the time being, perchance, her acknowledged favorite. But woe to the privileged courtier, one day received at the Hermitage with royal favor,

the next coldly discarded, receiving the ominous message of the haughty Catherine to travel. Well did the discarded favorites understand this royal caprice.

"I am tired of him," she would say; "his ignorance makes me blush. He can speak nothing but Russian. He must travel in France and England to learn other languages." The courtier who received this intelligence, was not long in preparing his traveling carriage, nor quick in returning from his foreign travels.

This ominous message had been sent to Ivan Ormandoff, and thus the grandfather of Hector Ormandoff became a Russian exile, and London instead of St. Petersburg, became his permanent residence.

It was the year 1793. England had entered into a treaty of alliance with Russia, Prussia, Austria, Naples, Spain and Portugal, against France. The terrible Revolution convulsed poor France from centre to circumference. Violence filled the land, terror reigned everywhere. The ominous tocsin tolled its nightly knell of death. Blood flowed like a river through the streets of Paris. Louis XVI. had paid with his head the penalty of his royal heritage of ancestral weaknesses and crimes. *Bread* or *blood!* was the war-cry of the starving *canaille.*

The insatiable red guillotine plied its keen and awful knife. Even Robespierre, not yet wholly brutalized by ambition and murder, was heard to exclaim: "I am sick of the Revolution!" *La Conciergerie*, Paris' prison, grim and grey, with dungeons damp and foul, floors covered with mud, walls trickling with filthy water, cells furnished only with tattered pallet, broken chairs, coarse and unclean bedding, had received within its frowning portals poor Marie Antoinette, the former mistress of the gorgeous salons of Versailles and Trianon, Fontainebleau and Marly-le-Roi. And as that ominous year counted out its terrible roll of blood-stained hours, Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, and Madame Roland, the Queen of the Republic, within a month's fleeting passage, mounted the slippery stairs of the fatal scaffold. Swift and keen the cruel knife descended, and the earthly lives of those two heroic women went out, victims of that awful Reign of Terror. Well might Madame Roland exclaim: "O Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

Among the emigrants who fled from France, lest their titled heads might, perchance, be the next victims of *La Guillotine!*

—insatiable, red terror!—*La Guillotine*, zealously earning its diabolical renown!—was the infamously famous Madame du Barry, last favorite of Louis XV.

After the death of "Louis the Beloved," afterwards called the "thoroughly despised," Madame du Barry lived in magnificent splendor in the *Pavillon de Luciennes*, on the borders of the forest of St. Germain. She kept up almost regal state by means of the immense riches which had been given to her by Louis XV. The old Duke de Brissac still remained attached to the favorite, and at the first outbreak of the Revolution, deeming France unsafe, Madame du Barry, with the help of the duke, buried a large part of her wealth—in the shape of diamonds, jewels, and plate—at the foot of a tree in her park at Luciennes; and then she fled to England.

After the massacre of the Duke de Brissac at Versailles, Madame du Barry, not wishing to impart to any one else the secret of her buried treasures, ventured back to France, intending to secure her diamonds and return to England. But through the treachery of a young negro, Zamore, whom Madame du Barry had befriended as her *protégé*, she was betrayed to the Revolutionary Committee of Luciennes, and perished by the fatal knife of the guillotine. She alone, of all the women executed in the French Revolution, died a coward, filling the air with her piercing cries, shrieking: "Life! Life! for my repentance! All my riches to the nation for my life!" She dishonored the scaffold as she had dishonored the throne.

Amongst the titled French ladies fleeing from France at the same time with Madame du Barry, was a Mademoiselle Tarente, who was descended from one of the oldest noble families of France. Ivan Ormandoff, being a widower at the time of his exile from Russia—having lost his young wife, Natalia, some years before, and having buried also his only son in Russia—met, and wooed, and wed, the handsome French refugee, Mademoiselle Tarente, similar misfortunes having drawn together these two diverse natures. The father of Hector Ormandoff was the son of this couple.

But the pretty French mother did not long survive the reverses of fortunes she had endured; and ere Napoleon Bonaparte had been proclaimed emperor, Marie Tarente Ormandoff was laid in her grave in English soil; and her young son, Camille Ormandoff, was left motherless.

Ivan Ormandoff was a man of education, a fluent linguist;

but his keen coarse intellect had been moulded by Voltaire, until he had become an open and sneering atheist; quoting glibly from his talented but infidel hero; whose writings he had been led to study, in order to make himself more important to Catherine II., who affected great admiration for Voltaire.

Fortunately for his son, the boy had inherited, with his French name, a religious nature from his lovely, refined mother; for Marie Tarente had been one of those pure souls, whom not even the profligacy of those times could taint; nor could the avowed infidelity of her native land—where God was ignored, religion was denied, and human reason worshipped as the supreme power—uproot from her nature a devout belief in the Omnipotence of God and the Divinity of Christ. Marie Tarente was descended from a noble family of Huguenots, who rallied to the standard of Jeanne d'Albret, Queen of Navarre. The infamous Catherine de Medici at that time ruled France, though the nominal head was her weak and wicked son, Charles IX. History has never presented the pictures of two mothers more utterly diverse than is presented in the lives of Catherine de Medici and Jeanne d'Albret. France ran red with blood. The terrible tocsin at midnight tolled forth the death-doom of one hundred thousand lives. The wild shrieks of the dying freighted the air of France with heart-curdling wailings from centre to circumference. French soil was deluged with the blood of her people. The blasphemous curses of the fiendish murderers polluted the very air of heaven, until it seemed as though the furies of hell were let loose upon that realm, to wreak upon the helpless people the infernal hate of the arch-demon himself.

Who was the diabolical instigator of this atrocious work? Alas, a woman! and that woman Catherine de Medici. The soul of a child was tutored in every vice of which human nature is capable. His childish lips were taught to pronounce the most terrible blasphemies; his kind heart was mocked and sneered at, and tempted with every ensnaring device of vile and polluting pleasures offered by the most dissolute and alluring companions; until no wickedness seemed too great to be undertaken, no degrading diversion, too low to be indulged in. His constitution was purposely weakened, his mind purposely dwarfed and debased, that his life might be short, that his will might be broken, and that another's ambitious power might be increased, even though it cost the death of body and soul of

the helpless victim. Who was this fiend incarnate, who could thus toy with a human soul, hourly dragging it nearer and nearer the yawning jaws of the bottomless pit of perdition? That one was a woman, the *mother* of her quivering victim; this malevolent Gorgon was *Catherine de Medici!*

Turn now to another picture. "France was the arena of woe upon which the Catholics and Protestants of Europe hurled themselves against each other. Catherine, breathing vengeance, headed the Catholic army. Jeanne, calm yet inflexible, was recognized as the head of the Protestant leaders." There were frequent skirmishes and battles. Many thousand Protestants had perished. The Catholics, waxing stronger, prepared for a decisive engagement. The two forces met upon the field of Jarnac in 1568. In this dreadful contest the Protestants were defeated, and their brave leader, Prince of Condé, was slain. But at this critical moment the heroic courage of Jeanne d'Albret was undaunted. Presenting herself before the terrified Huguenots, she personally encouraged the panic-stricken soldiers. This masterly address of a woman to the soldiers of the Reformation has something truly Napoleonic in its clear ringing cadences, and something vastly grander than Napoleon's aim, for it was inspired by a desire to uphold and advance God's kingdom, rather than an ambitious thirst for increased power. Whatever we may think of upholding any cause by the use of the sword, we must admire these soul-stirring words of this great and dauntless woman.

"Soldiers, you weep! But does the memory of Condé demand nothing more than tears? Will you be satisfied with profitless regrets? No! Let us unite, and summon back our courage to defend a cause which can never perish. Does despair overpower you? *Despair!* that shameful failing of weak natures! Can it be known to you, noble warriors and Christian men? When I, the queen, hope still, is it for you to fear? Because Condé is dead, is all therefore lost? Does our cause cease to be just and holy? No! God, who placed arms in his hand for our defence, and who has already rescued you from perils innumerable, has raised up brothers-in-arms worthy to succeed him, and to fight for the cause of our country and the truth! . . . . To these brave warriors I add my son; make proof of his valor. Soldiers, I offer you everything in my power to bestow—my dominions, my treasures, my life, and that which is dearer to me than all—my children! I make here solemn oath before you all, and you know me too well to

doubt my word; I swear to defend to my last sigh the holy cause which now unites us, which is that of honor and of truth."

And what does history tell us of the influence of these two mothers? All Catherine de Medici's vile scheming came to naught. She and her sons died with the curse of the nation on their heads, while the son of the illustrious and faithful Huguenot, Jeanne d'Albret, sat upon the throne of France.

Such were the brave spirits who battled for their Christian belief; and a vital spark from one of these undaunted souls had descended to Marie Tarente, and became the inheritance of Camille Ormandoff. But the battle-ground for him was his own nature, where the Christian faith of his mother must do valiant warfare against the evil inherited from his father's selfish, infidel and coarse nature.

The boy was taught by his beautiful French mother to pray, and at her knee he learned of the Story of the Cross; and when his idolized mother was taken from him, the weeping child recalled, like some fair dream, the loving eyes, the small white hands smoothing his clustering curls, the beaming smile, and often in his memory rang a low and tender voice, recounting once again the beautiful stories of that Book she had taught him to reverence as the Word of God.

Oh, mother! remember that the soul of your child is a very part of your own. *How white then should be the soul of every mother!*

Ivan Ormandoff had given himself up for too many years to selfish and coarse pleasures, to be willing to be taxed with the care of a motherless boy; especially, as that young child, in the innocent prattle of his dead mamma, let fall from his baby lips so many words of startling discomfiture to the worldly atheist; whose soul, seared by the fires of lawless passion and self-worship, was nevertheless subject to fits of angry remorse, which, instead of awakening repentance, only caused him to plunge deeper into sin, to stifle, if possible, the stings of an undying, though unheeded, conscience. Sin, remorse, and conscience, are truly hell enough for any soul!

Camille Ormandoff was placed by his father in an English school. As Catherine II. was dead, the exile of Ivan Ormandoff was ended, and he returned to his Russian estate. We need not follow the old man in his last days. He died as he had lived—hardened, unbelieving and bitter. Though the influence of his sweet wife, Marie, had not subdued his nature, it had awakened in him a half-envying irritation, which did not

lead to repentance and reform, but rather to an angry remorse, which prompted Ivan Ormandoff to curse the world and fate, and accuse destiny and mankind of being the enemies of his happiness; whereas, his worst enemy was himself.

When a soul has chosen evil continually, and the character is thereby fixed in evil tendencies, the presence of the good frequently increases the irritation and rebellion of the depraved will. For, when men have exercised their free wills in making evil choices, they seek the society of only such as themselves. For the very purity and loveliness of a character, which has been formed by continuous choices of good, becomes to the wicked such a constant reminder of their own fallen condition, that *remorse*, not *repentance*, becomes a torture. And the difference between remorse and repentance may be as far apart as Heaven and hell. The devils in Hades are tormented by the keenest remorse, but it does not lead them to the slightest attempt to repent.

Ivan Ormandoff, in his bitter, selfish old age, stormed at the world; cursed his unlucky destiny, as he called it; lived in abject fear of death, and yet hourly hated his life. To his dependants he was a cruel tyrant; to his equals he was a growling fault-finder; to his superiors in worldly rank he was a fawning toady. Hating his life, yet ever reaching forth with selfish clutch to snatch some new honor or diversion, which might, perchance, for a moment, allay his terrible unrest.

Ah! old age is a beneficent friend, or a remorseless foe, according as the earthly career has been noble or ignoble. Onward it strides, with noiseless but unceasing step, placing the laurels of noble achievement upon the brows of the great and good; or stripping off the cloaks of hypocrisy and sham from the evil lives of the wicked, leaving their miserable, miserly souls to shiver and groan in the cold blasts of well-deserved contempt and neglect.

"Acts are the folding forth of character, and as the act is bad or good, well done or ill, is the character stronger, and fitter for higher ends, or deteriorated and nearer destruction. 'Behold, I come quickly to give unto every man according as his work shall be.' We are justified by faith, but in the Heaven which we reach along the path of faith, we are rewarded according to our works."

A modern preacher thus beautifully sums up the opportunities of life: "Time gone is gone forever. An opportunity

passed the thousandth part of a second, has by one leap reached the other side of a great eternity. In the autumn, when the birds migrate, you look up and see the sky black with wings, and the flocks stretching out into many leagues of air. And so to-day, I look up and see two large wings in full sweep. They are the wings of the flying year. They are followed by a flock of three hundred and sixty-five, and they are the flying days. Each of the flying days is followed by twenty-four, and they are the flying hours; and each of these is followed by sixty, and these are the flying minutes; and each of these is followed by sixty, and these are the flying seconds. Where did this great flock start from? Eternity past. Where are they bound? Eternity to come. You might as well go gunning for the quails that whistled last year in the meadows, or the robins that last year caroled in the sky, as to try to fetch down and bag one of the past opportunities of your life."

Carlyle thus expresses it: "What is done, is done; has already blended itself with the boundless, ever-living, ever-working Universe; and will also work there for good or for evil, openly or secretly, throughout all time."

Goaded by the stings of a never-dying conscience; lashed by the keen cuts of an avenging remorse; tortured by the irresistible impulses of a depraved nature; Ivan Ormandoff, with half-satanic cruelty and half self-contempt, determined to leave to his posterity the ghastly diary of his evil life. His motive was partly a supposed desire to warn others from following his evil example. But this commendable impulse was overshadowed, and, at length, wholly overborne, by a diabolical pride in the very vastness of his ignoble deeds; and the pages of this shameful legacy were penned with a mephistophelian delight in the thought that this record would not only present him to his descendants as a very *King of Knaves*, but would reveal to them the tameness of their own pursuit of base pleasures, by comparison with his own bold infamy. It would seem impossible to believe that there could be souls black enough to be capable of such malevolent motives. But truth is stranger than fiction, and the page of history is polluted by many such nefarious records. The destiny of this iniquitous diary will be noted hereafter.

CHAPTER III.

We shall not follow closely the life of Camille Ormandoff. Our story has more to do with Hector Ormandoff and his old grandfather.

William Conant Church, in his recent sketch of John Ericsson, says: "The Chinese ennoble the ancestors of a man who distinguishes himself by exceptional accomplishment. The custom has its foundation in sound reason; great men, good men, useful men, are the product of the high thought and noble aspiration, the useful labors and the self-discipline of their ancestors. In the curious kaleidoscopic changes of character produced by the admixture of bloods"—(and the statement of Mr. Church might be broadened by adding, "the admixture of souls")—"almost every pattern may appear, but none the material for which could not be found in ancestral inheritance."

It will be observed, that along the line of maternal ancestry, Hector Ormandoff received the legacy of high moral principles, heroic unselfishness, and Christian belief. A modern writer says: "In order to get a fair start, some would have to go back to the father and mother, and get them corrected; yea, to the grandfather and grandmother, and have their lives corrected; for some of you are suffering from bad hereditary influences which started a hundred years ago."

Camille Ormandoff, through his mother's Huguenot ancestry, received a nature in which the good preponderated over the evil of his father's Russian ancestry of wild, coarse, semi-civilized souls. The historical fact is as yet unrefuted, that all great men have, without exception, been the sons of mothers possessing great qualities of mind; though sometimes those strong characteristics were directed by evil, rather than good influences; for greatness, in an historical sense, is not always synonymous with goodness.

Experience seems to point to a very significant fact: That the nature of a son partakes more largely of the mother's characteristics, than those of the father; while the nature of a

daughter is more apt to be fashioned after the father, when the natures of the parents are widely diverse. In cases where the mating of souls has been of congenial natures, the characteristics of both sons and daughters will generally be more similar to each other. This explains the fact of such a soul as Abraham Lincoln, being the son of such a shiftless character as Thomas Lincoln; because the mother possessed in a large degree, the very characteristics which were afterwards developed so grandly in her illustrious son. What a touching little picture reveals this fact! It was the day when Abe Lincoln first started for school, when seven years of age.

This interesting scene is thus described:

"A great day for you, my boy!" said his mother; "it's better than silver and gold to know how to read."

"Do the best you can," added his father; "it's only a short time that you have to learn."

"I'll try," replied the lad, and he went off in high spirits.

"There's not much need of telling him to do his best," said his mother; "he'll do that anyhow."

"It won't do him any hurt to jog his mind a little," responded the father, whose good opinion of his boy was not a whit below that of the mother. "He's so set on learnin' to read, that I don't think there's much danger of his not doin' well."

"He would make a good scholar if he had a chance," continued the mother; "but there's nothing here for poor white folks to enjoy, so we can't expect much."

"The schoolmaster can't do much for him, for he don't know much himself," said Thomas Lincoln.

"He may know enough to make him a reader," replied his wife.

"He might, if I could afford to send him long enough; but the longest time will be only a few weeks."

"Perhaps that will do," said the mother. "Only get him started, and he will go on learning himself, he is so eager. Won't have to beat things into his head much!"

"That may be; but there's writin' too. I know what it is to go without either."

"Providence may open a way yet," said his wife. "It ain't best to borrow too much trouble. We must have faith in God."

"I don't dispute that; but faith won't learn Abe to read and write."

"I'm not sure about that; it may open the way. Faith kept Daniel out of the lion's jaws, and it may keep Abe out of the jaws of ignorance."

And so the mother's faith was inherited by the son; and that calm faith, and sterling will to do the right thing at the right time, tided our nation through its greatest crisis; and thanks to Abraham Lincoln's mother, our country was preserved through the brave soul she bequeathed to her son. Had Nancy Hanks possessed the same nature as the good-hearted, but shiftless, Thomas Lincoln, Americans may well ask: What would have been the fate of our country to-day without the hand of an Abraham Lincoln at the helm?

Camille Ormandoff found several congenial friends among his English schoolmates; and one lad must be mentioned, because his friendship wielded a great influence over the life of Camille Ormandoff, and through his acquaintanceship arose one of the links in the chain of circumstances which helped to mould the character and shape the destiny of Hector Ormandoff.

We have not space to go into the details of Camille Ormandoff's career, and shall merely note those events bearing particularly upon the history of his son Hector. Camille's favorite school-fellow was Charles Carisbrook, whose father was descended from one of Oliver Cromwell's brave old "Ironsides." These staunch soldiers of the Commonwealth were chosen by Cromwell not for rank, but, as he described them, "strictly men of religion." They were "a lovely company," Cromwell declared, with soldierly pride. No blasphemy, drinking, disorder, nor impiety, were suffered in their ranks. "Not a man swears but he pays his twelve pence," was the strict rule. When complaints were made concerning such disregard of men of rank, Cromwell wrote to the Committee of Association of the Eastern Counties:

"It maybe it provokes your spirit to see such plain men made captains of horse. It had been well that men of honor and birth had entered into their employments; but why do they not appear? But, seeing it is necessary the work must go on, better plain men than none; but best to have men patient of wants, faithful and conscientious in their employment, and such, I hope, these will approve themselves."

And again he declared:

"I had rather have a plain russet-coated captain that knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows, than what you

call a gentleman, and is nothing else, though I honor a gentleman that is so indeed. A few honest men are better than numbers. If you choose honest, godly men to be captains of horse, honest men will follow them."

No wonder such men were successfull in the momentous battle of Naseby, with Cromwell heading his brave "Ironsides," and turning the tide of affairs by a vigorous charge; as Cromwell himself puts it in his quaint fashion:

"I can say of this Naseby, that when I saw the enemy draw up and march in gallant order toward us, and we, a company of poor ignorant men, to seek to order our battle—the general having commanded me to order all the horse—I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out to God in praises, in assurance of victory, because God would, by things that are not, bring to naught things that are. Of which I had great assurance, and God did it."

Stanch ancestry this, for their privileged posterity! Heroic times make heroic men and women; and heroic souls bequeath the inestimable boon of heroism to their favored descendants. 'Tis true, that luxury, and wealth, and consequent self-indulgence, and unprofitable leisure, may seem for a time to efface the spark of unselfish patriotism, and self-denying consecration; but the fire of heroism is not extinguished, only smothered, and will blaze forth again with rekindled glory when emergencies arise. Witness the records of our late Civil War!

Camille Ormandoff spent many vacations at the home of Charles Carisbrook. In this Christian and refined circle, the lonely boy was comforted and inspired by the ennobling influences which pervaded a home where the Golden Rule was the standard of conduct, and where human love was sanctified by such sentiments as Oliver Cromwell expressed in a letter to his son: "You will think, perhaps, I need not advise you to love your wife! The Lord teach you how to do it—or else it will be done ill-favoredly. Though marriage be no instituted sacrament, yet where love is, this union aptly resembles that of Christ and His Church. If you can truly love your wife, what love doth Christ bear to His Church, and every poor soul therein—Who gave Himself for it, and to it!"

Such was the spirit of the home where Camille Ormandoff was privileged to pass many months during his school and college life. At Oxford, Camille was still the favorite chum of Charles Carisbrook, and still his chosen companion in col-

lege vacations; and there was to be a yet tenderer tie between them.

Hermine Carisbrook was a true daughter of her father's ancestral house. Stanch was her nature, as that one of Cromwell's old "Ironsides," from whom she was a descendant. Hermine Carisbrook was strong in nature, without being masculine. In her ambitious aspirings she forgot none of the "shy graces" which give to woman her incomparable charm. Having inherited heroism, through the brave souls of her progenitors, it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world, that she should live for some high purpose, and that she should consecrate her talents to the benefaction of those around her. Good deeds were as much a matter-of-course in her daily life, as Patti's witching warblings are scarcely to be marvelled at, when one learns of her musical ancestry. It is not words alone, but deeds we need, to uplift mankind. Heroic souls seldom prate, but rather *do* the *noble* thing—make smoother the rough places in the hard lives of sorrowing men and women. As another has so beautifully expressed it:

"There are lost pieces of silver—aye, and of gold—which have long ago been missing from the Father's treasury, and are trampled under foot of man and beast alike—lives crowded so full of cruelty, and penury, and vice, that, though they are God's children, they themselves do not even dream it. But if you can find them in the mire, if you will wash them with your tears, and burnish them back to brightness and beauty by your patient, loving touch, you will find on them the image of Him Who made them, and the superscription of His immortal children. Light the candle of your love, and sweep diligently till you find them."

With such a nature as Hermine Carisbrook possessed, the lonely Camille was not neglected. When, as a boy, he made his visits as her brother's friend, her girlish sympathy was expressed by many pretty deeds of childish attention; all the more winning, because they were accompanied by such a charming little hesitancy of manner, which revealed her modest shrinking from any forthputting of her own personality, together with a quick readiness to do the promptings of her own kind impulses.

Her friendly deeds were done with a coyness irresistibly delightful; at the same time, with a self-forgetfulness untainted by the slightest trace of vanity.

As Camille and Hermine grew older, their friendship

changed from a frank good comradeship to a more silent and rarely revealed respect; and when Camille became an Oxford graduate, and Hermine was released from masters and governesses, a casual observer might have thought the young lady and manly youth were almost indifferent to each other. Through such gradual stages must a love pass, when the two have been childish comrades together.

In Camille's life Hermine had become the ruling influence, which, almost imperceptibly to himself, moulded every thought, and actuated every deed. Well for him that his mother's nature preponderated in his soul over the coarser traits inherited from his father. For even as it was, fierce were the mental battles fought by him, over and over again, between the diverse characteristics bequeathed to him through the moral *mesalliance* of the souls of his parents.

In the presence of Hermine, he always found himself inspired by the nobler attributes of his nature; and would, from time to time, imagine that his moral victory was complete. But again, as he was confronted by the alluring temptations of the gay London world, with money to spend, and leisure on his hands, and wild companions around him, the dare-devil nature of old Ivan Ormandoff would for a time assert itself, bringing the usual train of evil spirits, sin, remorse and despair.

"Sometimes the sins we thought were slain, keep up their miserable lives; as the Irishman, who cut off a turtle's head, was surprised to see the head moving, some hours after, the jaws still opening and shutting. 'Surely the beast is dead, but he isn't *sinsible* of it!' said he."

Think you Camille Ormandoff was irresponsible because of inherited evils? Not in the least. No pessimistic theory of fatalism, or blind destiny, can excuse individual sin, or deny individual responsibility. "The iniquity of the fathers," is, in truth, "visited upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation;" and these iniquitous traits must be fought by successive generations; for as it takes three or five generations to make a gentleman, in the opinion of sticklers for family precedence, so it often takes several generations of moral conflicts, aided by admixtures of nobler and purer natures, to eradicate the evils bequeathed by some godless and wicked ancestor. But to each individual is given free will, which renders each responsible for his own choices of good or evil. "Duty—that is something due; due—that is something owed; owed—that is something one ought;" and what conscience prompts as an *ought*,

that free will presents as a choice, and necessitates personal responsibility in the result.

A modern writer says: "Napoleon will always remain for men an intensely interesting study. No leaf of history presents such an *incarnate will*, not even that illustrious page writ with the deeds of Julius Cæsar. And every fresh scrutiny of this prodigious character brings more clearly into view, as time mellows the acts and clarifies the vision, the transcendent truth that not by will alone is man supremely great. Napoleon the Emperor, grows more and more lop-sided as he recedes into the domain of eternal values. It is very much the same with Plato, who represents in reason what Napoleon represents in will. Equally inadequate and lop-sided are the philosophies which centred the high estate of man on one of these points: 'I think, therefore I am;' or Kant's attempt to better it by saying: 'I will, therefore I am.' All along the horizon of the later man is the improved gauge, seen in literature, in conduct, and in art. There is no dodging it. 'I think, I will, I *ought!*'"

"Whether here or there, life stays not, but rushes on apace, and men must work and strive; but let us do it bravely and fitly, with all our strength."

Old Ivan Ormandoff's reckless soul bequeathed to his son terrible tussles, which required all the heroism of his Huguenot blood to endure and conquer. All around us, even within us, are these soul-conflicts. "What's done, we partly may compute; but know not what's resisted." In these soul gladiatorial combats, we are not left unaided by aught save ancestral traits; for the Great Captain of Salvation, will make sure the victory, even against the most inveterate inherited evils; but "it is a high, solemn, and awful thought for every individual, that his earthly influence which had a commencement here, will never, through all ages, were he the very meanest of all, have an end."

We cannot dwell upon the details in the youthful careers of Camille Ormandoff and Hermine Carisbrook. We have noted merely the ancestral influences bearing upon their characters, and must pass on to the life of their son, Hector, to watch the further development of those inherited characteristics. Camille Ormandoff, having married Hermine, had no desire to return to his Russian ancestral estates, but determined to make England his home. Old Ivan Ormandoff, who died while Camille was at college, had added a codicil to his will, wherein he

stated, that his diary, which was sealed with his ancestral crest, should not be opened by his son until he should have reached the age of thirty; and if by that time, he should be the father of a son, the seal of the diary should not be broken by him, but remain intact until that grandson should be twenty-two years of age; when the diary should pass into his hands, and the seal be broken by him and the diary read.

As Camille Ormandoff had died at the age of twenty-eight, leaving his son Hector a child of eight, with a young sister five years old; Hector Ormandoff, having reached the age of twenty-two the week before the opening of our story, had received from his lawyers the memorable sealed packet, and for the first time had become cognizant of the character of his paternal grandfather.

It was indeed a ghastly legacy! All night long Hector read, and pondered, and battled with the unseen foe. Many times before he had suffered keen self-contempt, in his nobler moments, and resolved again and again to devote his life to some higher purpose than selfish pleasures. The wealth inherited from his grandfather, had made possible a pleasure-seeking life of travel and adventure. In his English home, with his unselfish and benevolent mother, he was always conscious of the promptings of his higher ideals, and frequently resolved, that ere long he would set about some earnest purpose in life. But procrastination is not alone the thief of time, but also the thief of character; and it is only when the fleeting *now* is seized upon and filled with noble action, or hallowed by holy thought, that good intentions blossom into lofty living.

We must look once again upon the two young men seated in Hector Ormandoff's luxurious apartments, upon that sunny afternoon in gay Paris. Will Whorton had been Hector's companion in many wild adventures, and being possessed of a reckless and selfish nature, he was apparently troubled by no qualms of conscience, nor stings of remorse. He was sowing his "wild oats," he declared. The harvest from wild oats is ever an unprofitable crop; but when the angels are the reapers, and eternity the scales, such a harvest will furnish only the chaff for final destruction.

'And so you leave Paris, to-morrow, Hector?"

"Yes, Will. My mother's letter informs me that circumstances have somewhat changed with us. Certain large investments have turned out unfortunately, and this necessitates my returning to England and entering into some profession or pur-

suit, instead of spending my time, as heretofore, in selfish pleasure-seeking."

"Well, *bon voyage*, old boy! Mademoiselle Blanche will be waiting her escort, and so adieu. After all, with your notions, perhaps England will be better than Paris. If I had to take doses of remorse after all of my wild exploits, as you do, I might conclude with you, that such things didn't always pay. But when I get to that point, I shall think life not worth the living."

"But, Will, when the end comes, what then?"

"Oh, don't go to moralizing, old fellow! A pistol or the Seine, perchance!—Such chaps as myself, usually end some such way; but while we live, we're jolly dogs!—*Au revoir!*" —and the careless young man sauntered out into the deepening twilight, and a few years afterwards, ended his profitless life by a pistol, as he had prophesied.

The next morning Hector Ormandoff returned to England.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Muse of History doth the tale unfold, of that most famous strife, the War of Roses called; in which usurping claimant of Lancaster House, did war with rightful sovereign, Duke of York. Their chosen emblems, roses, red and white, did stamp the wearer; as a partisan of the usurper, with his badge of red; or favoring the rightful line of kings, should his proud emblem be the pale white rose.

Our interest lies not now in that past strife, in which the White Rose gained its lost domain; and with the help of Cupid and his darts, the War of Roses ended in a match of hearts; for the proud Red Rose, to retain the throne, was mated to the royal Rose of White—symbol, thereafter, of all sovereign power.

This history typifies a modern strife which wages now in this fair land of ours. The cause of contest is no monarch's throne, combated for by bloodshed and the sword; but 'tis a war for precedence and power, in a proud kingdom, fairer than all lands above which Phœbus guides his chariot of fire; or around which, Neptune's white-maned steeds rush madly.

This worthy kingdom may be called the Realm of Mind, and the contestants for this imperial land are Nature's noblemen, lords of most ancient line, who wear the royal badge of genius —true *Blue-brains*. Their opponents most proudly claim descent from some Dutch ancestor, in whose veins, perchance, a drop of titled blood just saves the plebeian taint of wooden-shoed and cabbage-loving sires from handing down their trade-marks with their gold. Or, peradventure, those of Puritanic race have right the mighty awful boast to make, that some antique relation, in historic past, did cross the ocean in a famous ship—known as the Mayflower—of revered renown, and did bequeath to their posterity the right to wear the badge of true *Blue-blood*.

Now these contestants in this social war, strive each for conquest and the victor's prize. The true nobility—most ancient race of lords—*the Aristocracy of Brains*—as may be

called, wear for their badge the pure white rose of Genius; plucked from the Gardens of Delight; planted by angels. For these most royal souls trace their descent from the divine spark of spirit-life, which stamped man as an image of his God, and heir of Heaven.

While the aristocrats of prized *Blue-blood*, content themselves with earthly roses for their badge; whate'er is fashionable in the social world;—blush roses—or the costly Jacquiminot; it matters not, so they do smell of gold, and bespeak portly pocket-books.

The prize for which this mighty war is waged is called *Success;* or termed oft, *Social Prestige;* or else, perchance, political power is sought; or oftener still, the rank which gold can buy. And thus this Modern War of Roses, still grows hot; while *Blue-bloods* strive to overcome royal *Blue-brains*, and boast their petty claims to regal rights, founded on shams, and shows, and social snobs, whose drop of antique blood has stamped them mental dudes.

As history must ofttimes describe the lives of individuals as well as those of nations, this Modern War of Roses may be understood with greater clearness by a brief review of certain characters of much renown, and most revered by their respective parties.

In Gotham City, in a noted square, there dwelt in lordly style and stately grandeur Darius Dude, and his most estimable frow, the proud Pomona; and a daughter fair, known by the name of beautiful Andromeda; together with a son most promising; for surely none before have so well merited a father's name as this their heir, who bore the weighty title of Diogenes; and in his mien, and dress, and mental caliber, most truly did exemplify the race of Dudes. This family boasted their most proud descent from Diedrick Dudeman, their ancestral sire; who, portly in his figure, portly in his purse, and portly also in his pride, wedded a fair lady of a titled race of German barons. He, being of more lowly birth, it was required by the fair one's relations—who spurning not his gold, were loth to mate with commoner name than theirs—that he should purify his lowly surname by retaining only such a portion as should distinguish him from others of his race. Thus might his gold buy him a place amongst them, and Lady Dude be thus henceforth removed from contact with the plebeian family known to the world as the Dutch Dudemans. The grandson of old Diedrick, young Darius, wandered across the sea and

landed in a town they term the *Hub*—of much respected note. And finding one both fair and of a goodly race—for that same famous ship of great renown, was mentioned in her family records—he soon was wed; and thus Diogenes came fairly by his boasted true *Blue-blood.*

Andromeda Dude, thus to a friend remarked: "I really think that we should strive to form a dear dramatic club, of actors *amateur.* Our spirits then could soar into the realm divine, and feel the ecstacy of deep emotion."

So in due time the club was formed, and called in honor of its fair originator, the Dudine Club. And rightly was it named. For such a company of mental dudes had ne'er before the classic shades of Shakespeare's realm invaded, nor tried to hide their empty brains 'neath masks of borrowed thoughts and stolen genius.

But the dread outcome of the club, behold! Diogenes, who heretofore had seemed to imitate, in one respect at least, the mighty Ancient whose proud name he bore—the former, you remember, made a hopeless search to find an honest man—his namesake, likewise, had made fruitless search within his massive brain to find one poor idea which was original.

But lo! just note the terrible catastrophe, which threatened now the world and all mankind! Diogenes declared, with dudish drawl, that he no longer posed as a Beau Brummell—intent on curled mustache, and tightening trowser-leg—but as one of the *literati*, he would shine; and, peradventure, write a book, or poem immortal.

In this same Gotham City, at that time, there lived, not on a famous square, but quite unknown, a true descendant of that ancient line of lords. But now an exile from his rightful realm, he viewed from far, the kingdom where was his right to reign by every claim of royal lineage. In his dark eyes and noble presence he bore the stamp indelible of those great kingly souls—Nature's true noblemen—who rightly wear the proud imperial badge of God-given genius.

Ah, noble princes in disguise!—most royal souls! Puny, indeed, beside thy regal rank, are earthly titles and tottering thrones! When these lie buried in historic dust, thy names shall still shine sparkling as the stars! Where are the kingly titles that rank now beside the names of Shakespeare, and of Socrates? Or shine with the bright lustre and renown of Homer, Dante, Milton, and the rest of those who by their

great imperial souls, compose the Aristocracy of Brains, and reign the rightful monarchs in the Realms of Thought?

This exiled prince was named Perseus Allan. And though he now toiled wearily, both day and night, for scanty sustenance; his fettered spirit doomed to ignoble tasks, like one of old, would like that one, break down all barriers which opposed; who, aided by the gods, from whom he claimed descent, received his rightful rank and won the prize of valor; so should this modern Perseus attain the prize of fame and power which genius gives.

But, meanwhile, he must war with weak-brained snobs, who sought to cheat him of his fair inheritance. His days he spent in toiling for his bread. His nights were snatched from sleep to work for fame. He knew the steep, rough cliffs that he must climb before he reached the pinnacle of power. But nothing daunted, he toiled on unbowed, with his clear eagle eye fixed always on the sun of glory which illumined the path before him.

From time to time, some rumor did betray the existence of this noble exile. And as he steadily climbed the Hill of Life, those whom he left behind began to note his onward progress, and to wonder in weak-brained surprise why such an one as *he* had thus outstripped them.

To Perseus Allan came now Diogenes Dude, filled with the one idea which he had haply found wandering alone in his most empty head. Into that humble home of struggling genius, came Diogenes, in proud dudastic scorn, and thus announced his purpose for such condescension:

"You see, it is good form now to be learned, and quite the fashionable rage to be a poet. I have not read so very much, you know, 'twas so exhausting to my sensitive brain. And so I thought, you know, that some such fellow as you, might be persuaded for a sum of gold to write a book, and publish in my name;—some of those pretty sayings, 'bout which the ladies rave. I hardly think them worth the while, you see; but since 'tis fashionable, and quite *good form* to seem to think, and even try to write, I'd like to pose just now as an art poet. Such sentiments I might express, perhaps, without too great a strain upon my brains. Love poetry, would hardly do, you know, emotions are so wearing;—and *feelings* are scarcely yet considered the *best form*. I did intend to try and write the book myself, but I cawn't get the hang of it, you see. My Greek is rawther rusty, since I left old Harvard; where, to

tell the truth, I most excelled in style. Study was so wearying, don't you know! I really was unequal to the strain! And study in those days, amongst the rich, was quite *bad form*, I do assure you. What say you to this pleasing plan of mine? Gold must be worth more to a fellow like you, than a few thoughts, which hardly seem worth the while, though just now fashion gives to them a slight importance. You write the poems; I'll pay you well to let the world think I'm not such bad form as to be behind the latest craze;—though really, I do hope *our set* won't carry this thing very far. For it is so much less laborious, and surely more refining, don't you know, to pose as that most cultured man, Beau Brummell—the very quintessence of an exquisite—than to come down to such a plebeian thing as thinking of one's brains, and hunting up ideas."

Perseus, who politely had given young Dude a chair, then proudly rose in haughty scorn, and answered:

"You think that you can buy my brains with paltry gold? Is my celestial birthright to be bartered for such a miserable mess of pottage? Because my body starves, think you, I'll sell my mind to do the bidding of such an one as you? Sell my proud genius, by the right of which I am akin to those immortal minds—sovereigns supreme—in a domain so broad and dominant, that compared with it, your world of fashion sinks forever into utter oblivion? *Such fellows as I am*—so have you called me—are so far above your puny souls, and gold, that we can spurn them both together in our scorn, as we would brush away a fly or gnat; conscious only, for an instant, of a petty sting. Flies and gnats may perish by the thousands, quite unmissed; but when the wings of Pegasus are broken, and a great *Poet* leaves this mortal life, the *Ages* stop to mark his resting-place, and *Fame* and *History* keep his memory fresh!"

"Well, really!" said Diogenes, "I did not think my plan so bad. I don't see why it should thus make a fellow rave. You've sold your thoughts for gold already in your books. Why, then, this awful indignation, when I ask to buy a place upon their title-page?"

"I've sold my books for gold, 'tis true, but not my thoughts!" replied proud Perseus. "I do not sell my name, and fame, and honor; nor will I desecrate my high inheritance of genius, by bartering it for paltry gold!"

"Well, really, then," Diogenes said, "if this plan thus

offends you, though how a man can prize mere thoughts so highly, is strange indeed! They seem to me such empty, useless things! I really do regret they're now considered good form. They are so wearying, you know, I cawn't conceive the reason why they have thus become the rage and style. I think the fit of clothes, and parting of the hair, is so much more important than a few ideas. But as I cawn't allow myself to be behind the fashion; say now, be a good fellow then! Consent to be our *lion*—if you won't sell your name! I really must do *something literary!* So I'll become your *patron*, and introduce you to our Dramatic Club—they *dote* on your friend Shakespeare! We're studying Macbeth now—I'm to play Banquo's ghost—quite *apropos!*—for I've not the ghost of an idea what the whole thing's about. But my fair sister, Andromeda, raves round the house like one stark mad;—she's doing the 'Walking scene,' she says;—likely you know what 'tis she means;—she stares, and wrings her hands, and cries, 'Here's the smell of the blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia, will not sweeten this little hand!' Indeed, Andromeda is quite a genius! She exhausts me—my sensitive nerves cawn't stand the strain of indulging in emotions; and then, too, I rawther think them too plebeian for my rank. Now, come! that's a good fellow! Let me be your *patron*. I think I can play that role well without exhaustion. You seem to have what they call 'genius,' don't you know—it seems quite vague to me—but since genius is the rage, I'll be your *patron*, and you shall be my Poet of Genius. Say, now! If gold offends you, your pride cawn't take offense, that I should introduce you to our set, who dote now on your books, and rave about your poems!"

Perseus, in whose face amusement and proud scorn struggled for mastery, then calmly answered:

Since one must sometimes stoop to conquer; and since it is my mission to uplift mankind; if I can help one soul among you to a loftier thought, by my poor presence, I will come. For know you, my pride is centred in those high ideals of thought and feeling, of which past princely poets have sung. *Nobility of soul*, not earthly rank, I seek! And only in my kinship, revealed by kindred aims to those who suffered, yearned, and conquered in the past, do I now glory; and gladly offer life and mind, a willing sacrifice, upon the altar of man's upraising, and the vindication of the rights of God-given genius to hold the place intended by its Giver!"

"And so your poet is coming to our club!" cried fair Andromeda. "How maddeningly sublime! We have so longed to catch a glimpse of that unknown, whose poems are just too utterly divine, you know! Indeed, Diogenes, I never gave you credit for such fine cultured tastes, and aspiring mind. You've always called books 'such a bore,' and laughed at me, when I declared I doted on poetry, and Shakespeare's plays, and all that sort of thing."

"Aw really, you weary me, Andromeda! You might have known that I always do those things which are good form and style. And since 'tis fashionable to become a patron of art, and literature, and all that sort of thing, I'll be the swell of patrons, since he's the swell of poets. By Jove! he's proud enough for Lucifer himself! I had no end of trouble to persuade him to show his lordly face to our blue-blood aristocrats, whom he pronounced quite puny souls, beside his sovereign lords of genius."

"And I half think he's right!" rejoined Andromeda. "You doubtless tried to buy his presence with your gold! No wonder he resented such indignity to his proud claims for fame, and place, and honor!"

"Aw really, I didn't suppose you craved such plebeian birth! For my part, I prefer blue-blood to useless brains. I scarcely thought a daughter of the house of Dudes, would thus forget her aristocratic line of fashionable and respected ancestors!"

To the Dudine Dramatic Club went Perseus Allan. For in this War of Roses, he would meet his foe in open warfare; and by the aid of Higher Powers, like his most ancient prototype, would win the victory.

Behold, then, the Dramatic Club assembled! Diogenes remarked to his companion: "Aw really now, I think that I must go abroad, to rest awhile from so much mental labor."

And thus, fair Miss Van Pelf, the heiress, answered: "I often wonder at Andromeda. She really seems to like this kind of thing, you know! Now, as for me, I never was more bored with any fashionable freak before. Pug dogs, and crazy quilts, and even art, were really play beside dramatic clubs of amateurs. But one had better die, than out of fashion be; and so I make a stylish martyr of myself; e'en growing thin, beneath the burden of my brains.

Then Perseus Allan entered, and became at once the cynosure of neighboring eyes, and covert glances. Most kingly was his brow, stamped with imperial genius. His dark eyes

blazed like Polar star—guiding, attracting, till each soul felt an impulse irresistable to do him reverence. And when voice joined with thought, and words of melting pathos flowed forth from his lips, like some sweet strain of heavenly melody, that fell upon the ear like echo of a sigh; or swelling into grander anthems of great thought, rolled forth in rich deep chords of matchless harmony, which overwhelmed the listening soul like ocean's pæan; then did this exiled prince reveal his royal race, and prove his right to wear the kingly badge of genius.

Ah, petty-souled, and weak-brained, proud usurpers! When rightful claimant for the throne of sovereign power, upheld by peers of thought and potentates of mind, shall battle for his kingdom; in vain are your petty boasts, and vaunted antique relics of past dudastic lines! Usurpers, all! of the proud and imperial realm which rightfully belongs to those who claim descent from that most ancient royal line of kingly souls;—Sovereigns of Mind! crowned with the dazzling diadems of priceless gems of thought;—diamonds, of flashing wit; rubies, of glowing words of love, drops of rich heart-blood; emeralds, caught from the gleam of ocean's foam; pearls, that faith left from songs of sorrow in crushed hearts; sapphires of Truth, blue as the sky, studded with stars of hope; and all these gems, held in a setting rich and rare of the pure gold of high ideals, and lofty aims, purged from all dross of petty pride, or selfishness!

Diogenes, to Miss Van Pelf, remarked: "Aw really, now, my swell poet is quite sublime! Though I must say, I cawn't indeed imagine how a fellow can get so much stirred up about such vague and foolish fancies as thoughts, and feelings, and all that sort of thing! I'm quite exhausted! I fear such mental toil, if long continued, will cause congestion of my sensitive brain!"

Just then, Andromeda, in passing, stopped to say: "Here is a poet indeed! a princely poet! Diogenes, did you note the genius in his eye? How royal such a mind! How peerless such a spirit!"

Then Miss Van Pelf exclaimed, in wondering amaze: "Andromeda Dude, do you ignore the fact, that he has neither gold nor antique lineage?"

"I care not who he is, nor whence he came!" replied Andromeda. "He wears the royal badge of genius, and rightfully claims descent from kingly names, more ancient in their glorious shining lustre than all our petty boasts of aristocracy!"

Thus had the aid of Perseus' powerful spirit, brought liberty to the soul of fair Andromeda; bound to the rock of fashionable follies, a victim for the huge, voracious monster, called *What-the-World-Will-Say;* which crushes heart and soul between its pitiless jaws, and drinks the life-blood of the helpless victim; forced by her proud relations to sacrifice her heart, and love, and happiness, in worship of the fashionable god of Mammon.

The further history of this Modern War, I need not note; save to disclose the destiny of Andromeda, the Fair, and Perseus, the Victor. Again the royal White Rose, found its lost domain, and usurping House of Dudes were proud to be allied by marriage of the Roses, to royal line of kings. Perseus, like his most ancient prototype, wed the fair maiden, saved by his brave, true soul; and in the Imperial Land of Mind, they dwell amidst a noble Aristocracy of brains.

What of Diogenes? I have but this to add: He died of vacuum in the head—the doctors said. But with him ended not the race of mental dudes. For, ere he died, he wed the heiress, Miss Van Pelf. They had three children, whose descendants now are known as Numskulls, Fashionable Bores, and Social Snobs; whose presence is endured, and even courted, by their impoverished relations—known as Toadies—who praise their inane, week-brained, frothy, silly words; and term them witty sayings—most weighty wisdom! Thus can a portly pocket-book transform its owner, from a fool, straightway, into a gifted genius.

The daughter of Andromeda and Perseus Allan, was a fair maid called Aseneith. True daughter of America was she; for through her father she was descended not only from the aristocracy of mind, but from heroic souls who fought for freedom in our Revolutionary War; through whose self-sacrifice, we enjoy the blessing of our glorious independence. To her had been bequeathed also the legacy of a diary, that of her great-grandmother, Margery Warren. This diary was written during the years 1775 to 1781, and recorded incidents which are authentic facts of Revolutionary times. This precious diary had been guarded with fond care and pride; and as it gives a graphic picture of America's heroic age, and contains quaint extracts from newspapers and letters of that time, and also reveals the nature of the ancestors of Aseneith Allan, and the stanch character of her brave great-grandmother, we give it here.

CHAPTER V.

EXTRACTS from the diary of Margery Warren.

"March 28th, 1775.—My old schoolmate, Charity Purdy, was married this evening at the White Plains, Westchester County, New York, to Mr. Gabriel Purdy. The most remarkable feature of the affair, was, that of the party of forty-seven guests present, thirty-seven of whom were Purdys, there was not a single Whig among them. Well, Charity Purdy was a pleasant girl; but I'm an out and out Whig, and I can't abide the Tories. So Charity Purdy and Margery Warren will cease to be friends.

"Yesterday some gentlemen were dining with father and mother. One of the gentlemen frequently used the word 'Tory' in conversation. I thought I would like to know his definition of the word, and so I said: 'Pray, Mr. Watson, what is a Tory?' He replied: 'A Tory is a thing whose head is in England, and its body in America, and its neck ought to be stretched!'

"I hear that the inhabitants of Maryland are all in motion; forming county meetings, choosing committees of observation to carry into effectual execution the measures recommended by the grand Continental Congress, and forming companies to learn the military art."

"March 30, 1775.—Mother was visiting in Philadelphia the first of this month, where she saw the following petition, which had been printed in the *Pennsylvania Journal:*

"'The Petition of divers Old Women of the city of Philadelphia; humbly sheweth:—That your petitioners, as well spinsters as married, having been long accustomed to the drinking of tea, fear it will be utterly impossible for them to exhibit so much patriotism as wholly to disuse it. Your petitioners beg leave to observe, that, having already done all possible injury to their nerves and health with this delectable herb, they shall think it extremely hard not to enjoy it for the remainder of their lives. Your petitioners would further represent, that coffee and chocolate, or any other substitute hitherto

proposed, they humbly apprehend from their heaviness, must destroy that brilliancy of fancy, and fluency of expression, usually found at tea tables, when they are handling the conduct or character of their absent acquaintances. Your petitioners are also informed, that there are several old women of the other sex, laboring under the like difficulties, who apprehend the above restriction will be wholly insupportable; and that it is a sacrifice infinitely too great to be made to save the lives, liberties, and privileges of any country whatever. Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray that the premises may be taken into serious consideration, and that they may be excepted from the resolution adopted by the late Congress, wherein your petitioners conceive they were not represented; more especially, as your petitioners only pray for an indulgence to those spinsters, whom age or ugliness have rendered desperate in the expectation of husbands; those of the married, where infirmities and ill behavior have made their husbands long since tired of them, and those *old women* of the *male gender* who will most naturally be found in such company.'"

"April, 1775.—Father has just received the following letter from my uncle who is visiting in London:

"'Despatches have been sent from here by a sloop-of-war to General Gage, containing among other things, a royal proclamation, declaring the inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay, and some others in the different colonies, actual rebels, with a blank commission to try and execute such of them as he can get hold of. With this was sent a list of names to be inserted in the commission, as he may judge expedient. Included in this blank list, are Messrs. Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine, and John Hancock, of Massachusetts Bay; John Dickerson, of Philadelphia; Peyton Randolph, of Virginia; Henry Middleton, of South Carolina, with several others. Three general officers are appointed to go with the next troops. They are Generals Burgoyne, Clinton, and Howe.'

"I have just received a letter from my brother Tom, who was slightly wounded in the recent battle of Lexington. His letter is dated April 19th, 1775. He says:

"'It was discovered last night, that the King's troops in Boston were embarking for some unknown point. Immediately expresses started off to alarm the country and put the people on their guard. When they were passing about a mile beyond Lexington, they were stopped by a party of officers. One of the expresses tried to flee, but was pursued by one of the officers; who, as he gained upon him, presented a pistol, and cried out: "You're a dead man if you don't stop!" But our brave patriot rode on faster and faster, until, just as he reached a house, he was thrown from his horse. But with great presence of mind, he called out to the people in the house: "Turn out! turn out! I've got one of them!" This decidedly turned the tables upon the pursuing officer, who immediately retreated as fast as he had before pursued. The other express, who was Paul Revere,

after being taken prisoner by the officers, escaped by a stratagem, and continued his brave ride. Just before sunrise, to-day, the King's troops came in sight of our brave militia, who had been hastily mustered to defend their rights and country. At first, the troops laughed at our men, and with oaths cursed the Yankees, and said: "They cannot bear the smell of gunpowder!" But the boastful Tories soon swore another way; for, after the troops of Britain's King had first fired upon his loyal American subjects, and destroyed ten lives before a gun was fired upon them; our brave men then returned the fire in good earnest, and the Tories laughed no longer, but fled back to Lexington, pursued by the despised Yankees with such vigor that they were obliged to make a second retreat to Charlestown Neck, and afterwards fled to Bunker's Hill. In this battle of Lexington, the regulars have lost sixty-five killed, one hundred and eighty wounded, and twenty-six prisoners. Of our provincials, fifty have been killed, thirty-four wounded, and four are missing. I hear that the British soldiers and officers have somewhat changed their opinion about the bravery of our Yankee boys. One soldier who had been in the battle, being congratulated by a fellow-soldier upon his safe return to Boston, declared that "the militia had fought like bears," and that he "would as soon attempt to storm hell as fight against them a second time." That won't be the last they'll hear from *us bears*, Margery! When the re-inforcements were sent out under Earl Percy, to help the troops fighting at Lexington, their fifes and drums played "Yankee Doodle;" but after they retreated back to Boston, one officer asked another how he liked that tune now. "D— the Yankees!" exclaimed the Tory. "They made us dance till we were tired!" Yes, Margery, those upstart Tories will dance a good deal higher to the tune of Yankee Doodle, before we are through with them!'

"Bravo, Tom!"

"April 29th.—I was told to-day by a gentleman who has travelled lately through Connecticut, that he met an old gentlewoman, who informed him that she had fitted out and sent five sons and eleven grandsons to Boston, when she heard of the engagement between the provincials and regulars.

"'Did you not weep at parting with them?' asked the gentleman.

"'No,' she replied; 'I never parted with them with more pleasure!'

"'But suppose they had all been killed?' said the gentleman.

"'I had rather that should have been the case, than that one of them had come back a coward!' answered the brave old lady.

"While we have such Spartan mothers in America, I think

the Tories will have a tough time trying to conquer our intrepid Yankees.

"I have just heard the origin of the work Yankee. When the New England colonies were first settled, the inhabitants were obliged to fight their way against many nations of Indians. They found but little difficulty in subduing them all, except one tribe who were known by the name of the Yankoos, which signifies *invincible*. After much waste of blood and treasure, the Yankoos were at last subdued by the New England men. The remains of this nation, (agreeably to the Indian custom), transferred their name to their conquerors. For a while they were called Yankoos, but from corruption, common to names in all languages, they got through time the name of Yankees—a name which we hope will soon be equal to that of a Roman, or an ancient Englishman.

"The effect of the battle of Lexington is shown by the union of the colonies, and has brought in New York to act as vigorously as the rest. An army has been raised in an instant, and the militia are lodged in the houses of the towns around Boston, till their tents are finished, which will be soon. All that is attended to, besides plowing and planting, is to make ready for fighting.

"We hear from Halifax, that the people there have at last shown they have spirit. Some of the fugitives from Boston went to Halifax, but the people say no Tories shall be allowed to breathe in their air. Halifax was the only place on the continent where the Tories even dared to hope they might stay. Good for Halifax!

"Word comes from Tom, that on June 26th, General Washington, with his suite; attended by the several New York militia companies, a troop of gentlemen of the Philadelphia Light-horse, and a number of the inhabitants of New York; set out for the provincial camp at Cambridge, near Boston. Tom writes that his wound is better, and he is proud to say he is on the way with the militia attending Washington.

"When brave old General Putnam, (who was wounded fifteen times in the last war against the French; was taken prisoner by the Indians, scalped and tied to a tree; and would have been killed, if he had not been rescued by a French officer), heard of the battle of Lexington, he was following his plow. As soon as the news reached him, he took one of his horses out of the plow, and bade his servant take the other and follow him with his arms to Boston. When General Burgoyne's

master's orders found him, he was probably in a gaming house or a brothel. Such was the difference between him and our American Cincinnatus.

"I read in the *New York Gazette*, of July 3rd, 1775, the following:

"'A writer in London says:—Though the American soldiery perhaps may not be so regularly disciplined as the King's troops, yet it must be considered that there is a very material difference between a man who fights for his natural liberty, and the man who only fights because he is paid for it. The former defends himself in a just cause; the latter is a mere dupe of power. The former is animated by the zeal of his attachments to the public weal; the latter has no attachments at all, except to his pay for slaughter and bloodshed.'

"It is said that so many Pennsylvanians made applications to join a company of riflemen, being enrolled in their neighborhood, that the gentleman appointed to command them, having instructions only to engage a certain number, hit upon a plan of testing the men. So he drew the figure of a common-sized nose upon a board with chalk, and declared that those who came nearest the mark should be enlisted. Sixty odd hit the object.—'General Gage, take care of *your* nose!'"

"July, 1775.—Tom writes from the camp in Cambridge:

"'The regulars are situated on Bunker's and Breed's Hills, and within reach and under cover of the guns from the batteries in the town of Boston, and the ships in the harbor; and of a number of floating batteries which they have built. The Americans are situated on Charles river, about two hundred rods below Harvard College, where they have a redoubt, which begins the line; then about sixty rods from that another redoubt, and lines continuing near one hundred rods. At Charlestown road, at the foot of Prospect Hill, is another redoubt and strong fortification. On Prospect Hill, is Putnam's post. Between that and Winter Hill is a redoubt. On Winter Hill is a strong citadel, with lines over Charlestown road to the Mystic river. The American's main fortress is on Prospect Hill; the regulars on Bunker's Hill—within cannon shot of each other. A hill between these two points, called Cobble Hill, will soon create a *squabble* as to which shall have it. It will not be many days before a contest begins, which will probably bring on a general engagement. In four or five days more the Americans will be well prepared and won't care how soon the regulars come; the sooner the better.'"

"August 7th, 1775.—Captain Cresap's company of riflemen, have just passed through our town on their way to the American camp. I think the Tories will learn something

more of Yankee sharp-shooting. This company of brave young fellows have been in the late expedition against the Indians, and bear in their bodies the scars and wounds, marks of their prowess, which would do honor to the heroes of Homer's Iliad. As a sample of their fine shooting, two brothers in the company took a piece of board, five inches broad and seven inches long, with a bit of paper about the size of a dollar nailed in the centre; and while one of them supported this board perpendicularly between his knees, the other, at the distance of upwards of sixty yards, and without any kind of rest, shot eight bullets through it, without any apparent danger to his brother. Another of the company held a barrel stave perpendicularly in his hands with one edge close to his side, while one of his comrades at the same distance, shot several bullets through it. When the spectators expressed amazement, they were informed that fifty in the company could do the same, and that there was not one who could not plug nineteen bullets out of twenty, within an inch of the head of a tenpenny nail."

"August 9th. The following appeal has been posted in the city of Philadelphia;

"'To the spinners in this city, the suburbs, and country;—your services are now wanted to promote the American manufactory, at the corner of Market and Ninth streets, where cotton, wool, flax, etc., are delivered out. One distinguishing characteristic of an excellent woman, as given by the wisest of men, is, "that she seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands to the spindle, and her hands holdeth the distaff." In this time of public distress, you have now, each of you, an opportunity not only to help to sustain your families, but likewise to cast your mite into the treasury of the public good. The most feeble effort to help to save the State from ruin, when it is all you can do, is as the widow's mite, entitled to the same reward as they who, of their abundant abilities, have cast in much.'

"So mother and I will now become spinners for the country.

"I quote the following from the *Pennsylvania Journal*, of August 16th, from a writer in Plymouth, England.

"'The whole country here is in great consternation about the fire kindled in America, and it is thought that the assistance of our pious and reverend fathers in the Church, will be much wanted there, to quench the flames of zeal for liberty, and to spirit up the soldiery; as Father O'Neil did in Ireland, declaring that "all who died in their country's cause, should sup with him in Paradise that night."

But the King getting the better of the action, Father O'Neil clapped spurs to his horse, and made off; which one of his party observing, cried out: "Oh, Father! will you not stay and sup with us to-night?" To which the pious father answered that it was a fast day with him. We might expect the same answer from our pious fathers; they would sooner fast, if called upon, than go over to America.'

"I quote the following from the *Constitutional Gazette*, of September 9th:

"'The enemies to liberty and America, headed by Tom Gage, lately gave a notable specimen of their hatred to the very name of liberty. A party of them a few days since, repaired to a tree at the south end of Boston, known by the name of Liberty Tree, and armed with axes, made a furious attack upon it. After a long spell of laughing, and grinning, sweating, swearing, and foaming with malice diabolical, they cut down a tree, because it bore the name of liberty. Be it known to this infamous band of traitors, that the GRAND AMERICAN TREE OF LIBERTY, planted in the centre of the united colonies of North America, now flourishes with unrivaled and increasing beauty; and bids fair in a short time to afford under its widespreading branches, a safe and happy retreat for all the sons of liberty, however numerous and dispersed.'

"Dr. Franklin, in a letter to a friend in England, says:

"'America is determined and unanimous, a very few Tories excepted, who will probably soon export themselves. Britain, at the expense of three millions, has killed one hundred and fifty Yankees this campaign, which is twenty thousand pounds a head; and on Bunker's Hill she gained a mile of ground, half of which she has since lost by not having post on Ploughed Hill; during the same time sixty thousand children have been born in America. From these data, an excellent mathematical head will easily calculate the time and expense requisite to kill us all, and conquer our whole territory.'

"Quite a droll affair happened yesterday in our neighborhood. A number of us girls had collected for a quilting frolic, and young Jack Ketch favored us with his company. He is an half and half Tory, and a good deal of a coward; so when he began aspersions upon Congress, we girls couldn't stand it, we were so exasperated at his impudence; and thereupon we laid hold of this bumptious fool, and having stripped him to the waist, we covered him with molasses, instead of tar, and having no feather's handy, we coated him well with the downy tops of flags which grow in the meadows. Then we let his lordship go. As the British have been indulging lately in giving coats of tar and feathers to some of our brave patriots, whom they had taken prisoners, we thought we would retaliate

on this boastful young Tory. I think the lesson will not be without profit. It is said he intends to prosecute us. Well, if it is not contrary to law for the Tories to tar and feather the Yankees, I guess our trial won't be very serious for having applied molasses and flag-tops.

"October 3rd, 1773.—The New York Sons of Liberty voted thanks recently to Mr. Jacob Vredenburgh, *barber*, for his patriotic conduct in refusing to complete an operation, vulgarly called *shaving*, which he had begun on the face of Captain John Croser, commander of one of his majesty's transports; but which operation Mr. Jacob Vredenburgh firmly refused to finish, when he was informed of the gentleman's identity. So Captain John Croser, if he desires to have both sides of his face completed, will be obliged to see some Tory barber. It is hoped that all gentlemen of the razor will follow this patriotic example."

"December 6th, 1775.—Lord Dunmore, his majesty's lieutenant, and Governor-General of the Colony of Virginia, has this day issued a proclamation to the people. The proclamation is full of false statements, and therein, noble patriots who desire to defend their liberties and their country from unjust demands, are styled *rebels*, regarding which the *Pennsylvania Journal* aptly retorts as follows:

"'Those who are afraid of being styled *rebels*, we would beg to consider, that although Lord Dunmore, in this proclamation, insidiously mentions his having till now entertained hopes of an accommodation; yet the whole tenor of his conduct, for many months past, has had the most direct and strongest tendency to widen the unhappy breach, and render a reconciliation more difficult. For what other purpose did he write his false and inflammatory letters to the ministers of state? Why did he, under cover of the night, take from us our powder, and render useless the arms of our public magazine? Why did he secretly and treacherously lay snares for the lives of our unwary brethren; snares that had likely to have proved but too effectual? Why did he, under idle pretenses, withdraw himself from the seat of government; where alone he could, had he been willing, have done essential service to our country? Why, by his authority, have continual depredations been since made upon such of our countrymen as are situated within reach of ships-of-war and tenders? Why have our towns been attacked, and houses destroyed? Why have the persons of many of our most respectable brethren been seized upon, torn from all their connections, and confined on board of ships? Was all this to bring about a reconciliation? Judge for yourselves, whether the injuring of our persons

and properties be the readiest way to gain our affections! After insulting our persons, he now presumes to insult our understandings also. Consider the many attempts that have been made to enslave us. Nature gave us equal privileges with the people of Great Britain; we are equally with them, entitled to the disposal of our own property, and we have never resigned to them those rights which we derived from nature. But they have endeavored, unjustly, to rob us of them. They have made acts of parliament, in which we in no manner concurred, which dispose of our property; acts which abridge us of liberties we once enjoyed, and which impose burdens and restraints upon us too heavy to be borne.

"'Had we immediately taken up arms to assert our rights, and to prevent the exercise of unlawful power, though our cause would have been just, yet our conduct would have been precipitate, and, so far, blamable. We might then with some shadow of justice, have been charged with *rebellion*, or a disposition to rebel. But this was not the way we behaved. We petitioned once and again, in the most dutiful manner; we hoped the righteousness of our cause would appear, that our complaints would be heard and attended to; we wished to avoid the horrors of a civil war, and so long proceeded in this fruitless track, that our not adopting a more vigorous opposition seemed rather to proceed from a spirit of meanness and fear than of peace and loyalty; and all that we gained was, to be more grievously oppressed. At length we resolved to withhold our commerce from Great Britain, and, by thus affecting her interest, oblige her to redress our grievances. But in this also we have been disappointed. Our associations have been deemed unlawful combinations, and opposition to government. We have been entirely deprived of our trade to foreign countries, and even amongst ourselves; and fleets and armies have been sent to reduce us to a compliance with the unjust and arbitrary demands of the British minister and corrupt parliament. Reduced to such circumstances, to what could we have recourse but to arms? Every other expedient having been tried and found ineffectual, this alone was left, and this we have at last unwillingly adopted. If it be *rebellion* to take up arms in such a cause as this, rebellion, then, is not only justifiable, but an honorable thing.

"'But let us not be deceived with empty sounds. They who call us rebels cannot make us so. Rebellion is open, and avows opposition to lawful authority; but it is unsurped and arbitrary power, which we have determined to oppose. Societies are formed and magistrates appointed, that men may the better enjoy the blessings of life. Some of the rights which they have derived from nature they part with, that they may the more peaceably and safely possess the rest. To preserve the rights they have reserved, is the duty of every member of society; and to deprive a people of these, is treason, is *rebellion against the State.* If this doctrine, then, be right—which no one, we believe, will venture to deny—we are dutiful members of society; and the persons who endeavor to rob us of our rights, they are the *rebels;—rebels to their country and to the rights of human nature.*

"'We are acting the part of loyal subjects, of faithful members of the community, when we stand forth in opposition to the arbitrary

and oppressive acts of any man, or set of men. Be well assured, that the time will come when these invaders of the rights of human kind will suffer the punishment due to their crimes; and when the insulted and oppressed Americans will, if they preserve their virtue, triumph over all their enemies.'

"It is reported that the soldiers in Boston, by order of their General Howe, have taken down the pulpit and all the pews in the Old South Meeting-house, and are using it for a riding-school. Even infidels have held churches sacred!

"The *Constitutional Gazette*, published to-day, the following:

"'THE QUARREL WITH AMERICA.

"'Rudely forced to drink tea, Massachusetts in anger
Spills the tea on John Bull—John falls on to bang her,
Massachusetts enrag'd, calls her neighbors to aid,
And gives Master John a severe bastinade!
Now, good men of the law, pray who is in fault,
The one who begins, or resists the assault?'"

"July 4th, 1776.—This day, 'after much deliberation, the Congress has adopted Independency.' While the question has been under discussion, there have been widespread comments. Among them is the following from the *Middlesex Journal:*

"'THE PAUSING AMERICAN LOYALIST.

"'To sign, or not to sign? That is the question.
Whether 'twere better for an honest man
To sign, and so be safe; or to resolve,
Betide what will, against associations,
And, by retreating, shun them. To fly—I reck
Not where: And, by that flight, t' escape
Feathers and tar, and thousand other ills
That loyalty is heir to. 'Tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To fly—to want—
To want? Perchance to starve. Ay, there's the rub!
For in that chance of want, what ills may come
To patriot rage, when I have left my all—
Must give me pause;—There's the respect
That makes us trim, and bow to men we hate.
For, who would bear the indignities o' th' times,
Congress decrees, and wild convention plans,
The laws controll'd, and inj'ries unredressed,
The insolence of knaves, and thousand wrongs
Which patient *liege men* from vile *rebels* take,
When he, *sans* doubt, might certain safety find,
Only by flying? Who would bend to fools,

And truckle thus to mad, mob-chosen upstarts,
But that the dread of something after flight
(In that blest country, where, yet, no moneyless
Poor wight can live) puzzles the will,
And makes ten thousands rather sign—and eat;
Than fly—to starve on loyalty.—
Thus, dread of want makes rebels of us all:
And thus the native hue of loyalty
Is sicklied o'er with a pale cast of *trimming;*
And enterprises of great pith and virtue,
But unsupported, turn their streams away,
And never come to action.'

"There was a recent alarm at Elizabethtown, and an immediate attack of the regulars was expected, and every man capable of bearing arms was summoned to defend it. Three or four young men, brothers, were observed going out from one house; when an elderly lady, mother or grandmother to the young men, assisted them to arm, without betraying any fear, and with resolute calmness said to them: 'My children, I have a few words to say to you. You are going out in a just cause to fight for the rights and liberties of your country. You have my blessing and prayers, that God will protect and assist you. But if you fall, His will be done! Let me beg of you, my children, that if you fall, it may be like men; and that your wounds may not be in your back!' Such are our American mothers! No wonder our boys are brave and loyal!

"I found the following lines in the *Pennsylvania Evening Post:*

"'A FABLE.

"'Some mice deep intrench'd in a rich Cheshire cheese,
Grimalkin long wished to devour,
Secure from their numbers, they lived at their ease,
And bravely defied his power.

In vain all the day he sat watching their holes,
All his tricks and his force were in vain;
Each effort convinced him the vermin had souls,
Determined their cheese to maintain.

Grimalkin, deep versed in political schools,
Affected the siege to give o'er,
Supposing the mice were such ignorant fools,
They would venture abroad as before.

But, as he retreated, a spirited mouse,
Whom time had bedappled with gray,
Cried, 'All your finesse we don't value a sous,
No more to your cunning a prey.

'This cheese by possession we claim as our own,
Fair Freedom the claim doth approve;
Our wants are but few, and her blessing alone,
Sufficient those wants to remove.

'No *Cat* will we own; with ambition run mad,
For our king—so move off in a trice;
If we find from experience a *king must be had*,
That king shall be made by the *mice*.'"

"July 10, 1776.—This afternoon the Declaration of Independence was read at the head of each brigade of the Continental Army, posted at and in the vicinity of New York. It was received everywhere with loud huzzas, and the utmost demonstrations of joy; and to-night the equestrian statue of George III., which Tory pride and folly raised in the year 1770, has, by the Sons of Freedom, been laid prostrate in the dust;—the just desert of an ungrateful tyrant! The lead wherewith the monument was made is to be run into bullets, to assimilate with the brains of our infatuated adversaries, who, to gain a pepper-corn, have lost an empire.

"The following 'Appeal,' appeared in the *Freeman's Journal*, of October 29th, 1776:

"'While we have such a cause, such patriots, such Spartan mothers, and such brave boys, we will indeed write a noble history in the annals of the world. How inspiring is the thought that we are permitted to be the actors in this glorious drama of Freedom! How petty are the selfish aims of life when compared with the opportunities for heroic action now vouchsafed by Providence to the loyal inhabitants of these United States!

"'The important day is come, big with the fate of millions, and America now beckons to her sons to kindle all their native fire, push into action every power, and press to the seas or fields where Fame and Glory call. The united wisdom of America in Congress has determined that it is necessary to the salvation of these States, that an army be raised to serve during this war. The wisdom of this measure must appear to all; therefore let us all promote it with our utmost power. He who enlists into this army of freemen, in defence of everything good and great, enrolls his name in Fame's brightest temple, where it will shine (if not blotted by after misconduct) with growing lustre down applauding ages; while posterity rises through

successive eras to taste the bliss of freedom handed down by US, their forefathers; and every infant tongue and hoary head will bless our memory; and with rapture hail the day when we drew the sharpened steel against the Tyrant George, and with transports all their own, pass down the stream of time till time shall be no more! How angelic the design to communicate felicity to all those millions who may rise after us, and inhabit these United States! "The blessings of future ages, which the conscious imagination anticipates," crowd together in the patriot's breast, and are the solid pleasures which delight his mind.

"'The history of mankind bleeds with the destruction which tyranny has made in all countries and nations; and while we weep over the "tragic pages stained with the blood of patriot citizens," they speak like a voice of thunder in the ears of Americans to guard against the execrable monster. Despotic kings, from the time of Nimrod to this hour, have deluged the world in blood, and have been the curses of mankind;—but in the whole catalogue of royal villains, has there been one of a more infernal character than *George* the *Third?* Do not our heroic ancestors, who fled from the tyranny of Britons, and subdued American wildernesses in spite of savage barbarity, speak to us from their celestial abodes, to defend the dear inheritance of Liberty, which they left us, while Posterity mingle their cries, and Reason and Religion unite their voices in the pressing call! Imploring the assistance of Him, Who gave us the rights of humanity, let us with a sacred ardor and unalterable firmness watch over and defend the rights of America, "nor pause to waste a coward thought on Life."

"'Every good mind must feel a glow of gratitude to Heaven for the animating prospect of seeing America the asylum of liberty, the land of virtuous freedom, the seat of learning, of industry, manufactures, commerce, and husbandry; the nurse of heroes, the parent of science, the bosom of virtue, and the guardian of mankind! The whole series of divine dispensations, from the infant days of our fathers in America, are big with importance in her favor, and point to something great and good. If we look round the world, and view the nations with their various connections, interests, and dependencies, we shall see innumerable causes at work in favor of this growing country.'

"Tom writes that the words of Samuel Adams have been repeated to the soldiers, and have enthused the Yankee boys with fresh courage. 'I would advise,' said Samuel Adams, 'persisting in our struggle for liberty, though it were revealed from heaven that nine hundred and ninety-nine were to perish, and only one of a thousand to survive and retain his liberty. One such freeman must possess more virtue, and enjoy more happiness, than a thousand slaves; and let him propagate his like, and transmit to them what he hath so nobly preserved.'

"Father to-day received a letter with this amusing postscript:

"'LOST, an old black dog, of the American breed; answers to the name of PUTNAM;—had on a yellow collar with the following inscription, "*Ubi Libertas Ibi Patria* 1776. *Long Island;*" is an old domestic animal,—barks very much at the name of North, and has a remarkable howl at that of Howe. Was seen in Long Island some time ago, but is supposed to have been alarmed at some British troops who were exercising there, and ran off toward Hellgate. As he was a great favorite of the Washington family, they are fearful some accident has happened to him.'

"The *New York Gazette* contains the following advertisement:

"'WANTED, by a gentleman fond of curiosities, who is shortly going to England, a parcel of Congress Notes, with which he intends to paper some rooms. Those who wish to make something of their stock in that commodity, shall, if they are clean and fit for the purpose, receive at the rate of one guinea per thousand for all they can bring before the expiration of the present month.'

"November 13th, 1776.—Tom writes:

"'Last night we went a Tory hunting with a party of fifty men, but the birds had flown before we arrived. It is rather strange, Margery, that the events of this war should so directly contradict Lord Sandwich's declaration that the Americans were cowards, and that his particular friends should happen to suffer so much from these same so-called *cowardly Americans.* Major Pitcairne re-echoed his lordship's opinion, and boasted, before he embarked at Portsmouth, that if he drew his sword but half out of the scabbard, the whole banditti of Massachusetts Bay, would flee before him. Behold, he was slain the first time he appeared in the field against these *cowardly Americans;* and Captain Howe, another of his lordship's friends, is handled so roughly by American privateers, as to change his tune of *cowardly Americans;* and now these *cowards* have beat two fifty-gun ships, four twenty-eight gun frigates, and two others of twenty-eight guns each, making two hundred and fifty-two guns; while the *cowards* possessed but nineteen guns. So in this little skirmish at Sullivan's Island, Sir Peter Parker, the friend of Lord Sandwich, is forced to confess, that their "attempt to take the fort was impracticable, and that any further effort would have been the destruction of many brave men, without the least possibility of success." Rather a good record for *cowardly Americans,* don't you think, Margery?'

"It is reported that in the country dances published in London, for next year, there is one called 'Lord Howe's Jig;' in which there is cross over, change hands, turn your partner, foot it on both sides, and other movements admirably depictive of the present war in America. The London Tories will yet have to 'Heel and Toe,' to other Yankee dances, before America gets through her *Grand Military Ball.*

"The following is a Tory receipt to make a patriot: 'Take two drachms of reason and six ounces of resolution; half a pound of eloquence, and a pound of logic; three grains of truth and a pound of falsehood; stir them up together in a quart of opposition, with the necessary ingredients of poverty and distress; strain out all the pernicious juice of principle, or honesty, and leave the dregs of treachery to settle at the bottom. Thus, after being boiled in the heat of ministerial vengeance, you will have a MODERN PATRIOT. N. B.—If the least use is made of that attracting word called *pension*, the compound will instantly dissolve.'

"Uncle sends the following from London: 'Ran away from St. James's, an old servant called Common-sense and Honesty, formerly belonging to his late majesty, George the Second, and by him imported from Hanover. He served the old King faithfully, and was of great service in procuring him the esteem and affection of all his subjects; but being constantly made a laughing-stock by the Lords Bute and Mansfield, since his majesty's demise, he took the resolution suddenly to absent himself from court. His present owner, it is said, is very indifferent whether he ever returns or not, having, by the arts and misrepresentations of these noblemen, and others, taken a prejudice against him; but some of the people who know the old king, and the regard he had for his useful servant, have authorized the promise of five thousand pounds reward to any person who shall bring him back to the palace, and prevail upon him to continue only one month longer in his majesty's service.'

"The young ladies of our neighborhood have to-day resolved, and entered into an association, called the Loyal Maids of America. We pledge ourselves not to permit the addresses of any gentleman, no matter what his circumstances or position in life may be, who has not served in the American armies long enough to prove by his valor that he is deserving of our love.

"Tom writes from Valley Forge:

"'Though we have tough times, Margery, you may be assured we are more determined than ever to "fight for liberty or death!" It's hard on the sick, poor fellows! many of whom have to lay on the bare ground, for want of even a bundle of straw for a bed. A thousand of our boys are without shoes, with bleeding feet, in the midst of ice and snow. As to food, Margery! Well, I sometimes think with half longing of the scraps father used to give to our hogs. But I don't complain. I'd endure more than this for the sake of our

glorious cause. Washington goes amongst us like a tender father, and the Marquis de La Fayette, though accustomed to live like a lord, in the gay French court, takes our poor soldier-fare without a murmur.'

"Brave Tom! I am proud to be the sister of such a patriot! Father starts to-day to join Tom; for he says, that every man, whether old or young, must lend a hand. Mother and I try to be brave. We have been spinning night and day, knitting soldiers' socks, and making clothes for the poor boys at Valley Forge. I begged father to let me don a soldier's suit, and go with him, if I am *only a girl;* for I am most as good a shot as Tom, and I would just like to prove what pluck and courage a Yankee *girl* could display. But father said: 'What would poor mother do, Margery?' So I knew my duty was to *spin*, instead of *fight;* and dear father patted my head, kissed mother, swallowed the tears which would choke his voice, in spite of his brave heart, and then was gone. If it were not for my duty to mother, I'm vain enough to think that there might be an *American Joan d'Arc* in future history; only her name would be Margery Warren. Meanwhile, I'll write in my Diary, which shall be left as a legacy to my posterity; and I'll spin my yarn, knit soldiers' socks; and if I can't get a shot at the Tories with a gun, I'll have the satisfaction of annihilating that young Tory swell, who tries to court my favor, by such a fusilade of red-hot Yankee words of disdain for all his boasted offers of wealth and traitor-love, as shall convince him that a patriotic American girl would be prouder to eat a dry crust in a cabin of liberty, than dance attendance to the most titled Tory at St. James's Court.

"Though the battle of Brandywine went against us in September, in October, General Burgoyne, with his army of more than five thousand men, surrendered as prisoners at Saratoga. This was comforting news to the suffering army of Washington at Valley Forge.

"June 30, 1778.—Tom writes of the battle of Monmouth, which occurred June 28th. Lee's troops were first driven back, but were rallied by Washington. Dear father was wounded in the engagement. Tom hopes not fatally; but mother and I start to-morrow, to try if possible to reach the camp to nurse him. My Diary will stop for a time.

"February, 18th, 1779.—I have neglected my Diary for a long time, but sick soldiers, and knitting socks, have seemed

more important than even diaries for one's posterity. Father has recovered from his wound sufficiently to join his company. Mother and I attended the grand entertainment given to celebrate the anniversary of the alliance with France. General Washington, and the principal officers of the army, together with Mrs. Washington, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Knox, and others of note, were present. There was first a dinner, then, as night came on, an exhibition of fireworks; and lastly, a dance in a large hall. The ball was opened by His Excellency, General Washington. The most charming partner I had was a young officer in Washington's suite. He asked me, 'If the roaring of the British Lion in his late speech did not interrupt the spirit of the dance?'

"'Not at all,' I replied; 'it rather enlivens; for I have heard that such animals always increase their howlings when most frightened. And do you not think,' I added, 'that he has real cause for apprehension from the large armaments and honorable purpose of the Spaniards?'

"'So,' he rejoined, 'you suppose that the King of Spain acts in politics as the ladies do in affairs of love; smile in a man's face, while they are spreading out the net which is to entangle him for life?'

"'At what age,' I retorted, 'do men lose the power of paying such compliments?'

"'Never, while ladies are fair!' he gallantly answered.

"We have not much time for balls, when battles must be fought. Tom was again wounded at Stony Point. He was with the men of 'Mad Anthony,' when they so valliantly charged up the hill. Father is down with camp fever, and mother has gone to nurse him, while I go to poor Tom."

"1780.—Tom has been very ill. I should have been forlorn, indeed, through these anxious days, were it not for the kind attention of the young officer I met at the February ball. I found him nursing Tom, though he, himself, had been quite badly wounded. Well! a *woman's heart* will flutter a little even though she aspires to be a *Joan d'Arc!*"

"January 30, 1781.—Poor brave Tom lies at last in a soldier's grave. As soon as their wounds would allow, he, with my friend, Captain Dorrance, joined General Morgan in his expedition against Colonel Tarleton at the Cowpens. In the battle which followed, Tom fell in the heroic charge which

caused a total rout of the enemy. Captain Dorrance wrote me of Tom's gallant conduct. Father is ill with camp fever. Mother and I must now be brave indeed!"

"March, 1781.—I am in a strange place in truth! Having heard that Captain Dorrance had been wounded in a skirmish with the Indians, I determined to at last don men's attire, as no woman would be allowed to pass the lines where I must follow my love. I found him in the woods, left for dead, having been wounded by a poisoned arrow. Knowing enough of surgery to do the only thing possible under the circumstances, I saved his life by sucking his wound; the only expedient that could have effected it at the crisis he was in. I then nursed him for six weeks in the hut of a faithful squaw, who aided me in my constant vigils. Having dyed my skin with lime and bark, my loved one never suspected my identity, as I continued to wear my man's habit. At times, I was almost overcome by the captain's oft-repeated grateful thanks, to, as he supposed, his unknown comrade, who thus tenderly nursed him; and when his strength allowed him, he would tell me of his love for 'Margery,' so far distant, as he thought; and he would bid me carry to her his dying message of love and constancy; and would implore me if possible to let her know of the spot where his grave should be. But my love will not die. He is slowly gaining strength. As soon as his health will allow, I will have him moved to the nearest town. Not until I have him safe with my dear mother, and have resumed my woman's garb, will I make known to him the identity of his nurse."

"October 30th, 1781.—Yesterday, the news reached us that Cornwallis had surrendered. Victory has crowned our efforts! The bells in every town and hamlet throughout the country ring out the joyful news of this great event. Bonfires blaze on every hilltop. Congress repaired in solemn procession to the Dutch Lutheran Church, to return thanks to God for this providential deliverance.

"Father, and mother, Captain Dorrance, and Margery Warren no longer, but at present Margery Warren Dorrance; this happy party of four are now at Poughkeepsie, New York, viewing the grand illuminations and demonstrations of national joy. Dear Tom! we drop proud tears over your patriotic grave! My Diary of the Revolution is ended. Perhaps it cannot close more appropriately than in the words of the old

negro. Sambo belonged to a scouting party which was just returning to camp, and hearing the firing, and being ignorant of the important reason for such jubilant demonstration, Sambo said to a negro belonging to another party they met in the way:

"'Cuffee, whas all dat firin' we hear to-day?'

"'O my dear soul, Sambo! noffin' 'tall, only General Burgoyne hab a brodder born to-day!'"

CHAPTER VI.

Oh, the tumbling, tossing torrents! Oh, the seething, surging waters! Tossing torrents, white foam-crested; surging billows, breaking into misty masses, rain-bow tinted; rising toward the blue above, like clouds of incense wafted up from nature's altar, in honor of her Infinite Creator. Falling here, like shimmering bridal veil of misty whiteness; tumbling there, with tremendous tumult in majestic cataracts; boiling, surging, seething in the watery depths below like some titanic cauldron, steaming from volcanic fires, fed by giant demons below in the awful chasms, in the mysterious caverns of the unknown regions where the mighty forces of nature are held in bondage by the will and power of their Creator.

To the southward, wooded islands smile serenely in the midst of tossing waters, which lash their grassy banks with half ferocious, half caressing touch. The west is all aglow with the glory of the setting sun, whose bright beams gild the white flecked waves with gleaming points of light; and falling on the sheets of tumbling waters, turn their emerald crests to glowing amber tints; while light clouds above the river below, reflect deep purple shadows, in the midst of the emerald surface of the dark and swelling river.

The distant banks, crowned with green forests, are seen dimly through the clouds of mist which rise unceasingly toward heaven. The cataracts surge and sweep, now here, like glistening avalanches of white snow; there, green as emerald, gleaming through the misty veils of whiteness; so soft they fall, and yet so awesomely, 'twould seem half like a summer's dream, to lie upon their glittering crests, and slide upon their flecks of snow, down to the awful depths below.

Again Niagara smiles beneath the morning sun. Fleecy white clouds fleck the clear blue arch of heaven, which spans the glorious landscape. We stand midway upon the airy-like structure of the suspension bridge, thrown like a spider's web across the great chasm of the Niagara. Below flows the river of emerald green, flecked with white foam, fresh from the great

cataract. From this dizzy height we have a bird's-eye view of all the surrounding landscape, of towering banks, of wooded islands, of the great rapids of the river, and of the mighty falls. All is full of life and motion, full of sublimity and grandeur. Close by our left, sweeps down into the abyss below in one long robe of misty whiteness, the American branch of the Niagara Falls. Then beyond the wooded island which divides the mighty river, in a continuous graceful curve, sweeping from American to Canadian soil, pours in heavy masses, aquamarine tinted, the ponderous volumes of crystal waters; which, in their wild leap, burst forth into clouds of marvelous whiteness, and plunging downward into the awesome chasm, boil and seethe, bubble and roll away with the whiteness of a river of milk. From this mighty contact of the waters, rises a volume of mist, that glistening in the sunlight, imprisons many a gorgeous rainbow, the wonder of the world.

Through untold ages, before man inhabited the earth, has this rushing river cut its way inch by inch, for its onward course from lake to lake. Thus has the sovereign beauty of these falls been displayed through countless ages, with no human eye to see. Then the wild savage beheld their marvelous grandeur, and his stolid nature was moved to reverence the Spirit of Great Manitou. Then came the white man, and planted his foot upon Niagara's verge; and marking the cross upon his breast, kneeled in worship before his God. No soul of man can here behold the mighty works of the Great Infinite, without looking through nature up to nature's God.

From the far distant white-caps of the plunging waters as they leave Lake Erie, and come thundering down the rugged rapids to the majestic Falls; and then as they sweep onward in a river of glowing green, to be again tossed into peaks of white foam, ere they pass through the mighty whirlpool; which, like a monstrous maelstrom, carries the surging tide down to depths unknown, and thrusts it up again; then shooting through a narrow gorge, the waters press onward with more rapid rush, until they are landed miles away in the bosom of Lake Ontario.

All this scene comes before the vision from our aerie on the bridge. Thousands like ourselves are passing to and fro, gazing upon all this wondrous beauty from every vantage point of view; and as the waters of the river pass onward to be succeeded by others, yet never the same; so will come here in future ages unnumbered millions, to gaze as we do now, upon

these marvels of nature. Through every day of every year down through long centuries of time, may we, in our mind's eye, behold this oncoming stream of humanity; which, passing over this mighty river, now the boundary line between two kindred nations, may peradventure, plant the flag of the Republic upon the heights of Canada.

Niagara was the home of Aseneith Allan. She was a worthy descendant of her brave great-grandmother. She was a bright, clever, noble, American girl; than which there is none lovelier, none so superlatively bewitching. She was not only conscious that she possessed a soul, heart, and mind, as a matter of course, like all human beings; but she was vividly impressed with her individual responsibility regarding the use and cultivation of that soul, heart, and mind; and ceaselessly alert to allow no opportunity to elude her observation, by which she might help others, or improve herself.

"The *What-is*, however fair and bright, ought never to be but as the dim prophecy of the *what-is-to-be.*"

Souls destined for life immortal, in heavenly mansions, the glories of which "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him;"—for such souls, the *what-is* must always inspire renewed efforts, for as the character grows upward, the ideals become more lofty.

Aseneith possessed strength of nature, without being masculine; as a man should be gentle, but not effeminate. Force alone in woman will not influence men to desired ends; love and tenderness must be the means employed. With her moral inheritance of lofty ideals and steadfast aims, together with her constant view of one of nature's sublimest efforts;—and Niagara is not only awesome; but in its exquisite details of foam, and mists, and rainbows, partakes also of the softest lines of most ethereal beauty;—so Aseneith Allan forgot none of the fascinating qualities of delicate refinement, which should crown woman's strength of character, as Niagara's rainbow-tinted mists wreath the awful sublimity of the dread cataracts with entrancing loveliness.

Women often defeat themselves, because they fail to remember that they will never gain a powerful influence over men by relinquishing, in the smallest degree, their feminine nature, either in mind, manners, speech or dress. To be keen, logical, scientific, or metaphysical, a woman needs every particle of her own native intuitions; and keeping them, does not

necessitate that she should jump at false conclusions. But because, heretofore, women have been so superficially educated, and had naught to fall back upon but their native intuitions, and so have jumped at false conclusions; woman, must perforce, suffer the penalty of being pronounced a creature incapable of true, logical reasoning, until her acquirements in science and metaphysics shall demonstrate the fallacy of such opinions. As a modern writer says:

"The more delicate graces of character, so far as they are founded upon modesty, and a spirit of self-withdrawal, are consistent with the most eminent and acknowledged greatness before the world. If this is the case even with men, why not with women, in whom the source and spring of humility lies deeper? Admit that in the intervening period, while she still has to fight for free development, there may sometimes be traces of the combat; there is yet every reason to believe that, when this period is past, a woman may take whatever sphere she can win, and may yet retain all the sweetest and most subtle attributes that constitute her a woman."

Aseneith Allan was a most womanly woman, efficient, handsome, keen-witted, lovable, refined, and heroic. In the highest type of an American woman, these rather diverse traits are more happily and harmoniously blended than in the women of other nations. Home is woman's kingdom, where she reigns as queen. The æsthetical side of home-life, is all that poets have sung, and novelists described. Nothing has ever been penned by mortal man or woman, that comes up to the reality of the blessedness of true ideal home-life. American home-life, with all its shortcomings, stands for the truest home-life in the world. Nowhere else are to be found such manly men, such womanly women, in the highest acceptation of the terms. Nowhere else can be found such intelligent realization of means for the best development of what is truest, highest, and noblest, in man's nature, woman's needs, and children's possibilities. The best American homes of to-day, are the homes *par excellence* of the world. Nowhere else can be found such true, honorable, and steadfast husbands, fathers, and sons. Nowhere else can be seen such intelligent, refined, capable, and lovable wives, mothers, and daughters. American homes of the present, are the only true foundations for the ideal homes of the future. American home-life is the highest realization yet reached, of the possibilities, which the greater intelligence of the masses; the higher aspirations, and increasing moral, and

intellectual influence of the mothers; and the more practically skilled, and more thorough training of the children, will make, not only a possible hope, but a practical reality in the progression of the age.

Let fearful ones descant upon "the good old times," as they will! Facts show, that there were never so many happy homes as now; the education and training of children were never before equal to the present; home comforts were never so plenty; woman's influence was never so powerful; intelligence, refinement and culture, were never so general; Christianity was never so far-reaching, and benevolent enterprises, were never so flourishing and efficient. Congenial tastes, mutual aspirations, constant and steady advancement, high moral aims in life, noble purposes, self-sacrificing devotedness to the uplifting of human souls and the enlightenment of the mind, and the training of the children to become worthy men and women, is just as true a reality in many American homes at the present time, as the marvelous success in American inventions and business enterprises.

American wives love and honor their husbands, and American husbands love and honor their wives, to a greater degree than in any other nation. Woman is not the slave, but the companion of man. Children are not left to the guidance of hired nurses, or hired tutors, to any such extent as in foreign countries. Children mingle more freely in the family circle; they are not restricted to the nursery, until the boarding-school or convent receives them into a new imprisonment. A mother's personal presence directs their every step and advancement, in health, manners, education, and morals; and fathers are more generally the companions of their sons, and expect to know more about them than simply to hire their tutors, and send them for an indefinite period to travel—to learn if they will, or run riot if they choose.

Bulwer, in his charming and most ingenious little book, entitled "The Coming Race," after prophesying of many of the marvelous improvements which may take place, proceeds to give the inhabitants of that delightful country wonderful mechanisms, in the form of wings, which, when fastened in place, enable their owner to fly in the air, as easily as with his feet he could walk upon the ground. This was all very fine, but the narrow views of that time, which still prejudiced the author in spite of all his foresight, was the statement that only married women were deprived of their wings; she, being

obliged upon her wedding-day to take them off forever, and hang them upon the wall in her room, where they should continually remind her of her subjection to her husband's will. Thus Lord Lytton, with all his ingenious and prophetic imagination, failed to rightly forecast woman's real and possible position in the home. Not only in the ideal home of the future, but even in those of the present, woman has need most assuredly of the wings of knowledge, culture, and enlightened intuitions. And in these days, wives and mothers would be the last to be forced to hang up their wings of social power, and home influence; and men, themselves, most generously declare, that if any beings in the present race are blessed with the embryo wings of angelic spirits, it must be their honored American wives, mothers, and daughters.

"An American can have the best manners in the world, for he has nothing to crush him. Every man is his own master, and no titled aristocracy can awe into insignificance, for he is the truly cultured and intelligent gentleman. Brain-aristocrats are free-born, and in our land no rights of kings can take from them their royal prerogative of power. The proud remark of the great Napoleon, '*Je suis mon ancetre!*' can be repeated by many big-brained men of genius in our progressive country, where self-made success is the birthright of our nation. And American women are the present and the future of American nobility. She has more reason than any other woman for being not only good, but elegant and refined. She has to make precedent and public opinion. She is the Republic! Let her not pose as the shameless goddess of liberty of the French Revolution, but rather as the gentle-eyed Madonna."

Aseneith Allan possessed a nature which was the result of successive generations of heroic, self-sacrificing souls. In her was exemplified the possibilities of race development through the admixture of the best traits of several nationalities, when such descent has by successive generations become purified, and enlightened, and nationalized into a typical race. For the modern American is the product of the best characteristics of several European nations. As in Hector Ormandoff, the French, Russian and English were commingled; so in Aseneith Allan, the English, German, and American types of character were united; and through heroic times, and the environments of American independence, Christian influences, and educational privileges, together with the moral inheritance of pure souls, lofty lives, and Christly consecration, Aseneith had re-

ceived a legacy, rich indeed, if not in earthly dross, assuredly in heavenly treasures.

Woman, as yet, is in the mere infancy of her mental development; for she has only just recently been allowed to step beyond the walls of her nursery, where her mental diet, heretofore, has been only the weak gruels of small talk, with an occasional *bon-bon* of romance. But the time is fast coming, nay, is indeed really here, when the following literary feast, may take the place of an afternoon tea.

Twelve ladies are gathered around a repast,
From rare and rich viands to break their long fast.
The room is illumined with electrical lights,
Formed by burning the carbonized wisdom of nights.
The damask was cut from the mantle of charity,
Which gives to the feast quite a feature of rarity.
From the ripe fruit of knowledge was the Ethic wine made,
And champagne of mirth flavors plain lemonade.
From the pepper of scandal the soup is quite free,
Though salt-seasoned with savor of sincerity.

A large haunch of letters, embellished with jests,
Near which a small side-dish of apt quotings rests,
Is placed next a curry of satire and puns,
Set-off by a plateful of Solomon's buns.
A chow-chow of wit and of keen repartee,
Confronts several sauces upon a small tray,
Of Byronian metaphors, rich in their way;
Near which are some olives of spicy chit-chat,
And new and old *bon-mots*, stale jokes, and all that.
A salad of gossip containing much oil
Of good-nature,—lest vinegar of envy might spoil;
Is served with cold slices of Johnsonian beef,
Cooked quite *à la Boswell*, by common belief.

With a "garnish of brains," a side-dish of tongue,
Is made quite ornate;—while some spinage from Young,
And an Elian sauce, with a small roast of Lamb,
Stand just *vis-à-vis* to a large plate of ham,
Or Baconian logic, in more polite terms,
With which baked beans are flavored,—so Boston affirms.
Side-dishes of silence are placed on the *buffet*,
As an offset to flashes *à la Coleridge*, they say.

As the courses are served, for dessert, we may see,
Frozen cream, with an essence of polite courtesy;
A few tarts from the critics, with a rich jam of jokes
With sarcasm flavored; good digestion provokes.
The fruits are most bountiful, and of very rare kind;
Apples of wisdom, from Homeric gardens, we find;
And large, luscious grapes, from far-famed Paradise,
Which were gathered by Milton;—are certainly nice.
A few hard nuts from Socrates, we're given to crack;
And that in this repast, we should no good thing lack;
A plate of fine butter-scotch, meets the eye as one turns,
Which was browned by the fire of old Bobby Burns.

Shakesperean epigrams compose the *café-au-lait;*
With the milk of true kindness, which is no sham, they say;
The honey which sweetens this delicate drink,
Was gathered from Ambrosial Fields;—so we think.
With such rich dessert, and with such a rare feast;
A small box of *bon-bons*, would not matter the least.
But if some modern caterer should think it worth while,
With his sweet wares, a moment, to try to beguile;
Those who like nuts of truth, without sugar-plum coating,
May select salted almonds;—on which many are doting.
If a sarcastic mint-drop is too biting and tart;
A candied June violet, brings delight to the heart:
Oor a cocoa-nut wafer, with breath of palm-groves perfumed;
May be nibbled with comfort, it may be presumed.

All that one could well claim for these modern *bon-bons;*
After such a rich feast given by ancient *Bon-hommes;*
Is that materials be pure, and essences good;
From Nature's bright gardens, and hillsides, and wood.
These modern *bon-bons*, may be used now and then;—
In summer hammock swinging;—it matters little when;
Or at the winter fireside;—we've only this to say:
It matters little how, or when, or what the time of day;
If one has satisfied his hunger with this ancient *bill-of-fare;*
Modern *bon-bons*, may be safely tasted, almost anywhere.

CHAPTER VII.

Some twenty miles from London, was the English home of Hector Ormandoff. It was a pretty villa, with a modest estate surrounding it. Here Hector's mother and sister had lived a somewhat retired life, since the death of the husband and father, Camille Ormandoff. Hermine Ormandoff had been true to her nature and descent. In this Christian home, unostentatious charities blossomed into daily blessings for the suffering and saddened lives around.

A modern writer has fitly said: "The art of selection, is the art of true living. A woman can accomplish little, whose life is a series of crises; a kaleidoscopic rush; a glimpse of dissolving views. As a noted actress once said: 'I don't wish to be pitchforked on to the stage.' The discrimination to see, and the resolution to effect desirable eliminations, are quite as potent in the building up of life, and in the refining and elevating of its quality, as are the things that are chosen. The keenest 'silhouette' of Mr. Edgar Fawcett's series of social satires, is that of the woman who makes a martyr of herself, by going to places and entertainments for which she cares nothing, in order to have it known that she has been invited. Our existence is mostly a war of accumulations of books, events, and people. It is quite impossible to read everything, to go everywhere, to see everybody—for all of which opportunities offer—without losing in this rush of life, the power to take a distinct impression. Now, to hold one's self susceptible to impressions; to keep one's self *en rapport* with select and sympathetic currents; to be responsive to the finer, and subtler influences; is to hold the key to the situation."

Surely, this writer has solved one of the causes of superficial knowledge—ineffectual labor. It is this want of selection, which occasions the dilettanteism, æsthetical affectation of modern times; which makes of too many persons, *mental-dudes;*—attired in the outward adornments of a smattering of fashionable information; but in reality, not possessed of any practically useful ideas.

Hermine Ormandoff had not only learned the art of proper selection, but she had also learned the equally important art, the necessary economy of time. Not an endeavor to consume time by reinstating antique customs which are behind this age of improvement, which attempt fritters away so many hours of would-be-fashionable lives. The investment of time must be as wisely undertaken by women, as paying financial investments by men. Seconds must be hoarded with more care than dollars even. Then comes system. Actions must be governed by plans fully marked out; not left for the haphazard moment to suggest.

Antoinette Ormandoff, Hector's sister, was a bright, clever girl; possessed with the gift of a pleasing speaking voice, and the acquired accomplishment of a refined intonation. The difference between those who pretend, and those who are true, in society, is the difference between those people whom Thackeray calls snobs, and those who are in reality ladies and gentlemen. Antoinette Ormandoff was witty, without being loud; entertaining, without being self-conscious. To entertain others acceptably and successfully, demands attention to various things. Among them may be enumerated voice, manners, tact, accomplishments, imagination, individuality, politeness, education, wit, brevity, repartee, ethics of dress, and the art of conversation.

Edward Everett Hale says: "There is no particular method about talking, or talking well. It is one of the things in life which 'does itself,' and if one fails in talking it is because they have not yet applied the simple master rules of Life: 'Tell the truth, confess ignorance, and talk to the person who is talking to you.'"

A forceful and magnetic manner lies in the happy mean between an air of indifference and being too boldly forthputting. "Manner is everything with some people, and something with everybody;" and ease of manner can only become habitual by acquiring gracefulness and naturalness of pose, and then remembering that others are probably totally indifferent to where we are standing, or what we are doing, being absorbed in their own individual interests.

Antoinette, through her French blood mingling with her more conventional English nature, possessed more dash of presence, than most English girls; which was tempered by perfect courtesy, making her a great favorite in her social circle. Success in society is like electricity—it makes itself felt, and yet

is unseen and cannot be described. Intelligence and tact are indispensable; but accomplishments, such as a talent for music, art, or elocution, are aids to popularity. Wit that is true humor, and sometimes elegant satire, sheathed in a soft and flowing melody of words, may fascinate, like the flash of a diamond half concealed by satin folds. The wit of one age is said to be the stupidity of the next. But I think the true refinement of this age even, would prefer the elegant humor of an Addison, Sidney Smith, Steele, or Sheridan, to the coarse modern wit of bad spelling and bad pronunciation.

Women often defeat themselves in their efforts to advance their own interests by their *manners*. A man may be coarse and gruff, unrefined and untidy, and yet be a good champion of a good cause; a *woman, never!* Beauty was God-given to Eve; and fragrance and delicacy were God-given gifts to the flowers. As well expect the thorn to be as acceptable as the rose, or the coarse prickly leaves of the thistle to be esteemed as beautiful as the phantom-like down which floats forth from the heart of the blossom like a spirit of air, as to imagine that woman will gain power by assuming the careless, uncouth, brusque, loud manners, which are licensed in man. *Why?*—It boots not to say; the fact remains, and women must profit by it.

Aseneith Allan had been traveling in England with her friend, Miss Eulalie Everard, whose father, being a widower, had taken the two girls for a trip abroad. Aseneith Allan had been left an orphan, a few years before; and desiring to be independent of her relations, she had added to her small inherited income by literary efforts. She was a strikingly handsome girl, with clear brunette skin, with the cream tints just deepening to peach bloom in her cheeks; aud her blue-black hair coroneting her well-poised head with shining braids, forming a fitting background for her gleaming eyes. Her eyes!—well, eyes have been raved of, and inanely descanted upon by thousands of daft writers of fair woman's charms. All the vocabulary of adjectives has been exhausted upon women's eyes, and still, such as hers had never been described.

An owner of many precious stones, was once displaying his treasures. Taking from his safe a small bag, he poured out a quantity of glistening diamonds, which appeared like a fountain of pure liquid light, as they fell in a shining heap, where the rainbow-tints flashed from their depths in such myriad hues, that the beholders were entranced with the gorgeous dis-

play. But the owner said. "Just wait for a moment, I will show you something finer than these!" Going again to his safe, he brought out another small bag. Holding it by one corner, he poured forth a stream of jewels, which glowed with an imprisoned fire, like star-gleams, flashing forth from a clear midnight sky. So soft were the deep rich tints of the stones, ranging from amber through the glows of the ruby and rose-tinted grays, with the rainbow hues intermingled with flashes of light like the gleam of the lightning, that the beholders exclaimed in amazement: "What are these wonderful stones?"

"They are diamonds of color!" he answered. "I think them much finer than the white stones—and see!" he continued. "This black diamond!"—as he held to the light one large stone, blazing like red Mars in the deep arch of heaven—then paling to the bluish tint of fair Venus;—and again black as night, with only a faint glow in its depths to betoken the hidden fire, which in an instant would flash forth like a star-gleam. Such were the eyes of Aseneith Allan. Black diamonds!

Antoinette Ormandoff had met Aseneith Allan at the house of a friend, and a warm friendship had sprung up between the two clever and high-principled girls.

Hector Ormandoff, since his return from Paris, had taken up life in earnest, and had been for three years devoting his time to the study of law. Notwithstanding his intense admiration for his intelligent mother and sister, his superficial life in Paris had given him some erroneous opinions regarding woman's mental acquirements. He was experiencing a much tougher side to life, than he had been before conscious of; and he found making his own livelihood, a very different matter from squandering inherited wealth. That their lessened income might not incommode his mother and sister, he had put his hand manfully to the burden, and no longer aimlessly resolved, but resolutely acted.

"Merit, even of the highest, without a corresponding good manner, is like a flower without perfume, or a tree without leaves." The mere veneering of manner which some Englishmen have, is not good breeding. Hector Ormandoff was a true gentleman, with no taint of the snob. But his politeness arose more from innate chivalry, than prescribed good form. He was very different from the English *attaché*, who, though accustomed from his birth to the best society, could be guilty of the following act of boorishness.

This *attaché* had once accepted a lady's invitation to accompany her to some teas in New York, and as he had brought letters to her, she felt obliged to pay him this attention, and named an hour when he was to be at her house, and she took him thence to some of the best families in New York. He amused himself in the carriage by humming tunes, and assuming an air of total indifference. As she was a lady, she could not show by her manner that she was disgusted; but took him where she had promised, and then drove home. When they reached her door, her footman rang the bell, and the young Englishman walked up to the door with her, when he remarked:

"I say—aw, I've had an awfully nice time! Let's go together again some day, don't you know?"

"No!" said the lady, bowing and entering her own door; "I fear that your musical repertoire is exhausted. Good-afternoon!"

Subsequently, this snubbed individual, a conventional, but not a real gentleman, tried to apologize:

"I—aw didn't know—aw, don't you see, that you'd mind my singing over here, don't you know? Thought you were pretty free and easy here; sorry, 'pon my word."

"Would you have behaved in the same manner at home, and in the company of a duchess?" said the lady.

"Aw—no—duchess awful swell—don't you see! 'Twouldn't be good form over there—don't you know?"

"Remember then, hereafter," said the lady, "that all American women are duchesses, and must be treated according to their rank."

In the home of the Ormandoffs, courtesy was truly natural living, not society veneering. The art of entertaining is founded, outwardly, at least, upon the fundamental rules of Christian courtesy. "Meekness is the Christian virtue; modesty is the manner of the well-bred. Peace is the Christian command; harmony is the social exemplification of it. Self-denial is a Christian duty; forgetfulness of self is the creed of polite society." Thus an outward form, at least, of Christian courtesy, is necessary to success in social circles. We all of us have met people whose powers of voice and manners, exercised an irresistible fascination. They would always be in the fashion, for they are the types after which fashion should be modeled.

CHAPTER VIII.

"HECTOR, dear, I've a favor to ask."

"Well, Toy, what is the weighty favor? Some new ribbon, or gewgaw from the city? Or the latest novel of nonsense, fermented by the frothy sweetness of woman's insipidity?"

"Oh, Hector! If I were not your sister, you would at least not forget your politeness!" answered Antoinette Ormandoff. "But I won't expatiate upon the discourtesy of your remark to me, considering the fact that I'm a woman, and am also quoted by less prejudiced mortals than my august and learned brother, as being somewhat clever, too. But enough of self-assertion! I will assume woman's winning grace of persuasion, and humbly ask my favor."

"Well, Toy, dear, excuse a fellow's gruffness! You must acknowledge the sweet insipidity of most women's nonsense, though I must gallantly pronounce you a clever exception. Perchance, association with so smart a brother, may possibly explain such a phenomenon of feminine attainments!"

"Talk, indeed, of vanity! Its personal exemplification is surely *man!* But you cannot tease me into ill-nature, brother mine, be you ever so lordly, or exasperating! I come not now to argue, but to beg. Three of my dearest friends are coming next week to visit me, and I humbly crave all due attention, and gallant consideration for my fair guests, from you, and your expected bachelor savans."

"Of all things, Toy, to thus break in upon our intended masculine delights! If you were not the best little sister that ever an old bachelor lawyer was blessed with, I could not tamely submit to be thus bearded in my lordly den, by a pack of chattering monkeys.—No insult intended, dear!—You see, if Darwin says our ancestors were apes, fair woman's were also of the monkey tribe. Though I will give her the credit to assert, that she has been evolved from all the faults and blemishes of her monkey progenitors, into a most beauteous creature; re-

taining no taint of her humble beginning, except, perhaps, her chattering tongue!"

"'Out of thine own mouth thou art condemned!' most proud and haughty egotist! For, prithee, whose tongue has chattered loudest and longest this morning? And though I dare to say it who should not, you have spoken only nonsensical gibberish, more frothy than woman's idlest sayings;—for she at least, talks of *something*, be it only her pretty self; while your sage remarks have neither been founded upon, nor contained one atom of truth or reason, though you pride yourself on logical conclusions!"

"Ah, well! if I mistakenly supposed that I playfully entertained a pretty sister, whereas I was conversing with a stately Portia, learned in logic's lore;—I will forswear my idle wit; which, forsooth, appears ill-timed and misinterpreted;—and humbly crave your kindly pardon; and beg to know who our fair captors are to be, and how we must display our masculine attainments for their diversion? Shall we play roaring lions, thundering forth our wisdom for their mind's enlightenment and nerve-discipline? Or shall we make puppets of ourselves, and dance upon the tight rope of their inane remarks; consenting to jump up or down, in mental gymnastics, as they shall pull the wires of thought?"

"As to the first of your questions;—and by the way, methinks 'tis only woman's prerogative to ask more than one question at a time; I thought man too logical for such an unreasonable proceeding;—but to my statements. Know you then, all men, to whom it may concern; that, Miss Eulalie Everard, Miss Aseneith Allan, Miss Lucille Fielding, and Miss Antoinette Ormandoff, have entered into partnership to engage in the lawful business of subjugating manly pride, and putting down unlawful oppression; and we do most solemnly swear that we will use our utmost endeavors to bring to subjection, and orderly discipline, those rough and wicked rebels who dare to revolt against the lawful authority of woman's claims to the most unbounded devotion to her imperial wishes. For let rebel man, with humility, remember; that the apple from the Tree of Knowledge was not procured by Adam's lordly *superiority of mind, or inventive genius;* but was the gift of Eve; and though man now prates of woman's mental inferiority, she *first* tasted of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. In regard to your other questions; as to what part of Barnum's circus you should imitate, to amuse our silly and infantine com-

prehensions;—suffice it to say, wherever four bachelor savans appear, puffing and strutting with lordly pomposity, and bombastically parading their intellectual accomplishments, there will always be clowns enough to supply any circus with stale wit."

"Why, Toy, are you becoming a sarcastic sneerer?—a pedantic *man-hater?*"

"No, dear! only showing what an apt pupil of yours I am."

"Well, if your fair friends are pretty, even if they are silly, I think we may be able to endure their presence. But oh, I trust they do not pretend to be *wise!—A wise woman!*—Can Wisdom and Woman ever agree in aught, except that they both begin with a big W—in man's estimation?"

"Of course it would not matter to your logical mind, dear, that the ancient Egyptians represented their highest ideal of the personification of wisdom and intellet, as the *goddess* Neith! Of course it is not at all inconsistent, that men should make Kingly Science, bow to the authority of Queenly Nature! If wisdom is impossible to woman, why crown the works of man's inventive genius with feminine prefixes and pronouns? Why associate, even in figurative language, such impossible ideas as *femininity*, and wisdom or genius? But have no fears, brother mine! Woman's intellect will take care of itself; and we will yet teach sceptical men, that we can be both wise and winning; and that not all pretty women, are, forsooth, therefore, silly; nor every ugly woman, straightway, a yearning aspirant for man's apparel; nor every good housekeeper, necessarily, an ignoramus concerning all literature out of cook-books; nor, *vice versa*, every well-read, thoroughly educated woman, forsooth, a shiftless wife and mother! Self-asserting savans of old, have been known to believe in many errors, and scoff at many *afterward demonstrated facts!*"

"Well, well, learned reasoner! From what modern Socrates have you been imbibing those sage ideas? Perhaps you would like to take a morning dose of Blackstone, to give a tonic to the insipid concoction of woman's usual intellectual libations! Bring forth your fair goddesses of Grace and Beauty, if you will; but we challenge you to supply the wit for our intellectual repasts. For remember! though you can sometimes furnish quite a spicy remark, those other forlorn damsels have not had the advantage of the companionship and instruction of so learned a brother!"

"If you had said *self-conceit*, my dear, our case would indeed be hopeless; for vainest woman was never yet so vain as man!"

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A week later, in her English country home, Antoinette Ormandoff had welcomed with delight her three favorite friends; and Hector Ormandoff had also duly received, with proper decorum, his learned and distinguished masculine acquaintances, Dr. Egbert Wentworth, Edgar Lewellyn, Esq., and Professor Thomas Evermond.

Previous to a general introduction of the guests to each other, there had been a special session of each respective party, with closed doors, and no reporters admitted. The subject of discussion at these important meetings, can be imagined from a few remarks dropped by Hector and Antoinette to their respective visitors, as each marshaled their party to march to the drawing-room, where all the guests were to be presented to each other.

Hector said: "Now, Doc., I'll warrant you they are silly enough anyhow; but mark my word! the prettiest one will have the emptiest head; and as I could not be impolite to my friends, I'll make a martyr of myself, and endeavor to curb my soaring intellect sufficiently to keep within polite attention to her silly notions. I'd give her to you, Prof., but as this is your vacation, you may have my sister, as you need some rest from the wearing vocation of teaching. I flatter myself, I've taught her enough to at least comprehend a common-sense remark, without deafening a fellow's ears with the exclamations, 'How perfectly lovely!'—'How maddeningly delightful, you know!'—'How divinely delicious!'—in usual girl-vocabulary. Edgar, old fellow, you and Doc. will have to take your pick between the other two damsels; but you know that lawyers and doctors must get hardened to every kind of affliction. Perhaps you might throw straws for the prettiest one, or each select the style which will set off to the best advantage his own manly charms, by an harmonious contrast."

Antoinette whispered to her beautiful American friend: "Now Aseneith, dear, don't let Hector know for the world that you ever wrote a book! It is a blessing that your charming story was published anonymously, and that your brilliant essays appeared with a *nom de plume*. Hector has often spoken of them with praise. But I was wise enough to keep

my own secret; for I wanted him to know you, and somehow, he has taken a grudge against learned women. So play your prettiest and your most winning wiles, my dear! Hector will do the talking for two, never fear. Eulalie and Lucille, you shall take your choice between that sharp lawyer and brilliant doctor. As for myself, I'll take the professor. He must be quite harmless, and he might turn out to be a little stupid —they sometimes do, you know—and I wish my friends to be well entertained."

Introductions over, Hector and Antoinette were both well pleased at the supposed incidental arrangement of their respective guests, as they proceeded to the dining-room.

"She is certainly beautiful enough to atone for some silliness!" thought Hector, as he turned to his companion with the usual compliments of the dinner-table.

While Lucille, who had whispered to Antoinette, at the door: "I'll play the blue-stocking!" turned to Doctor Wentworth with the remark: "Is not the study of the inhibitory nerves, as compared with the motor nerves, most profoundly exhilarating?"

To which the doctor, with a look of horror toward Hector, wickedly replied: "Very! but that is a subject I have not yet mastered. Can you favor me with your definition of the inhibitory nerves, and what part of the body you think the least under their control?"

"Oh, certainly! They are the nerves of prohibition, or restraint; and men think them most weak in their control of woman's tongue," replied Lucille, with a look of triumph toward Antoinette.

"Perhaps Miss Allan would resent that?" rejoined Hector, cavalierly.

"Oh, not at all," demurely answered Aseneith. "I would only add, that the last half hour has led me to conjecture, that man's tongue might also be lacking in its supply of those prohibitory nerves."

"Too beautiful to be wise!" muttered Hector to himself; "but not so confoundedly silly after all!"

"Neith, dear, Hector is incorrigible in his vanity concerning the profound depths of the unapproachable wisdom concealed beneath man's pardonable loquacity. And I fear no arrows from the ruby bow of woman's lips, can pierce his unfeeling and sublime contempt for womanly wisdom," calmly remarked Antoinette from the head of the table. Having thus

adroitly stimulated the conversation at the other end of the table, she turned with easy grace to the professor on her right hand, and listened politely to a graphic account of Alpine travel. Though, thanks to Hector, she did not exclaim "How maddeningly delightful!" she did think, however, that the professor was very far from proving a stupid companion.

Mrs. Ormandoff, who presided at the table, had been informed by Antoinette of the proposed plot, and she therefore maintained a discreet silence; listening, with amused face and interested manner, to the various remarks; displaying that rare and delightful tact so highly prized in a chaperon, the power to silently manifest kindly interest, without officiously offering opinions.

"Why does my sister call you 'Neith,' Miss Allan? I thought your name was Aseneith?" questioned Hector. Then remembering a former conversation with his sister, he thought: "I wonder if she is Toy's model for a goddess of Intellect! I think my wise little sister, for once, has made a slight mistake." And then aloud, he said: "Do you remember the Egyptian goddess Neith, Miss Allan?"

Aseneith answered, with rare tact: "I recollect reading somewhere, that Macrobius described her as 'that virtue of the sun which administers prudence to the human mind.'"

"But what think you of the ancient Egyptians who supposed her to be the personification of the intellect? You observe modern man has learned better!" boastfully rejoined Hector.

"Perhaps that is one of the lost arts, which modern man has failed yet to discover; but which the goddess herself, out of pity to his blind ignorance, will yet reveal to him," Aseneith archly replied.

"Why, Jupiter! I do believe the girl has actually read something besides novels!" muttered Hector, under his breath; and he cast a quick glance across the table to his sister, to try and discover what game she was playing with him now. But Antoinette was busy with the professor, and did not heed his glances; and Aseneith herself, looked so demurely pretty, that he again took courage in the thought of his unselfishness, in condescending, with his brilliant mental attainments, to waste his time upon a pretty silly woman.

Meanwhile, Mr. Edgar Lewellyn found Miss Eulalie Everard quite his match in repartee. But he said to himself: "Oh, yes! a woman can sometimes flash a little; but she can never

argue worth a cent!" Then turning to Antoinette, he said: "Miss Ormandoff, how do women answer that old saying,

'Woman convinced against her will,
Is of the same opinion still?'"

"By replying, sir,

'Man never is convinced at all;
Though wrong opinions cause his fall!'"

answered Antoinette, smilingly; while the professor, with mock surprise, said to Hector: "Why, I had supposed that you had proved yourself a better teacher, old fellow!"

This dinner-table talk, led both parties to secure other secret sessions of their respective members.

Hector, as the leader of his party, exclaimed: "See here, old fellows, these girls are not quite so silly as we thought them. I wouldn't have believed that a woman as beautiful as Miss Allan, could have any thoughts beyond her own pretty self; for usually, you know, pretty faces and empty heads go together. If beautiful women are going to attempt wisdom, we will have to look out. For though their supposed logic may be weak, their melting glances are most provokingly strong. One can argue with an ugly woman, and unfeelingly demolish her egotistical and foolish assertions; but weak logic from pretty lips, is not quite so easily resisted."

Antoinette, as the spokesman of her feminine forces, remarked, as the girls gathered in her apartment, to spend the afternoon in making fancy articles for a charity fair: "I am afraid, girls, that we were almost too brilliant, and not quite strategic enough. Neith, dear, you must try to appear more inane;—more foolishly pretty, you know! Lucille, you almost overdid the pedantic *bas-bleu*. And Eulalie was altogether too witty for the comfort of Mr. Edgar Lewellyn's self-conceit."

"'Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us!'

cried Aseneith, poising on her finger a blush rose which she had just deftly formed from pink tissue-paper. "Pray, fair admonisher, answer the question: Who dared, not only to be sarcastic and severe, but—more shocking still—had the unheard-of presumption, to add in rhyme a couplet to an old and time-honored saying, in the august presence of lordly men of mighty intellect?"

"I plead guilty!" laughed Antoinette, who was daintily

sprinkling a linen doily with small buttercups, in delicate embroidery of golden silk. "But really, we must not disclose our angel wings of thought too soon, to these benighted mortals; lest they take flight, before the searching light of our discerning intellects. To-morrow I have planned to have a picnic, and a row upon the river; and we will play simple maidens, or silly human butterflies, or weak-brained fashionable fools, or any of the other charming creatures they fondly declare we are;—and so, forsooth, we must be, to their way of thinking, in spite of all our protestations, until their logical minds shall be convinced by fact and reason, of their false suppositions."

"And, indeed," rejoined Aseneith, "they are hardly to be blamed; for so many women seem to think it witching, to play the fool for man's diversion. 'Tis true, if man did not like folly, woman would not be so impolitic as to run the risk of gaining his contempt, rather than his admiration, by thus ignoring her mind, and thinking only of her manners. But when men shall experience the delight of associating only with cultured and well-educated women;—when wife, mother, sister, and lady friends, shall charm him by the brightness of their thoughts, as well as of their eyes; by the richness and brilliancy of their mental adornments, as well as by the flash of their diamonds; by the roundness, and perfectly developed beauty of their minds, as well as by the pleasing curves of dimpled cheek, or snowy arm; by the glorious glow of intellectual light upon the features, as well as by the silly senseless smile of insipidity: when the tempting rosy bow of woman's curving lips shall prove a bow of promise, flashing forth rainbow-tinted thoughts of matchless beauty to soften the storms of man's sterner intellectual conflicts; as well as being a cupid's bow to send forth darts of 'unkissed kisses,' of which modern æsthetes rave;—then shall love's highest mission be fulfilled. But 'tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askalon!'" Aseneith continued, as she finished her spray of pink roses, and proceeded to put together one of those ethereal fancy concoctions, termed "Castles-in-the-Air": "Woman must prove her intellect, not preach it! Man, himself, must be the proud discoverer of this hitherto supposed undiscovered country. He must be the Columbus, who shall find already waiting his possession, the beauteous land of woman's intellectual America; which God Himself has enriched with gold mines of thought and genius, which wait only man's earnest

and appreciative seeking to bless his life and his home with their inexhaustible supply of inspiration and spiritual wealth!"

"I think, Neith, dear, from Hector's forlorn expression, he wishes you were either not so winning, or else not quite so wise. For he has often said, 'When you can show me a woman possessed of brains and beauty too, I will begin to think she may be wise without losing the charms which make her most attractive in the eyes of men.'"

"But, Toy, dear, how does he explain your cleverness? For really, he cannot be so blind as to call you plain, even though he is your brother," said Eulalie, who was busily engaged in making a white lace cover for some fair lady's dainty dressing-table.

"Don't flatter a vain woman, my gentle friend! He does not quarrel about my beauty. As to my *brains!*—he calmly and generously declares them to be only a reflection of his own, and modestly presents me to the world as an example of the truth of Paul's admonition to aspiring feminine minds;—that they should learn of their lordly masters whate'er of knowledge it were well for their feeble intellects to grasp!"

"It is very evident," said Aseneith, lifting her thistle-down-like "Castle-in-the-Air," and swaying it with graceful motion, "that the Apostle Paul did not entertain a very high opinion of women. It may have been because his experience of feminine nature had been unfortunate; or it may have been, that his prophetic vision enlightened his understanding to comprehend and forecast just the kind of women who would be the most likely to endeavor to give publicity to their short-sighted and ignorant opinions. The history of the emancipation of woman from her mental and moral servitude,—from which she is gradually and grandly obtaining her true social status, intended for her by her Creator, when He made her and gave her as an *helpmate, not slave,* of man—this very history proves the prophetic vision of Paul; for the cause has been retarded, and disgraced by the very kind of women who were evidently meant by him, when he enjoined silence upon the feminine portion of his flock."

"Women often defeat themselves," rejoined Antoinette, as she finished her buttercup doily, and commenced another one, ornamented with daisy designs; "by imagining, that simply because they are women, ungrammatical speech, illogical arguments, nasal tones, and whining exhortations, must per force be accepted out of very gallantry to their sex. And, though,

in their garb, they deem it advisable to assume the masculine air, to increase their persuasive force and independent bearing; they seem to think, that simply because they are women, if they, with didactic force, propound a theology, which is half Biblical and half self-drawn conclusions from their own ignorance; if it have only a pious intonation, it must convert; for men must per force acknowledge woman's moral influence. Political and reformatory questions, which even men cannot grapple with, must be instantly settled at their demand, because they are women; and so, on the one side, they claim rights because they are equal to man; in the same breath they demand those rights, simply because they are women; forgetting, that when they meet men in the political, theological, scientific, or metaphysical arena, they must stand or fall exactly as he does—according to their own mental strength and logical conclusions, founded on indisputable premises and acknowledged axioms."

"I agree with you, girls, most decidedly," remarked Mrs. Ormandoff, who had been listening with keen interest to the spirited discussion, and had entered fully into the fun of Antoinette's plot. "The opinions of an uneducated and unrefined man," she continued, "may have both force and sound common-sense; for his every-day life in the world, necessitates a sharpness of mind, and a keenness of vision, which is of itself a sort of education, though it be not scientific nor artistic. But the opinions of an ignorant and unrefined woman, from the hitherto restricted horizon of her vision, must necessarily be illogical and weak; and so will defeat the very object for which she labors. An unfortunate trait of poor human nature, both masculine and feminine, is every day exemplified by the fact that men and women who possess little of true sensitive refinement, are the most forth-putting, and express their illogical and weak opinions with an amount of assurance astounding to people whose knowledge as far exceeds their bold ignorance, as the strength of the elephant exceeded that of the foolish frog, who, according to the fable, thought swelling and puffing could increase his petty hide to the dimensions of the massive beast before him."

"Do you not think, Mrs. Ormandoff," asked Aseneth, hanging up her "Castle-in-the-Air" by means of a dainty ribbon fastened to the chandelier; and taking from a table near by, some delicate, but more practical knitting of pink wool, and commencing to work with her usual energy; "that women

often lessen their power by angularity, ungracefulness, and bad taste?"

"Most truly!" responded Mrs. Ormandoff, who was engaged in the common-sense line of needle-work; making kitchen aprons, which necessities always find a ready sale at such fairs. "Gough tells of the flash of a diamond ring, which he once wore, and which caused a lady to remark, after one of his greatest efforts in oratory, that she 'just watched that ring sparkle all the evening,' seemingly totally unconscious of the words she had listened to; so will bad dressing, ungraceful manners, and nasal tones of voice, in the opinions of men, rob the strongest appeal of half its power. Whereas, at the same time, the simplest ballad from the lips of a graceful, well-dressed, modest appearing lady, at the same place, and upon the same platform, will move his tenderest emotions. *Why?*—it boots not to say; the fact remains, and let women profit by it!"

"Yes," rejoined Aseneith; "it is not the ungraceful, loud-voiced, ill-dressed, ranting platform reformers, who influence and control the bills passed by the legislative halls of our Government. 'Tis sadly true, however, that women do influence them; the *kind* of women is a most lamentable but undeniable fact. But, perhaps politics would be purer, and Christianity advance faster, did woman understand her real power, and how to use it for good; and not leave it for bad women to prove, that a woman must be graceful and pleasing, and at least outwardly refined and elegant, as well as educated and logical, to influence man."

"Men will be influenced by women," rejoined Mrs. Ormandoff; "and every wife, mother, and sister in the land, should see to it that their own petty-mindedness, and weak (because unexercised) brains, do not leave it for other bad, though it must be confessed, much smarter women, to wield the power for evil, which they could hold in their own hands for good, did they but use and increase the talents which God has given them, and for which He will surely hold them to an account."

"What do you consider to be woman's place in the world, Mrs. Ormandoff?" asked Aseneith, pausing a moment in her rapid knitting.

"I think woman's place in the world," replied Mrs. Ormandoff, as she threaded her needle, "is in any capacity or sphere which she has the requisite capabilities to fill with intelligent and practically successful results. At the present day, woman

has every right which she has thus far shown herself competent to maintain; and every avenue is open to her ambition, which her mental powers and skilled training shall demonstrate her fitness to enter. That woman has not already taken her place by the side of man in the political, scientific, or metaphysical arena, does not argue her unfitness and incapacity *per se;* but rather the necessity of laying the question on the table, to be decided only after the experiment has been fully tried of bringing her brain-powers up to their utmost development, through an equal course of mental training and persistent study, as that which is exacted from her collegiate brother. Not until it shall have been demonstrated that woman's brain is incapable of equal development under the same training, will the fact be proven that woman is mentally inferior to man. That man's mind is different from woman's in its methods of arriving at the same results, does not necessitate an inferiority on her side; that an electric current is different in its methods of operation from a steam engine, does not detract on either side from their inherent strength and vital force."

"There has been hot discussion in America," said Aseneith, "upon the subject of woman's suffrage. It seems to me, that at the present time, woman needs education more than suffrage; skilled training, rather than a continued clamoring for an enlargement of rights which she already possesses, and which wait only her demonstrated fitness. The words of the Apostle Paul, that 'women should keep silence,' have been used with supposed overwhelming conviction, (that is, to their own minds), by many men whose estimates of woman's capabilities have been based upon their own lamentable experience of being surrounded by weak and petty-minded women."

"As most of our convictions are founded upon our own experience," rejoined Mrs. Ormandoff, resuming her sewing, "when men sweepingly declare that woman's mind is either incapable or unworthy of high development, and that her *only* sphere is in the petty routine of daily duties, (that her *sphere* is there, we don't pretend to deny; only contending that it is not her *entire sphere*, when she has the talent or genius to enlarge it); when men make such short-sighted observations, they simply declare to the world that their wives, mothers, sisters, and feminine acquaintances have all been among pitiably weak-brained, and superficially educated women; and when a woman is petty in her nature, and possesses an uncultured, frivolous mind, even though she may have some smatter-

ing of accomplishments, we agree with men that she is most lamentably weak."

"I feel," said Aseneith, "that when woman's education shall have broadened and enlarged her mental horizon, until her mental vision upon the political and reformatory outlook is as far-reaching as that of the most intelligent of men, then will she be fitted to make wise use of such a power, and then will she surely gain it, if she need it. To argue that ignorant, coarse, wicked and debased *men* are allowed a privilege of which she is denied, would not be a powerful plea to her refined nature, did she stop to realize that the so-called privilege of these ignorant voters, is that of bartering their votes for whiskey, and the enslaving of their free wills. Better be a woman forbidden to vote, than a man selling his vote and manliness, on account of his ignorance and vice, to the politician who would bestialize the nature of his willing slave. Until women can understand, and reason logically upon all questions of political moment, let them not yearn for the privilege of being counted as so many victims whose free wills must be sacrificed upon the altar of ignorance."

"That many women in your land are as capable to cope with these questions successfully as any man, is already a demonstrated fact," said Mrs. Ormandoff; "but in this, as in many other instances, the few must suffer awhile, that the mass be not enslaved. Until both parties are equally competent to judge, and choose for themselves, independently of either's coercion, let us not desire that political wrangles between husbands and wives, fathers and daughters, shall help to add the fuel of political discord to the fire of ignorance and self-will. And until the majority of women shall be raised above the ignorance of some of their number, who even think themselves capable of instructing others, I doubt if woman's suffrage would very materially clear the political horizon from the clouds which hang over it. That educated women have successfully guided vast political interests, and shown themselves capable of diplomatic powers equal to those of men, history most plainly reveals. If a place in politics is ever to be woman's, let every woman politician see to it, that she becomes a *Jeanne d'Albret* in discipline of mind, unimpeachable integrity, fearless promulgation of religious principles, and unflinching courage."

"Woman's suffrage is not necessary to the solving of the greatest difficulty which meets us in our American homes,"

rejoined Aseneith. "It is not necessary that Bridget should excitedly throw the half-dressed chicken into one corner, and the half-peeled potatoes into another; leave her bread burning in the oven, and with sleeves rolled to the elbow, grasp with frantic haste her shawl and bonnet, and rush to the polls, to cast her vote for the next President; that she may become a skilled workwoman, and an independent thinker. It is not necessary that fathers should rock the cradles, and darn the family stockings; while the mothers heroically march to the ballot-box, to deposit their tickets; in order that woman's intellect shall be so enlightened as to be able to solve the mysteries of political economy. In your English homes, your permanent family servants remove, in a large measure, the difficulties which confront the American housekeeper."

"Given to woman her home kingdom," said Eulalie Everard, as she deftly bordered her dressing-cover with fancy stitches in rose-colored silk. "Let her rooms be furnished ever so artistically. Let her surroundings be elegant and refining; all that money can purchase, or taste suggest. There may be comparatively but few homes of this kind, but we will suppose the rarities, that we may present the strongest pictures favoring home comfort. Well, given such a home in this nineteenth century. Does the machinery run like clockwork? Is there no friction among any of the numerous wheels and springs composing this wonderful institution, called home-life? Where does the difficulty in our homes lie? Where shall we look for the cause which makes housekeeping a burden, and the providing of home comforts, a weariness to the soul and body of woman? We will not now look upon it from a monetary standpoint. We all know that money is necessary, and that luxuries, and rich adornments, demand expense. Money is a power in securing richness and elegance; but money cannot buy ideal homes, founded upon knowledge and courtesy, kindliness and culture. It will not matter to our present view of the question, whether the windows are draped with the daintiest of laces, and walls hung with the rarest of tapestries, and the furniture upholstered with the costliest of fabrics, or the rooms less expensively adorned. Our question deals not so much with the decorating and furnishing of homes, as with the more important question of home comforts. We have all experienced the difficulties of housekeeping."

"We must discriminate between housekeeping and home-making," observed Mrs. Ormandoff. "Practical housekeeping

is the foundation for home-making; but there is a wide difference between them."

"Why cannot housekeeping be made to run with the smoothness and exactness of mercantile enterprises?" said Eulalie. "Why cannot a woman be the head and superintendent; lay plans which will be carried out; give orders to servants which shall be obeyed with exactness and despatch? Simply because an insurmountable difficulty stares every housekeeper in the face; blockades her way; upsets her best laid plans; brings to naught her skill, her knowledge, her taste, her most unceasing supervision! This stumbling-block in the way of much home comfort, is the ignorance, and untrained attempts and constant blunders of our unskilled domestics. It is not the '*enfants terrible*,' but rather the servant-girls terrible, who bring to naught so many of our efforts for home comfort; baffle our culture; annul our highest aims for ideal homes."

"America is not the only land where this obstacle confronts woman," said Mrs. Ormandoff. "It is not because the mothers are unskilled housekeepers; but one pair of hands can no more perform all the labor in a household, than the man of business could himself superintend, and at the same time, personally perform all the labor required in the different departments of a large manufactory. We are not speaking of the humbler homes of our laboring classes. There, the mother can be cook, laundress, and housemaid; and have more leisure too, than the head of our households; where not only home life, and the education of children; but social duties, benevolent enterprises, and personal culture; all present their pressing claims upon her time and attention. Neither do we include a dilettant, æsthetical housekeeping; which inquires only, if her '*potage à la reine*,' is served in priceless *sevres*; and is not aware, that her '*potage à la reine*,' is old-fashioned chicken broth; which her great grandmother ate from a pewter bowl, or common stoneware cup. The foundation of all true progress, is common-sense; and common-sense leads us to ask the plain question: What can be done? Nothing, in a hurry; everything, in time. Mothers and housekeepers of the nineteenth century, have got to meet the servant-girl question;—grapple with it;—and leave the women of the twentieth century to reap the benefits of their patient and persistent solving of the problem. Given us skilled labor, trained service, intelligent, responsible heads, for servants; rather than ignorant, idle brains, and bungling, unskilled hands; and housekeeping

would be a delight, and woman's life would be lifted into a realm of quiet repose, where the greatest possible advancement in culture, for herself and family, could be accomplished with ease and efficiency."

"Self-control, and repose, we are told, are two most important elements of ideal culture," remarked Aseneith, winding some pink wool required for her knitting. "With this we would most emphatically and heartily agree. But imagine the woman who could display exquisite repose, and undisturbed elegance, in the midst of the exasperating carelessness of a heedless housemaid, who had just ruthlessly demolished, with awkwardly wielded duster, her most precious bit of bric-a-brac; or some little production of her own talent, prized, not for its intrinsic value, but for the hours of patient labor which it represented! The costliest articles of frailest material are handled harmlessly, by the skilled hands in large establishments; why not in our homes?"

"Or, how can a woman attain that quiet composure of brain and temper, which the pursuit of some deep science demands," said Antoinette, looking up from her embroidery with fun dancing in her merry eyes, "when our high-priced cook, who says she has cooked all her life, turns out incapable of baking, boiling, roasting, or stewing a single eatable article of food? Volumes could be filled with the recital of irritating blunders, which have tried the soul of woman, ruffled the temper of man, and brought confusion into the best regulated households, through the inveterate stupidity of its necessary subordinates."

"Only a bar of soap—
Left on the stairs by the hired girl;
And the visitor glides with terrific whirl,
Adown the jagged slope!"

chanted Lucille, who was engaged in the laudable occupation of making useful iron-holders.

"Only a little party,
Of important guests to dine;
And the flurried new waitress, tho' drilled for a week;
Upsets the glass of wine,
On the costly and elegant costume,
Of the most particular guest;—
Then ask, if you can, that the hostess remain,
In tranquil, undisturbed rest!

Drill them with precept on precept,
For three hundred and sixty-five days:—
In the very first hour of the New Year;
They're again at their blundering ways!"

chimed Eulalie; finishing her lace-frilled cover, and commencing to embroider some initials on damask towels.

"In business, money can hire the most skilled workman," said Mrs. Ormandoff; "but in housekeeping, money can only palliate, it cannot eradicate, the evil. Old bachelors declare that children are the torments in a home. The children;—bless their bright eyes, and sweet laughing faces!—are the very jewels of the home treasures. Woe be to the parents, who have inherently ugly-tempered children! Unless a child inherits an ugly temper, what is called ill-nature, is only a tired stomach, or wearied nerves; or perchance, too active a brain;—not too active for the child's advancement, but too active for the parent's ignorance;—and so, forsooth, the aspiring little learner is called a torment, when it is only seeking information."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Ormandoff," said Aseneith, "that it is not the children in the household, who are the stumbling-blocks in the way of ideal home comfort. And surely, in this sphere of life, in our enlightened age, it is not man who stands in woman's way. Man has been called her tyrant; but we must truly do him the justice to say that in this province, he is as much the victim of discomforts as ourselves. He has this advantage, however, that he is not held responsible for those evils which are occasioned by no fault of the head, heart, or hands of the mother."

"Untrained domestics are the cause of nine-tenths of the discomforts of modern homes," resumed Mrs. Ormandoff, "and are the greatest stumbling-blocks in the way of woman's intellectual advancement. It is not becoming a wife, or mother, that robs her of her rightful heritage of mental development. It is only because her time, and strength, and energies are frittered away by a hopeless and untiring baffling of her plans, by ignorant dependents, whom she pays to do the work she has to do for them, if she would make sure it were well done. Fortunately, this question lies within the unquestioned sphere of woman; and her brain must devise the remedy, and her skill and patience work it out. Women are not all fools,

capable of comprehending but one thing at a time. They are not all weak-brained possessors of a single idea."

"Nor for the solving of this problem, must a woman become a pendantic fanatic!" declared Aseneith; continuing

"Who can tell the great uncle of Moses,
And the date of the War of the Roses,
And the reason of things, why the Indians wore rings
In their red, aboriginal noses;
Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's 'Brahma,'
As she goes clipping rocks, with a little black box,
And a small geological hammer."

"Great progress in home comforts has already been made," said Antoinette. "Witness modern luxuries, such as these dainty bits!" she continued, holding up the sheer morsel of fine linen, upon which she was so skilfully outlining the delicate blossoms. "History tells us, that in the enlightened, intellectual age of Queen Elizabeth; when Shakespeare, Spencer, Bacon, and Sir Philip Sidney, lived and wrote; when Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lord Burleigh graced the royal table; fingers were used instead of forks; and the fair queen was greatly commended, for the graceful manner in which she dipped her dainty fingers into the dish, tossing the food into her royal mouth, and using with queenly elegance the highly privileged napkin, which before the sixteenth century was not known, even to royalty."

"Surely, we have advanced many steps in home comforts, and home elegance," rejoined Mrs. Ormandoff, substituting a cheese-cloth duster for the finished kitchen-apron upon which she had been engaged, "in spite of all our defeats and hindrances. Time, patience, and persistent forthputting in the right directions, are the remedies which are needed to overcome the chief difficulty in the way of ideal homes. Our conclusions must be practical, not visionary. But surely, there is nothing visionary in skilled domestics knowing their business, and earning their wages. How shall that be accomplished? Not by the mother and wife, turning herself into a drudge; her muscle won't solve the difficulty. Ideal housekeeping cannot be reached by her performing the work she pays her servants to do. We can't revolutionize the times; but each

housekeeper and home-maker can add her efforts to the progression of the age in the right direction."

"How may women of the present day, labor to clear the way?" asked Lucille, varying her employment by turning from iron-holders to doll-dressing.

"First, by promoting every enterprise which shall encourage skilled, trained labor;" replied Mrs. Ormandoff; "not only in the trades and the arts, but in domestic departments; such as kitchen-gardens, for the children of the laboring classes, who are to grow up into the servants of the next generation; also training schools for domestic labor, where young girls shall be taught thoroughly all the departments of housework and cookery. Thus doing, the time will come, when no servant will be hired without a diploma from some training-school; and a girl will as much expect to fit herself for housemaid, or cook, as for dressmaker, or any trade."

"In the ideal home of the future," said Aseneith Allan, with kindling eye betokening her interest in the theme, "I predict that useless and fanciful notions regarding table and home-furnishing, which go beyond simple elegance, and become the bizarre style of decoration which has turned so many elegant homes of modern times into Japanese curiosity shops; will be superseded by refined, and permanent adornment; and home-life will be molded by practical information; the skilled superintendence of trained labor; the quiet repose which follows systematic economy of time; and the vast intellectual advancements which lie in the power of those who improve all possible opportunities, and wisely select those pursuits and pleasures best adapted for the fullest development of their individual natures, and God-given talents."

"In the possible ideal homes of the future," remarked Mrs. Ormandoff, "home comforts in housekeeping being insured by trained service, ideal home-making will not be a visionary aspiring, but a practical reality. Mothers can be skilled superintendents, overlooking with systematic care every department; but leisure will be found for personal culture, because their physical energy will not be exhausted, nor their time frittered away in constant attention to ignorant and careless blunders of others. Children will be stronger in mind and body; for mothers will not be so physically overtaxed. And as the mind of the mother is indelibly impressed upon the child when her life is freer, and her mental powers more highly developed; children will be born with more inherited talent, and

more strength of body and mind, to be molded by the greater enlightenment of a mother's richer, broader, and more disciplined nature."

"It seems to me," said Aseneith, as her fair fingers flew in and out of the swift needles and pale pink wool—for Aseneith was an adept at knitting, declaring that the faster her fingers worked, the clearer her thoughts were; and laughingly saying that it was well her knitting could not reveal to the world the many fancies she had woven into the stitches;—"it seems to me," she continued, "that mothers will find that the more they cultivate their own talents, the more will the talents of their children be cultivated. Children delight in imitating older persons. Whatever the mother does, the child wants to do; and thus, much of the drudgery in learning music, art, or even literature, is unconsciously overcome by the child, who thinks she is only playing; while in reality, she is studying, practising, or drawing, with the most persistent perseverance, in imitation of Mamma; whereas, the same amount of labor, demanded from the child as a lesson, would be wearisome and irritating."

"Experience most clearly proves that fact," rejoined Mrs. Ormandoff. "In future ideal homes, husbands will not find in their wives, beings clamoring for unwomanly occupations; but rather, companions; their equals in refined information; their wise counselors in the practical questions of the day, and sympathizing advisers regarding their individual pursuits. Woman's keen-witted intuitions, and man's careful deliberations, will go hand in hand. Home-life will be, more and more, a foretaste of Paradise; and the refining and elevating influences of Christian homes, will be felt to the uttermost limits of the globe."

"Home elegance and comfort do not demand," said Aseneith, assuming a mock dramatic air, and rhetorical tone,

"That we be in a constant æsthetical maze,
A so-called poetical mental craze;
And think we must do some some very big thing,—
But the question is, when, and how to begin?
Though we must be æsthetic, whatever we do,
From the crown of our head, to the sole of our shoe.
What we like is not the least consequence now,
We must like whatever the æsthetes allow.

"And if we are wilful enough to declare,
That æsthetical taste is at fault anywhere;
That conventional art is a trifle severe,
That all flowers don't grow straight up in the air;
That suggestions of nature are not all we wish,
When we ask for a painting on vase or on dish;
That brown worms, or black spiders, seem hardly the things
To mix with one's pudding, though with mere painted stings:

"That we don't like ice-cream from an Indian's shoe;—
Though designed for the White House, and of fine china too;
That in many things made by the wonderful Japs,
We only discover most comical traps;
That we fail to admire square chairs, though Queen Anne's;
That we sometimes do weary of friezes of fans;
And though Grecian tunics display a fine arm;
We cannot discover their magical charm,

"As an everyday dress for the modern woman,
Though all very well for Greek maiden, or Roman;
For we have not yet reached that æsthetical state;
When harp-playing alone will be fair woman's fate.
And we never must dare in this high-art time,
To call the rank sunflower aught but sublime.
We must worship the lily, and frown on the rose,
And adore the vain peacock in feathers or clothes.

"Though beef-tea is distasteful, it never would do
To denounce the æsthetical 'bouillon,' too;
And we can't be good cooks in these modern days,
Unless we're imbued with the cooking craze,
And can glibly describe with a foreign air,
And a flourish of French, our Yankee fare,
And never be guilty of speaking so plain
As to say chicken broth;—but '*Potage à la Reine.*'

"Thus having provided French masks for our food,
We could not be guilty of being so rude,
So unrefined, and so unæsthetical,
As not to serve these dainties poetical,
On exactly the right kind of costly ware,
And esteem an ignorance beyond compare,
Should one fail to know, and to glibly say,
All the names of the articles made from burnt clay.

"But woe to that one who would be æsthetical,
Who should fail to name the blue china poetical!
And should not know precisely the kind of rich ware,
Of each cup, plaque, or vase, or frail saucer so rare.
And when in dark houses we stumble and fall,
Over rugs in the doorways, and rugs in the hall,
And rugs in the parlors, and rugs at each chair;
Where rugs fail, we step on the skin of a bear;

"Till panting and faint we drop on to a seat,
'Twould be non-æsthetical such woes to repeat;
But rather our greeting to hostess should be,
'My dear friend, what beautiful rugs here I see!'
And if we would grow to be 'utterly utter,'
And make in the world a continual flutter,
We must mix with our language a trifle of sense,
And quote from learned authors with bombastic pretence;

"Discuss evolution and rave of high art,
And should ever words fail us, with hand on our heart
And eyes raised to heaven in attitude strained,
Behold! the æsthetical climax is gained.
What will poor antiquaries in future times do
When the relics of our homes are brought to their view;
With here a Greek statue, and there a Jap fan?
O, where will they place the nineteenth century man?"

"What do you think are the chief requisites in cultivating the art of entertaining acceptably, Mrs. Ormandoff?" asked Lucille Fielding, when the burst of laughter which greeted Aseneith's poetical recitation had somewhat subsided; "for in these ideal homes of the future, it will be required to entertain well."

"An author says," responded Mrs. Ormandoff, "'No good talker is obtrusive; he is rather receptive, trying to get at other peoples' observations. There are unsounded depths in a man's nature, of which he himself knows nothing, till they are revealed to him by the plash and ripple of his own conversation with other men.' Applying this principle to the art of entertaining, leads us to the following conclusions: We should never pretend interest in that for which we have no love, or of which we have no knowledge. Persons who have no appreciation of music or art, only belittle themselves, and

baffle and weary their companions, who may be musicians or artists, by their ignorant pretence. We cannot assume to know those things of which we are really ignorant; for the disguise is always too thin a mask to conceal our mental capabilities. When conversing with those who have more knowledge than ourselves upon the subject under discussion, we should never presume to know; thus the law of polite manners would dictate that we should never allow our eyes to wander over the dress of our companion, as though intent upon the fashion thereof, nor aimlessly to cast our glances listlessly around the room, as though bored; nor in a large gathering, listen to the conversation of those around us, instead of paying undivided and respectful attention to our particular companion or partner. Not even the famous Coleridge himself, could converse with brilliancy or effect, in the presence of those who did not pay him the respect of responsive and intelligent glances of recognition, admiration, or interest. Perfect tact has the rare intuition of determining quickly and sensitively what subjects would naturally interest persons of certain pursuits, tastes, reputation, or social standing. If the persons introduced to us have already made a reputation that places them above the general level, we should wait their choice of subjects; thereby giving them the opportunity of showing courtesy, by politely acknowledging our literary qualifications by the drift of their conversation with us. Should it devolve upon us, however, to select the subject; the most courteous tact would dictate that we allude to such incidents, or make such modest inquiries as should, delicately, and without fulsome flattery, refer to their acknowledged attainments, unusual success, or peculiar accomplishments. If we are ignorant of the particular branches in which they are proficient, we should compliment them by attentive listening, and refined and cultured questioning, denoting our desire for information. If our own tastes run in the same direction, we should modestly express our ideas, if clear-cut and well-founded upon experience or close observation, or intelligent study. I would like to know, Miss Aseneith," continued Mrs. Ormandoff; "what are some of the peculiar social characteristics of your prominent American cities."

"Of the social reputation of our prominent cities, I have culled the following," replied Aseneith, lifting a small silver-mounted ivory tablet, which was hung by delicate chains to her chatelaine. She read as follows:

"In Washington, where intellectual prominence, or what we Yankees call 'smartness,' and what the English term 'cleverness,' prevails, the natural inquiry would be, 'What does he, or she, know? Can he talk well? What is he?' In consequence, the society at Washington is quite unparalleled in agreeability. If there is anything in a man, it comes out in Washington. It is the city of agreeable conversations; it is the sphere of charming little dinners. No one can be local or narrow at Washington. It is to be feared that society is somewhat local and provincial in both of the aristocratic cities, Boston and Philadelphia. They know so well who they are themselves, that they expect you to know.

"In Boston, although the most intellectual of our cities,—'The Athens of America,' the 'Hub of the Universe,'—society is very local and condensed. They are very indifferent to outside influences, and the society, to a stranger, is frigid and cold; but when once penetrated, it is delightful. No one must attempt, however, to storm it. It is a city on a hill which cannot be hid; but it is well protected by the invincible reserve of its people, and one of its wits has said that a Boston man is 'condensed east wind;'—which is not a bad criticism.

"Philadelphia is far more open-handed and easy of access than Boston, for the old Quaker hospitality has been joined to a Southern warmth, and it has produced a jolly sort of hospitality. They feed one in Philadelphia as if they intended to make a *pâté de foie gras* of you, and they are delightful hosts. But beware how you attempt to marry one of their daughters, unless you have sixteen quarterings and a grandfather. They are particular about a grandfather in Philadelphia.

"Baltimore is a very hospitable, cosmopolitan city, and has the cavalier element widely prevalent in its still gay society. The memory of Lord Baltimore has given it somewhat of an English tone, but it is the best of all tones—there is nothing snobbish about it.

"New Orleans had great charms before the war—perhaps it has still. It is well placed for hospitality, and the old French population insures gayety and a freedom from false economy, or what seems as such.

"Of course, New York is the 'Paris of America'—it is a French city, a German city, a Spanish city, an English city, and a Yankee city. No one can fathom what its wonderful banyan-tree growth will be in a hundred years. It is now the greatest curiosity as to its abnormal condition in regard to

etiquette. The sunshine and gladness of its climate, its thousand enchantments, its very quick, passionate pulse, its cosmopolitan character, all tend to distinguish New York as the very field for a polite society—for a perfect and sensible etiquette."

"But Aseneith, dear," said Antoinette, "you remember you promised to read for our entertainment, this afternoon, that little study of human nature, you wrote as an answer to Mr. Stockton's story 'The Lady, or the Tiger?'"

"Of course I will keep my promise, if you wish to hear this little sketch of mine, and I would like to have your opinions regarding my analysis of human nature. I answer the question in two ways. My first princess is most contemptible; but could I make her less so, when her governing motives were love, jealousy, and hate, in semi-barbaric times; with a soul influenced only by heathen ideas, when gods and goddesses were represented as continually at warfare with each other?"

Aseneith, thereupon, laid down her knitting, and taking up her note-book from a table near by, commenced as follows:

You remember the famous story of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" related by Mr. F. R. Stockton, the outline of which is as follows: A handsome knight, but one of lowly birth, had dared to love a princess, daughter of a semi-barbaric king. For this unheard-of and presumptuous crime, he was condemned to undergo the terrible trial of meeting his fate in the "King's Arena," before the assembled court and people. This fate was thus decided: As the accused person stepped into the arena, he perceived on the opposite side of the enclosure, two doors, precisely alike. If he opened one, a hungry tiger sprang out upon him, and tore him to pieces. If he opened the other door, a beautiful lady stepped forth, who immediately became his bride, as the marriage ceremony was then and there performed within the amphitheatre. If the tiger killed him, he was considered guilty. If the lady married him, he was declared innocent of the crime of which he was accused.

Now, this princess had, by means of the power of her lofty station, and by numerous bribes, found out the secret which even the king did not know; namely, behind which door crouched the tiger, and which concealed the beautiful maiden, who might soon become a bride.

The handsome knight had expected that his fair princess would find out this secret, as he well understood her resolute will and fond devotion. As he entered the arena, he glanced at her. She slightly moved her hand toward the right; and without a moment's hesitation, he walked to the door upon the right, and opened it.

Which came forth? The Lady? or the Tiger?

Let the Princess' Stratagem answer if it can.

Which would a woman choose in such extremity?—to give her lover to a hated rival, and see another, the possessor of the joy and bliss for which she would barter even life itself?—or would she rather that his loved form should be torn to pieces by the terrible tiger, before her very eyes? As we must decide the question, not from a modern standpoint, which might admit the noble grandeur of an ideal, self-sacrificing love; but our decision must be in accordance with the nature of semi-savage times and nations;—what would the princess do? Could not her woman's wit, and queenly power, and bribes of gold, and promises of royal favor, contrive some stratagem?

Long days and nights the princess pondered upon this momentous question. Life, or death; love, or hopeless despair;—hung in the balancing scales of destiny!

At first there seemed no hope. To the poor princess, it was apparently, only a choice between two most harrowing evils; either of which, would doom her to a life of hopeless anguish. Either the tiger or the lady? Both were equally torturing to her jealous, idolizing love. The thought of either, drove her to a wild frenzy of grief; which rendered her for a time, incapable of summoning her faculties to their intensest energies and keenest exercise; which only could, perchance, avert her doom. *Perchance!*—was there any *possibility* of that? She roused herself from the hopeless lethargy of grief, which was fast stealing over her. Instead of tears and groans, and helpless sighs, and tearing of her hair—she nerved herself to action.

Ha!—how the fire burns in her eyes! The stars which shine in the midnight sky of that luxurious, lotus-perfumed land of the voluptuous Orient, were not more bright than her lustrous eyes, still sparkling through her recent tears, as the thought flashes through her keen-witted woman's brain, like lightning's dart.

Which power should she seek to conquer? Her father's royal edict?—the savage nature of a hungry beast, thirsting

for human blood?—the alluring enchantment of a rival beauty, whose claims for admiration, were scarcely second to her own? —which of these should be the object against which her womanly intuitions, her keenest wit, her rarest subtleties of heart and mind, her semi-savage love and hate, should arm themselves with irresistible force, and unconquerable will?

Her father's edict could not be revoked. Such thought were surely hopeless. He was a despotic monarch, whose word was absolute, as changeless as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Once spoken, no earthly power could revoke it. Therefore, the edict must be carried out. Her stratagem must work between the tiger and the lady, or with both. Think not, fair reader, that she bribed the guards to have no tiger, or no lady! The edict must be carried out, e'en to the very letter. Her lover must encounter the tiger or the lady. Which was more dreadful to her jealous hate? Which was most dangerous to her love and happiness?

She forced herself calmly to look both evils in the face. She saw the glaring eyes of the savage beast, burning red hot with hungry longing, fixed upon his helpless prey. She saw her lover,—beautiful as some god-like Apollo,—standing defenceless before the terrible beast, just springing to clutch that beloved form, with unsheathed claws, and sharp and gleaming teeth. Oh, horrible! Her brain seemed to whirl, and her heart to stand still for very terror, as her imagination pictured the leap, and savage embrace, and spurting life-blood of her adored-one. She shrieked, "Oh, not this—not this!" But then—what then? Could aught be more terribly anguishing than this?

Yes, even so.

Again she saw her lover standing in the arena. Again she noted his matchless beauty of manly perfections; and again something approached him;—Ha! that rival, whom she hated; whose very fairness made her hideous to her jealous heart! With proudest triumph and queenly satisfaction, she advanced. Her lover sprang to meet the woman as the angel of deliverance. Gratitude lighted his peerless eyes, with that old brightness and blazing glory, which she herself had often called forth from their beauteous depths by rapturous love. Oh, fiendish sight!—Oh, horrors of Hades!—No! No! No! this must not be!—should not be!—but then the beast!—Which evil should her woman's wit first grapple with?

Scarcely had the dawn lifted the curtain of the night with

rosy fingers, that the first rays of Osiris's burning beams might light the eastern clouds with golden effulgence, 'ere the princess summoned her attendants, with wild hot haste, and sent them hither and thither, in the working out of her most potent plan.

"Here, Iras, call the keeper of my father's parks! I fain would speak with him betimes. Send, too, the royal barber; and the keeper of my treasure vaults, as well; and forget not the guardian of my most resplendent jewels. Then bid my falconer bring hither his best trained bird; and forget not my dwarf and jester, Atmoo. Bring also my bravest hunter, and swiftest horse. And hasten! Get thee gone! For all must wait upon me at this hour. Momentous sequences hang upon the quick fulfilling of my royal will.—Well, Iras! Who's without?"

"The keeper of thy father's parks, my lady!"

"'Tis well! Bid him enter."

"What wouldst thou, royal lady? I have hastened hither at thy bidding. Wouldst thou some revels celebrate in yonder grove? Or take a sail upon the lake?"

"Hist man! Talk not to me of revels. Has my father chosen the savage beast who will decide the coming ghastly spectacle in yon arena?"

"Why ghastly, lady? Such royal duel were brave to look upon! Or else, perchance, it will turn out a wedding! Surely, nothing ghastly in that, with so handsome a cavalier, and fair a bride!"

"Be still, man! Thy gossiping tongue is worse than old wives' babble. See to it! I want none of thine opinions, only thy obedience. Where is the wild beast caged, that is selected for this bloody office?"

"In the place allotted to the royal lions, my lady! But never was a lion more savage than this wild tiger. Ha! his eyes are like coals of fire in his hungry head."

"How long before a savage beast can be so well controlled by sumptuous food as to become harmless?"

"Never, completely, lady! Just when you think him tame and satisfied, some ugly freak will take him, and his savage thirst will prompt him to most foul and treacherous deeds. That is, when old and wild, like this most terrible tiger, who never has been caged before this last successful hunt; when he was taken in so smart a trap, which e'en his savage instinct failed to warn him of."

"I care not for a history of the hunt. How looks this beast?"

"As like thine own pet tiger as if they were twin brothers, excepting the glaring of the eyes, and savage mien."

"Ha! sayest thou so, good keeper? 'Twill greatly simplify my plan. Are stripes and marks, and other features exactly similar?"

"The very same, my lady!"

"Then listen! Wouldst thou gain a purse of gold, and quick preferment?"

"Why so, my lady? None but a fool would, in troth, refuse good gold."

"Then hear me, man! and having heard, let my wise words sink so deep within thy mind, that neither breeze nor bird could catch an echo, which might be whispered in any mortal ear. The night before the day when the king, and court, and people shall assemble in the amphitheatre, to watch the coming doom of this last and most honorable prisoner; do thou place my pet tiger in the cage of that wild beast, having first despatched the savage brute, with thy good and trusty sword, and with care removed all signs of such bloody work. Mind, man! One hundred sestertias in silver, shall be thine that very night, if this, my royal will and pleasure, shall be obeyed."

"I'll do it, lady! But what will that avail thy gallant knight? Thy pet tiger knows but thy soft hand, and to all else is still most savage."

"'Tis well, good Manthon! My beast is royally trained, and will obey my teaching.—Well, Iras?"

"The keeper of thy treasures is without, my lady!"

"Show him within!"

"Thy royal highness has sent for me?"

"Yes, trusty Rhocco! Bring hither three silken purses, containing each, one hundred silver sestertia. And more!—One golden casket containing that rare bracelet, with an asp's head wrought in diamonds, with the ruby eyes. Thou knowest it well. And hasten, for my patience is most urgent, and will abide no delaying."

"I go, most royal highness! 'Tis well thy treasure-boxes and jewel-caskets are so fully furnished."

"Stay, Rhocco! I forgot the diamond necklace;—I may have need of that to satisfy my beauty!"

"Thy beauty, noble mistress, needs no addition of sparkling gems, however costly."

"Ha, man! I meant not that. But go in haste! Here comes my royal hair-dresser.—Iras, wait without until I call thee! Some little tricks of woman's toilet, must needs be told in secret."

"Ah, beauteous mistress! Thou hast no need of any tricks. Thy beauty is beyond compare."

"What! am I fairer than Yudoxia, who is chosen by my father as the lady, in the coming contest with the tiger? What, thou hesitatest?—Speak out, girl!—Am I not more fair than she?"

"She is indeed most beautiful, my princess! But thou art fairer than the moon, and stars, and lotus blossoms! But next thy royal highness, the lady Yudoxia is most fair."

"Begone, thou silly girl! Thy idle chatter doth provoke me.—(Ha! I will be avenged!—Yudoxia beautiful?—Would the viper seize my lover, and my royal place as beauty of this realm, as well?—Begone upon her!—I will avenge me! Yes, both for lover, and for wounded pride; and in spite of royal edicts, savage tigers, and hated rivals; I will yet!—Well, we will see! Not e'en these empty walls must hear a whisper of my stratagem!)—How now, good Rantho! Thou art well come."

"Wilt thou, most royal highness, try some new adorning of thy love-locks, or some new bloom upon thy damask cheek?"

"'Tis not for adorning, good Rantho, that I have sent for thee; but rather for the most potent trick for the disfigurement of too vain beauty."

"What ho! My lovely mistress could not be too vain of her sweet looks!"

"Ha, man, be still! My beauty is not here nor there. 'Tis another's face I would bedeck with such rare beauty patch, as should in truth make demons to shudder, and a siren of Hades to grow pale with envy. In short, I have bethought me what would most mar this vaunted beauty. Make me a mole!—a black and hideous mole! Not too august in size, as it would fright my lady, and look too huge for even sparkling diamonds to persuade to don it. But oh, a hideous mole!—with long, and coarse, and ugly hairs growing from its dusky depths, like crawling caterpillar, or squirming spider. This mole must be placed upon the chin, just well beneath the rosy

lips; e'en quite caressing their arched and well-curved ends. Methinks, it would not be a rapturous Cupid's bow, in truth, when thus adorned. Nor would they look like luscious cherries, ripe for kissing! I fear not for the eyes. Methinks they would not look alluring, with such sweet tempting lips to kiss. Just spoil for me her mouth. I'll risk the spell of other features. And as for her fair form, I still do know a trick or two, to grace her sylph-like person. Make me this mole; and list! When I shall send thee on a certain day at dawn, to this my lady fair, to deck her for coming nuptials; when thou hast well arranged her hair, and taken away her mirror; see to it that thou clappest on this beautifying mole, as I have ordered. And if thou dost perform this office without failure, I have a purse for thee; well filled with silver, e'en four hundred shining denarii. And hold, good Rantho! one other word. Thou shalt arrange her hair in some outlandish manner, most unbecoming. And should she rebel at that, say, 'This is the latest style at Eastern courts, and the princess herself has planned to set the fashion, in which thou canst forestall her.' And then, moreover, be very sure that some hairs are drawn so tightly, as to cause a teasing headache; while some unlucky hairpin, be so slyly nestled in her braids and coils, that it may pierce her head with irritating prick; but so conceal it that the occasion of the mischief be not found."

"'Tis well, most royal lady! My loyal duty and most humble obeisance to thy highness' will, can but make me serve thee faithfully indeed. Fear not! I will contrive so cunning a patch of beauty, as no witch could yet achieve."

"Iras! come girl, attend me! Go, good Rantho, and prepare that new cosmetic I just have told thee of.—Now, Iras, call to me the lady of my robes! I would, forsooth, have a bride's attire arranged, which I will present as royal gift to fair Yudoxia."

"Here cometh Mistress Othmoo, already, royal lady!"

"Go, Iras, and behold if my good hunter and falconer, are on their way thither."

"Well, gentle lady, can I serve thee, in aught pertaining to my art or office?"

"Yes, Mistress Othmoo! In truth, I wish thy kindliest service. See to it! I would present a bridal robe to fair Yudoxia, as a royal gift, in case the ceremony should chance to her, in the coming contest with the tiger. See to it! A costly robe, and beautiful. I spare no price. But hear me!

I must whisper in your ear, unknown to any. Pad one shoulder much higher than the other; and give to one slight hip a seeming fullness, not the other. Be sure the arms and neck are well covered with some material thicker than gauze, which will conceal all charms of curving roundness, and swelling bust. Of course, 'tis meet she should be covered in public. But hark ye! This order is not for my new robe of silver tissue. 'Tis meet, also, that all royal charms should be admired. Next, manage, when you dress the lady;—as by my royal pleasure, and magnanimous condescension, of seeming aid, you shall in truth accomplish;—so place some nettling pin, or quite forgotten needle-point, in some safe place within her encircling bodice, which shall continually scratch her tender flesh; and yet be so well placed, that no arm of hers can reach the offending point, to ease the irritating prick. Methinks, no other caution need be taken, to insure a lovely and becoming expression of countenance, and air of pleasing temper. But more! Provide her sandals, matching the robe; but full two sizes smaller than her foot, which measures the same as mine. And as thou dost pinch her feet to get them on, remark, 'The princess said thou hadst such dainty feet, these needs must fit thee, which are exactly similar in size to those her royal highness wears.' Mark me, good Mistress Othmoo, when she hears that, no force could pull them off her feet, e'en though her misery in wearing them, should cause her to swoon for very pain and agony. Tight, pinching sandals, give such a graceful style, and air of dignified carriage to a woman! And one thing more! When thou dost place the wreath of lotus blossoms on her brow, be sure the falling bud in front do have unusual length of stem, and that it shall so lie upon her forehead as to mar all outlines of beauty, and make her bridal wreath a disfigurement, instead of ornament. And so thou doest thy duties well, and showest thyself an adept in the art of pleasing me;—that costly robe, thou hast so often admired, and those gay jewels which caught thy fancy, shall all be thine. But here comes my falconer."

"Yes, gentle lady, I obey thy summons."

"'Tis good, my honest man! Hast thou a well-trained bird to do thy bidding?"

"Yes, verily! a bird most aptly trained."

"'Tis well! Take here this little note. Tie it firmly to the bird's neck. And when thou canst perform it unperceived, make thy bird fly to the window of the room in yonder prison,

where the brave knight is confined. When that note is in his hands, look thou! ten golden ducats shall be thine. Canst do it?"

"Yes, my lady! Nothing is impossible which thou commandest."

"Well, get thee gone, to make selection of thy worthiest bird!—Ha! What most trusty servants!—most faithful, worthy, obedient slaves!—gold, jewels, and promises of office can insure! How powerful my royal wishes have become! How potent, indeed, when accompanied with a purse of gold! But here comes my hunter on my swiftest horse, as I commanded. (*He alights and enters.*)

"Well, now, good hunter!"

"Would my lady try the chase?"

"Not I, good Mastro! But I would that thou shouldst hunt for me. Take my swift horse, that thou shouldst not be hindered. Scour the country, and procure such game as is most toothsome to my pet tiger? I have a little play to give with him in public. See to it! He must be well fed;—most overfed! e'en royally provided; for hungry beasts, though tame, are treacherous. Make him so satiated with his favorite food, that the most tempting morsel could not persuade him to another mouthful. And see! take this purse of silver, and be gone to do my bidding.—Ah! Here comes Atmoo, my dwarf and jester!

"Yes, royal mistress! Shall I dance for thee, or jest, or weep, or take a flogging? All is the same, so it is thy sweet will."

"Well, faithful Atmoo! Rememberest thou our tiger play?—the whistle, and goad, and when to do them both?"

"Yes, truly, lovely lady! I never failed in giving the right signal. It would be dangerous indeed, with such a treacherous beast."

"Then hear me, Atmoo! In the coming contest, my pet tiger will crouch behind the well-closed door——"

"Ha, mistress! Thy wit will save thy lover!"

"Hist, boy! That will depend on thee. Hide thou behind the door; and as the tiger springs, give thou the whistle signal, which will tame him at the instant. The goad thou wilt reserve until I give command. Away!—Go, see that my pet tiger is most royally trained. And if thou doest well thy part, ask what thou wilt—it shall be granted."

"So it please thee, lady! I ask nothing dearer than thy royal favor."

"Poor slave! He only, of all my retinue, serves me for love; and on him rest my greatest hopes of victory! 'Tis that mis-shapen, half-witted creature, who by his faithful love, perchance, can save me.—Ah! love works magic, after all!—Come hither, Iras! Call my women. Bid them twine the lotus chaplets. Tell them to make one, of the pale white lotus flowers, and to seek those not well opened; so that the wreath will seem somewhat scanty, and insignificant. This shall Yudoxia wear. But list, thou! Bid them seek the sacred lotus for my chaplet. The royal and radiant Nelumbo!—whose crimson bells seem burning with living heart's blood, and whose fragrance perfumes the air like love's incense. Bid them also weave a garland of the same, and deck the golden canopy which hangs above my royal seat in yon amphitheatre. And see, thou, that a burning blossom fastens my mantle of gold tissue, and that my robe of silver gauze is well bedecked with the same sacred flowers; and that my most priceless jewels are in order for my wearing. Time presses. The celebration is near at hand. I shall betake me to my chamber until all things are ready."

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The trumpets sound. The king and princess sit beneath a canopy of gold, in royal state. The people have assembled in vast numbers, to behold the coming contest. The fate of the princess' lover is no common show. The heralds read the edict of the king. A trumpet's blast is heard. The knight steps forth into the arena. Every eye is fixed upon that valiant form, and handsome face. He turns as if to salute the king, and bowing, looks only at the princess. She moves her hand, just slightly to the right. The knight, with one burning glance into her eyes which seems to read her very soul, turns quickly, walks firmly, and opens the door upon the right. Out springs the tiger, with glaring eyes, and unsheathed claws.

"Perfidious woman!" murmurs the knight, transfixed with horror. "Her note said 'Trust me! and obey implicitly my signals.' She surely pointed to the right! Would she betray me to those savage claws, rather than resign me to some beautiful woman; who, though not my own choice, would be more welcome than this hot embrace of savage beast!"

"Oh, horrors!" whispered the princess, pale as death, with

fright. "Has that dwarf duped me? Did I not tell him, no goad until I bade? Is there no whistle?—Hark!"

But see! The tiger springing through the air, alights, and crouches at the feet of the brave knight.

"Oh, matchless princess!" exclaims the knight.

"Oh, miracle!" exclaims the king. "Was ever such mighty magic wrought by man before? The knight must be a wizard!—a most marvelous and wondrous magician in disguise!—Say, ho! brave knight! Either thou art most innocent!—so very innocent, that thy pure and spotless innocence has cowed the very fierceness of a hungry beast;—or thou art, indeed, so very guilty;—so blackly, darkly guilty, with such hideous crimes, that e'en the savage brute bows down to thee in reverence, as to his master and sovereign in the realms of bloody necromancy, and regions of foul deeds! Say, princess, thinkest thou there was some cheat about the savageness of that same beast?"

"My most royal father! Didst thou not perceive his glaring eyes, and unsheathed claws, when first he sprang? Surely, none but a hungry, savage beast, would thus have looked!"

"'Tis true, my daughter! The witchcraft must be in the magic of the knight!"

(*Princess aside.*) "Oh, wise, and faithful dwarf! Thy well aimed goad didst aid thy crafty cunning, where my woman's wit had else sure failed!"

"Answer, brave knight!" exclaimed the king. "Since thou hast tamed my savage beast, art thou innocent or guilty? My royal justice has been foiled in this, and left me powerless to decide the matter."

"Most mighty king and royal master! I am both innocent and guilty. Innocent of any trace of evil design or wicked deed. But guilty!—yes, most deeply, proudly guilty, of that thou callest a *crime;* but what I hold my *highest honor!*"

"Well said, brave knight! Thy mettle is most stanch, if thy blood be not over gentle. But say, good ministers of state, I find myself in a great perplexity. My royal edict declares, that bloody fight, or marriage ceremony must be performed within this amphitheatre. The knight has conquered my tiger, though not in blood. My law allows no second choice to take the lady also. Indeed, I'm in quite an amazing muddle, between law fulfilled and present opportunity!"

"Most loved and reverenced father!" said the princess. "Behold me, thy most obedient and loyal daughter! I give

myself, rather than that thy august and righteous law sould be ignored. Behold, I, myself, will wed yonder brave knight; even now, in this very arena, before thy royal self, and these good people, as my witnesses, that thus thy edicts must be carried out, e'en to the very letter. Since thy beast has failed thee, I will myself fulfill thy law!"

"Well said, fair daughter! Thy woman's wit is sometimes useful in sore straits. The knight is, forsooth, most good, and brave, and handsome, and lacks only in his birth. But royal power can mend e'en so great a fault as that. Come hither knight! I make thee high and mighty chancellor of this realm, and my prime minister of state; which lofty offices give to thee the rank of prince. Most valiant prince, behold thy princess!—What ho! Heralds! Call the priest, and wedding bands of maidens, and musicians. But list, my daughter! One thing I command. Since yon fair lady, behind the yet closed door, hath been bereft of bridegroom; see to it, that she take the place of thy first maid of honor in the wedding ceremony."

"Most gracious father! Thy royal will is my best pleasure!"

(*Princess aside.*) "Naught could have so well pleased me. My hated rival shall behold my glorious triumph. But there she cometh, limping and hobbling on those aching feet. Poor lady! In truth, I did not seek to make her quite so ugly! But oh, that mole! It was a pretty trick indeed! Most tempting lips, in truth! But that rare bracelet which sparkles on her arm, will lighten her present woe. Indeed, I wish me joy, I did not have to send this glistening necklace also, to bind the bargain fast. My beauty would have been somewhat less bright, by loss of these rare, glistening stones. For even beauty is enhanced by costly jewels; though they are powerless to make an ugly woman fair."

Just then the handsome knight bowed low, and whispered in her ear: "Oh, lovely princess, from what an awful fate has thy love rescued me! Why, even the hot embrace of a savage beast were more to be desired, than to have to place a kiss on the revolting, disfigured lips of yonder lady. I thought I recognized her height; but such unshapely form, and hideous mole, my eyes ne'er gazed upon before. But thou, my radiant princess, art more fair than moon, or stars, or lotus blossoms; —even than the goddess Isis, herself! But list! The music plays our wedding march! The priest advances."

What think you of the princess' stratagem? Think you, I have far overstated the nature of a loving, jealous woman in those barbaric times, when love was strong, and hate was savage? Of course, no trace of any such fierce love and hate is usually displayed by more modern beauties, or in a century not quite so much commingled with the past. A modern princess, would no doubt resign her lover to a rival, with patient resignation; and think, perchance, she showed a noble love in such renunciation. And as to trusting to a tiger, rather than a rival beauty;—Ah well!—the times are different.

Fair reader! What would a princess in these more modern and more moderate times, now choose to do? Would she resign her lover to a rival?—or would she tame the tiger?

As Aseneith ceased reading, Antoinette exclaimed: "I think some trace of that same jealousy might possibly be found in modern beauties."

"The princess is most contemptible, and petty-minded, 'tis true," said Aseneith; "but given only love, and jealousy, and hate, and heathen souls, and savage times, and could one picture aught but such a woman? But there is yet another answer to this knotty question, which in its stating will present to us a different phase of human nature," continued Aseneith, taking up her note-book once more. "This may be called the Princess' Sacrifice."

We must go back to that dread night, when the princess nerved herself to look both evils squarely in the face. In the midst of her wild anguish, a thought flashed through her mind, and a resolve. Ere yet the dawn was breaking, she called her faithful Iras, and together they repaired to the temple of Isis, goddess of the Moon, and of the Dawn.

As our princess was a heathen, we must find only such consolation for her heart, and inspiration for her action, as would be consistent with such a supposition. Christianity would not have placed before her such alternative; or if that could be possible to suppose, Christianity would have given her the light to solve the seeming contradiction. But as a heathen, how true could be her woman's love? How much could the superstitions of her religion aid her? Thank God! Even in the darkest ages of past history, there has always been a tiny thread of golden truth, even in the midst of heathen superstitions, which would help an aspiring soul to reach out a little beyond its own

selfish, darkened nature. So has an overruling Providence decreed. Each nation has retained some vital spark of truth, even though pale and flickering, down through all the black darkness which followed man's departure from original innocence. Will the poor princess find this golden thread of truth, to guide her through this dark bewildering labyrinth of sorrow? History affords us examples, even amongst barbaric and heathen nations of the past, of woman's devoted constancy, and power of self-sacrificing love. Not only do we find a Cleopatra in the annals of the past, with all her wild fierce love, and hatred, and savage nature; but we meet an Octavia, as well, e'en in the midst of Roman paganism.

The princess and her attendant, having entered the temple sacred to their most exalted goddess, perceived the vestal fire burning upon the altar; and kneeling near, in patient devotion, the most holy of her priestesses. The princess quickly bowed before her, and cried:

"Oh, holy priestess of the great Isis, Goddess of Light and Love! Pray hear my sorrow and deign to aid me!"

"What wilt thou, daughter?" said the priestess.

"Most holy Vestal Virgin! Thou hast doubtless heard my pitiful story. My lover languishes in yonder prison; and tomorrow is the terrible celebration in the arena, with its awful tiger, and hardly less awful lady, behind those dreadful and portentous doors. I must decide his fate. I know the secret of those well-closed doors. Oh, help me! Counsel me! What shall I do? The thought of the terrible claws of that savage tiger, drive me to wild frenzy. But oh, how can I resign him to another! The thought of that drives me to distraction. Oh, help me, holy priestess! What can a loving woman do in such extremity?"

"My daughter! What is right?—is first the question; and what is most unselfish, and which would be the truer test of high and holy love? Maidens before have sacrificed themselves for love, and pure devotion, to the worship of our most holy and revered great Goddess."

"But, priestess, in a strait like this, which would be love? To give him to death?—or to another?—Both seem to me so very far from woman's truest love!"

"My daughter, thinkest thou *present joy* is the only blessedness? *Discipline* may be needed, to bring the surer bliss hereafter."

"Oh, priestess! Didst thou ever love? Methinks thy heart must be of stone!"

"Beware, daughter! Seek not to disturb the ashes of the dead! I have both loved and lost. But, princess, a woman sometimes finds her noblest joy in self-renunciation. What wouldst thou wish thy lover to decide in thy place?"

"Oh, priestess! holy virgin! Could he give me to another, and still love me most truly, most entirely? And yet!—could his tender love commit me to the claws of yonder savage beast? Oh, most bewildering question!"

"What wouldst thou do in his place, daughter?"

"Oh, without a moment's hesitation, I would gladly meet the terrible tiger, and my death, rather than that I should wrong him even in seeming, by accepting my life apart from him!"

"Ah, princess, perchance a knight might love as truly! But, daughter, offer most earnest prayers to Isis! Seek thou thy chamber, and there worship her in solitude. Let the overruling Powers of Good, speak to thy doubting heart, and show thee what to do. Remember the marvelous story of the good Lord Shaka, his sacrifice and reward!"

"I think I do not know it, priestess."

"This is the legend, daughter:

"The merciful Lord Shaka had concluded his meditations on the mountain of Dan-doku, and was descending the rocky path on his way toward the city. Night was approaching, the shadows were deepening, and no sound disturbed the stillness of the hour. As he reached a plateau at the crest of the last turn in the road, he heard some one exclaim in a loud voice: 'Shio-giyo-mu-jiyo!' The Lord Shaka was amazed and delighted, thinking, 'What manner of being is this? I must question him and learn more.'

"He then approached the edge of the precipice, still hearing the voice repeating the wonderful sentence. On glancing down into the valley he beheld a horrible dragon, which regarded him threateningly. The Lord Shaka seated himself upon the edge of the rock, and addressing the monster, said:

"'How came you to learn one of the highest mysteries of Buddha? Although I have been studying ten years, I have never heard this sentence.'

"The meaning of the dragon's words, just spoken, have been thus interpreted: 'Man is naturally disposed to sin, and if he were left without teaching, would descend to the lowest

depths of degradation.' The Lord Shaka came into the world to teach humility, gentleness, forbearance, and patience. Those who listen to his words will gradually lose their natural disposition to sin, and approach one step nearer to the Golden Lotus.

"Then Lord Shaka said to the dragon: 'I think thou must know other truths Please tell them to me.'

"The dragon coiled itself tightly round the base of the rock, and said in thunderous tones: 'All living things are antagonistic to the law of Buddha.' Then it held its peace for a space, whereupon the Lord Shaka said:

"'That is very good; now pray tell me the next sentence.'

"'All living things must die,' answered the dragon.

"'That sentence is better than the last,' said the Lord Shaka; 'I would very much like to hear the next.'

"The dragon, looking upon him with a hungry expression, replied: 'The next truth is the last and most precious, but I cannot speak it until my hunger is appeased.'

"'I will give thee anything thou dost wish,' answered the Lord Shaka. 'What dost thou demand?'

"'Human flesh!' was the response.

"The Lord Shaka regarded the dragon pityingly, and said: 'My religion forbids me to destroy life; but as I must, for the sake of the people, hear the final sentence, I will give myself to thee. Now tell me that great truth.'

"The monster opened its enormous mouth, saying: 'The greatest happiness is experienced after the soul has left the body.'

"The Lord Shaka listened, then bowed his sacred head, and sprang into the gaping mouth of the dragon. When he touched the monster's jaws, they split into eight parts, and changed into the eight petals of the Golden Lotus."

"My daughter, self-sacrifice is the best happiness! Farewell! Mayest thou obtain the Golden Lotus of immortal love!"

Back to her chamber went the sorrowful princess. Long she knelt in silent devotion. At last she murmured: "If he truly loves me, he will never forget me, even though the cruel edict weds him to another! If I truly love him, I will thus trust his deep devotion!—Help me, Isis! Goddess of Light and Love!" and she fell fainting to the floor.

* * * * * * *

The hour had arrived. The king and court and people were assembled in the amphitheatre. Pale, and half-fainting, the lovely princess was carried to her seat, and there supported in the arms of her faithful Iras. When urged to remain away, she had answered:

"His fate hangs on me!"

The trumpet sounded. The knight came forth. He gave one glance toward the pale princess, and the light of love blazed in his eyes. He knew what had been her struggle! He knew what had been her decision. How? By the subtle instincts of perfect love. He read his own heart, and by that he read hers also. The princess looked upon him with an expression of angelic love, and pointing to the right, she swooned away.

The knight's face fairly shone with rapturous joy, as he turned and walked quickly, and opened the door upon the *left*. Out sprang the raging tiger, with a yell of savage fury; and clutched that beautiful form, and tore it with teeth and claws. One moment of wild horror, and all was over.

They carried the unconscious princess to her chamber. She lay upon her bed like one already dead. For long, sad hours, they thought her life had also passed away.

* * * * * * *

It was again the hour of midnight. She opened, at last, her lovely eyes, and saw her faithful Iras.

"Tell—me—" whispered the princess, with faint breath, "what happened?"

"The knight is dead, my lady! And he left this letter with his trusty servant, to be given to thee."

"Dead?" cried the princess. "Was he not wed?"

"No, my lady! The tiger killed him!"

"Oh, horrors, girl! Did I not point to the right?"

"Yes, lovely princess, and then thou didst faint away; and the knight looked at thee, with oh!—such a look of love!—and then walked quickly to the left, and opened the door for the terrible tiger! I know he meant to do it, lady, for his looks said he would die for thee!"

"Leave me, girl! I would read my letter alone."

First pressing the letter to her lips, the princess read these words:

"Oh, most adorable princess!—My Heart's Idol! I know thy loving, tender heart! I know thy struggles! Sweetest, dearest

Lady! Beloved Heart! More dear than life! I know thy blessed hand will point me to life!—But life without thee, were worse than any death, however terrible! Sweet Love! remember! —*I choose the tiger!*—and with rapturous joy I die for love of thee; blessed beyond compare, to be so honored. Farewell, my glorious Love! In the Gardens of the Blessed, I await thy coming.—Immortal love, is better than earthly life!"

And when Iras came back to minister to her mistress, she found the princess dead upon her bed, with a smile of rapture on her face, and the loved letter pressed against her heart. She had received the Golden Lotus of immortal love.

And now, fair reader, which think you is more true to nature; the Princess' Stratagem?—or the Princess' Sacrifice?—And would a true knight, and loyal lover—*choose the tiger?*

"But, Aseneith, you leave the question still undecided!" said Antoinette, as Aseneith finished the sketch.

"Yes, that is true," replied Aseneith; "for this question hangs upon human nature, and the question must be decided by each according to his estimate of the motive governing action, given such a set of circumstances, occasioned by the time, country, and enlightenment of mankind at such an epoch of the world. A heathen, semi-barbaric princess must be judged, not by our standpoints of character, but by the environments surrounding her."

"I do not think you have overdrawn either princess," said Mrs. Ormandoff. "It seems to me they are both very true to the life. Of course, the Princess' Sacrifice appeals to our higher natures; but love, jealousy, and hate, working in a soul uninfluenced by Christianity, would result in just such a contemptible character as the first princess, and even modern times can furnish types as petty if not so cruel."

As Aseneith laid down her note-book, to resume her knitting, Antoinette took up the little red volume, and was turning over the leaves with much curiosity, when she happened upon a droll sketch Aseneith had made of a Yankee spinster. Casting her eyes over a few paragraphs, she laughed aloud, and exclaimed: "Oh, Aseneith dear, you must read us this short sketch; this Yankee spinster seems to hit so patly many fashionable foibles of the day!"

"Yes, she was a quaint specimen of keen Yankee shrewdness," said Aseneith, taking the book. "I met her one summer in New England, and her words were so homely, and yet so expressive, while her observations were so amusing, that I

made note of them. And as they fit in with some of the thoughts we have expressed, though given in this quaint fashion, I will read them, as I observe several articles remain to be finished for our fair. I visited this old maid, one afternoon, when I was stopping in her neighborhood, and found her knitting, on her front porch. She had never left the old homestead where she was born—and which she had inherited from her father, a simple old farmer—except on one occasion, when she went to New York city to visit her brother Jonathan; he having left this small farm, to go to the city to shift for himself, where he had succeeded in amassing a large fortune, through speculations in railroads. The city family belong to that class called *shoddy*, who ape the appearance of those long accustomed to wealth; but whose lack of culture and refinement, can be easily detected by coarseness of voice, or grammatical errors, or loudness of taste in dress and surroundings; who have no true knowledge of art or music, but ape æsthetical tastes; and so when they travel abroad, they buy up the high colored daubs of unknown artists, which are palmed upon them as *Old Masters*. The daughters of the family screech, in shrill, nasal tones, the airs from some of the operas; while the sons catch the slang of the titled young snobs, whom they have overhead in Hyde Park, and repeat it at home as the words of Lord this—or Earl that—until their fond friends imagine they were favored with the most intimate acquaintance with their lordships. But their plain Aunt Maria Jane, though possessed of no culture herself, has some good *common-sense*, which in their case has been exchanged for false notions; and in her quaint homely fashion, in narrating to me her experience of this memorable visit, she stated such shrewd observations in such a forceful way, that I quote her own language, and give you her homespun philosophies. She said to me:

"'So you would like to know about my visit to brother Jonathan's, Miss Allan? Well, the truth is, I am so jumbled up, in my idees, between the new fangled fashions, and the old traps come to light, dressed up in all sorts of unpronounceable French names, that I jist don't know where I am. What with this pushin' and crammin' of idees, and notions, and sich like, into folks' heads, if most on 'em ain't left at last a mass of useless freaks and fancies, it won't be the fault of the times, at any rate. But I didn't mean to go moralizin' about the times. I ain't given to preachin' sermons, no ways; but some-

times I do git kinder riled up, when I see the notions some folks has of life. But I suppose times always will be changin', seein' it ain't in the natur' of things for it to stand still.

"'Brother Jonathan and his family, you know, have been travelin' nigh onto three years; been mostly round the world, I guess; and if bringin' together all of the out of the way things and manners makes folks travel-wise, as they call it, then surely brother Jonathan's family has improved their advantages to a degree to be proud of.

"'The first evenin' I arrived there, my brother Jonathan, (who once wouldn't even wear a pair of slippers with a red rose on 'em, that I made for him, because they was too gay), come into the room decked out in an old flowered yellow-and-red dressin' gown, (I did see it was silk, however), with a red sort of cap on his head, with a gold tassel; and *sich* a pair of slippers on his feet;—scarlet, with big blue and yellow flowers, mixed all with gold thread and beads; and in his mouth he carried a pipe, seemed to me, half a yard long, endin' in a brown bowl, with a lion's head on it.

"'Well! if a heathen Chinee, instead of a Christian man, had called me sister Maria, I shouldn't have been more surprised. When he told me that was his smokin' rig, which he got in Chiny, or some o' them foreign parts, I did feel a little relieved in my mind, to think it wasn't manufactured by any decent body in a Christian land. Of course, I ain't surprised at anything them heathen Chinee will do; and when brother Jonathan sot down and talked to me, without ever takin' that smokin' consarn from the corner of his mouth, and puffin' the smoke in my very face, thinks I, "I suppose these is *Chinese manners* too!"

"'I can't begin to tell you about their house, which was filled with outlandish traps from all parts of the world. But after the first night, I thought they might jist as well have put me into a menagerie of wild animals at once, for a bed chamber, as in that innocent lookin' room, of pink and blue trimmin's; which turned out to contain, in bureau, table, and mantle fixin's, no less than ten lizards, two dragons, sixteen bees and butterflies, two elephants, six storks, and three monkeys. Of course, they was only gilt, or wood, or painted, or sewed on cloth; but everything I took up, was either an animal, insect, or outlandish furriner.

"'Now there's jist one thing I always say to my neighbors, when any of them go for the first time to visit in them big

houses in the city. "Don't you no more touch your winder, or door, after you have been left for the night, than you would run out in the streets here to home, and cry murder! and fire! at midnight."

"'Bein' so worried out with want of sleep, on account of the strangeness of the world I seemed jist to have come into for the first time, I got up about one o'clock, and thought I would open my winder to git some fresh air. Well! I might jist as well have rung all the church bells and fire bells I'd ever heer'd at once, it 'peared to me. Sich a clatter, and ringin', and bangin'; and when I jumped to the door to call brother Jonathan, and jist begun to open that—clang! went more bells, and hammers, and tongs, and I don't know what not.

"'By this time, brother Jonathan come, and asked me in the coolest way what I wanted. I jist stared at him in horror; and when he see I was speechless with fright, he said: "Why, sister Maria, you set off the burglar alarm, when you opened your window and door!"

"'What a *burglar alarm* was, I never knew before! But I know now—and I think if there was a thief in every room in the house, and a whole gang o' them on the stairs, and one breakin' into every winder, all at the same minute, they couldn't git up the horror and confusion them burglar alarms do.

"'It 'pears to me this American nation has, all of a sudden, been entirely born fresh over agin; for every second person you meet seems to feel sure he, or she—particularly the *she*—was jist a *born artist*, inherited from somewhere among their old ancestors, who, by the way, are so mixed up with all the people of them European countries, that it's most amazin' hard to find whom one does originate from; but seein' Darwin says we must all go back to monkeys for our distinguished great-great-grandfathers, I reckon it don't matter much whether our noted progenitors wore the wooden Dutch shoes, or ate the Irish potatoes, or inherited the English fashionable gout, or had the French shrug, or the Italian laziness. Human natur' is human natur' the whole world over; and, perhaps, not so far from *monkey* natur' after all.

"'But to go back to them jugs and things them nieces of mine is pastin', and paintin', and decoratin', as they call it. I remember, one summer, sister Mary Ann—brother Jonathan's wife—was quite shocked, when I told her I had been paintin' and paperin' up the spare room, because I couldn't git a work-

man handy. She said she didn't think it was lady-like to do sich work, which was only fit for a man; and now, there's every one of her daughters a-coverin' their fingers with paste, and paint, and even workin' the very *mud* itself—but now, sister Mary Ann talks of the *art-tastes* of her girls!

"'Well, there may be some mighty difference between coverin' the wall of a room with paper, or puttin' it on the sides of an old wooden wardrobe, (they call it a cabinet, I think), which turns a thing from bein' *onlady-like*, to bein' *art;* but I don't see it! and paintin' a parlor door, or winder, may be most *onfeminine;* while paintin' some old cracked jar, may be most *artistic.*

"'But to me, white and green paint, is white and green paint; whether it's on a door, or some old jug what looks like my butter-crocks; and puttin' in a new winder pane with putty, (which gave sister Mary Ann the horrors, when she found me at it once), 'pears to me, ain't nowise worse than daubin' one's fingers in the dirtiest-lookin' clay I ever see, as her daughter Matilda does—but she is moddlin' figur's, they say; and so it's high art!

"'Margareeta, (they call her that now, she used to be plain Margaret), she's called the *painter* of the family. She has a room up in the top of the house, where she can git the light to come into the room from the centre of the ceilin'—she calls it a *studio.* And if all the smells of a drugshop taken together, and then the odors of turpentine, and oil made stronger than all, and half painted bottles, and tins, and jugs, make a *studio of art,* as they call it, then Margareeta's room must stand among the first.

"'Now, I don't say but what she has painted some things very well; but what onsettles me in my notions, is tryin' to find out why one of my butter-crocks is common and vulgar; but when it is cover'd with black, red, or yellow paint, and the picter of an animal or insect painted or pasted on it, it becomes what they call *art!*

"'The last things Margareeta was a paintin' was a horse's shoe, and a cow's horn, and puttin' on 'em butterflies and flowers. Well, perhaps it is nat'ral to paint a cow's horn with cowslips and buttercups and butterflies, seein' there's some sort of association between 'em, in one's mind, when one thinks of a pastur'; but decoratin' a horse's shoe with flowers, 'pears to me, is like hangin' pearl beads round the neck of the tea-ket-

tle, or ornamentin' the washtub with lace ruffles and pink ribbons.

"Sister Mary Ann, (she calls herself now Marie Annetta), once said to me that she wouldn't keep pans and sich like hangin' on my kitchen walls, even if they was bright, it looked so old-fashioned. And now she has got some plates, what look enough sight like my old yellow pie-plates, (though, to be sure, they have got a picter painted on 'em), hung up on the wall, in her very grandest parlor. She says she bought them in Paris, and gave five hundred dollars a-piece for them; and she offered me a thousand dollars for that old set of chiny, which belonged to my great-grandmother; and which has always been kept here at the homestead, and descended to the oldest girl; when, years ago, she said to me, if they was hers she would sell 'em for anything they would bring, and git something newer fashioned.

"'So, you see, I have jist sot still in my chair, and never fretted about the fashions at all, and they have come round to me; and my old brass candlesticks and andirons, bein' descended from Revolutionary times, are become quite valuable; and my old spinnin'-wheel, in the sittin'-room, is become a most stylish piece of furnitur'.

"'My niece Jeannetta not takin' to paintin', or sculpin', is in the pastin' department of art; which ain't quite called high art. Wherever, on jar, vase, bottle, or pan, her sister Margareeta paints a picter of flower, animal, or insect, Jeannetta pastes one.

"'I 'Pears to me, grog cups, and jugs, ain't in good taste to have in sight in no days—old, or new—but may be it's because, like as in the art of smokin', I ain't edicated up to high art notions—and there's some of the ways in which I can't tell whether the world's goin' backwards or forwards. 'Pears like, whatever I've been accustomed to think was goin' downwards, in a moral direction; people, nowadays, considers a sure mark of traveled civilization. But what's rather queer, though in some things, folks has come back to my old fashions; in morals, my notions, which belonged to the same time as my antique surroundin's, are still jist as onfashionable as ever. So it 'pears there must be something wrong with my morals; though jist now, my candlesticks, and andirons, and spinnin'-wheels, and old laces, and old chiny, and old diamond belt buckles, are jist the most stylish things in the world.

"'Speakin' about some of them relics, what have been dug

out of them old cities of Babylon and Pompy—(I believe that ain't jist the way they call one o' them cities, what was covered up with ashes; but I couldn't begin to give half o' them names, what brother Jonathan's family mixes so into all their conversation). Well, as I was a sayin', I do giv' them wimmin of Babylon the credit of not bein' sich poor, weak, nervous, cryin' creatur's, as many of our so-called *delicate, sensitive,* females; and my reason for this opinion, is this:

"'Sister Mary Ann showed me some stone bottles, which she said she brought from some of them places; and they was the tear bottles, in which they used to bottle up their tears, and giv' 'em as a sacred relic, to be handed down the generations as somethin' very precious.

"'Now, if the tears some of the wimmin of Babylon shed, was considered sich an amazin' sacred thing, by her husband and children; it stands to reason she wasn't whinin', and snifflin' round the house every day of her life; and burstin' in sich floods of tears, as would take a hogshead to hold them signs of her grief, for jist one month.

"'What do I think of them Operies, and concerts, and sich like? Now, though I hain't had a finished musical edication, I do know what good, true music is. I don't mean all them fantastic trills, and quavers, and shakin's, and twitchin's, which some of them Opery singers indulge in; but I mean full, rich melody. Now, most folks think, because a person is from the country, and can't sing an Opery in Italian, they don't know what music is. But I think some folks is born with musical souls, even though they can't sing a note; or play the piany, either. Now I'd as lief hear one of them Thomas' Orchestry concerts, as eat the best meal of victuals I ever see. I can't tell you the names of any of them instruments, only I know there was was plenty of fiddles; and I don't know the names of the men, who composed the pieces they played; but I do know, that there music they brought out of them instruments, when I hear'd what they called the Messiah, sung by hundreds of voices, (that piece about Christ's birth, you know; when the songs of the angels was heer'd by the shepherds); well, when I heer'd them voices and instruments together, in that grand Hallelujah Chorus, 'pear'd to me it was grand enough to head the procession of livin' saints, on that day when Gabriel's trump shall rouse the dead, and call together the livin', to appear before the Great Judge of the world.

"'But, then, when it comes to most of this so-called fashionable singin', either my want of a musical edication, or nat'ral musical tastes, must be most amazin' at fault. But Margareeta, who professes to be a fine musician, says: "It's impossible to appreciate operatic music, without a true knowledge of *art*."

"'Well, all I know is, it didn't take no art in me to enjoy immensely sich music as Thomas' Orchestry giv'; and it didn't take no art in me, to be most amazin' pleased with some o' them grand plays of Shakespeare, sich as Hamlet, and sich like. But if it takes a knowledge of art, to like them balley-girls, what whirl and dance on the stage in every play and Opery in which they can make any kind of excuse for bein' there, whether they belong to the piece or not—if I must have *art* to like this, I am most amazin' better off without art, to my way of thinkin'. I do enjoy music, but can't appreciate the bare-legged dancin'. I suppose the art wanted, to make me like them city Operies, must consist somewhere in sich a taste for the *antique*, as will go clear back to Eve, before she took to makin' garments of fig-leaves.

"'When I first went down to brother Jonathan's, sister Mary Ann said I must go to her dressmaker, (*modiste*, she called her), and have a black silk made up in style. Well, to humor her and brother Jonathan, (for you may be pretty sure she couldn't have got me to lay aside my comfortable garments, for them outlandish fixin's, if brother Jonathan hadn't expressed a wish that I should have somethin' real handsome); and he handed me a check for three hundred dollars, and told me to choose for myself whatever I wanted. I jist looked at him, at first, and asked him if he thought I was goin' to buy a weddin' outfit at once, to be needin' all that money for one day's shoppin'. But sister Mary Ann laughed, and said: "Well, you'll see!" and sure enough I did see—and when that 'ere dress, and cap, and laces, and bunnet, was purchased; and one of them city dressmakers, had tried her hand on the dress; and one of them milliners had made up that there cap and bunnet, there wasn't a dollar left of that there three hundred; and if sister Mary Ann hadn't haggled with 'em over their charges, it would have taken another hundred, in the bargain.

"'Well, when I put on them things, I jist felt as if I was a *walkin' animated money-bag*, to think of havin' all that amount of money on my back at one time. And really! with

the trains, and the bows, and the feathers, and the fussin's—why, my old cat dressed up in my laces and caps, couldn't feel more onnat'ral-like than I did, in them things what them city dressmakers pronounced, "so *genteel*, and so *plain!*" If they hadn't been brother Jonathan's gift, I couldn't have been persuaded to wear 'em no ways. But fearin' I'd hurt his feelin's, I endured the humiliatin' torture of makin' myself a *scarecrow* on state occasions. But most times, I pleaded off, sayin' I thought sich fixin's, altogether out of keepin' with my plain speech, and manners.

"'Pears, New York itself ain't big enough now, for them ladies what has traveled, and been to Paris; and one can't really be said to be *well* dressed, unless her garments was designed by that man dressmaker, *Worth;* who 'pears like he ruled every woman in the land, with more control than any father, or husband, or lover, ever had over 'em. If he says, "Wear yellow!" they all wear yellow, even if they are as sallow as a Chinese; and if he says, "Wear blue and purple!" they all exclaim, "What a lovely, *artistic*, combination!" If he says, "Wear black!" they all sweep into the funeral procession, with subdued elegance, or if he says, "Wear green and red!" they exclaim, "How *Oriental!*" When he says, "Wear short dresses!" they all skip into girlish garments, and display of ankle; or if he commands, "Wear long dresses!" they drag yards behind them in graceful folds; becomin' *street sweepers*, and so unconsciously passin' into the ranks of the despised *workers*. If, from his undisputed monarchy of fashionable precedence, he issues forth the mandate "*Undress yourselves!*" immediately this host of fair ones, stand forth to the world, livin', breathin', ondraped statur's, and don't even blush, except with rouge.

"'But I must say, some o' them city ladies reminded me most amazin' much, of a picter I see at brother Jonathan's house.

"'It was at a lunch party they give for their daughter, Margareeta—"a *swell recherched*" affair, as their son Carlos, (he was named Charles), called it; though why a lunch party was *recherched*, I couldn't find out. I ventured to ask Jeannetta, who I kinder took to, seein' she was named after me, (though it was plain *Jane* then); but she said it was French, and couldn't be explained in English. Then I asked her to spell it for me, so that I could remember it, and she did so; but

now I come to think of it, I guess I've got it kinder wrong, at the end.

"'At first, I wanted to stay in my own room, while they was havin' the party. But my brother Jonathan said, as I'd come all the way to New York to see the new fangled fashions, and ways, I must see the whole string of 'em. And the girls, bein' really good-hearted, said it would spoil half the fun, not to see how I took their new city ways. And thinks I, "Well, if I can afford any amusement to these young folks, I'm sure I'm willin'." But I really didn't know what I'd bargained for.

"'Well, you know about those here tickets, what they have for their lunch parties—*Men–U*, as they call 'em? That's another French word I don't understand, and I don't believe they know themselves; for Matilda told me that at one lunch party it meant cards; at another, sashes; at another, fancy pockets; at another, painted smellin' bottles, (vinegaretts, I think she said); at another, fans and feathers. I don't see why they didn't call 'em *clap-traps*, and done with it! Perhaps that's what the French means, after all.

"'Well, at this lunch party, they had painted cards at everybody's place, with the name of the person who was to sit there written on 'em. There was only about twenty in the party, for the girls said lunch parties was always very *select*.

"'After bein' introduced to some of the young folks as Aunt Maria Jane, I begun to feel quite to home, and commenced to enjoy myself, as I always do when I see young people havin' a good time. Soon we was marched out to lunch in couples, and brother Jonathan put me side of him, and I begun to think I was goin' through a "*swell recherched*" lunch party pretty well, for an old maid from the country. But as I looked down to the painted card with my name on, I thought I should sink through the floor. Now, I ain't over prudish; but when I see a painted man and woman, 'pears like they was in their night clothes, (though I did see they had some sort of wings fastened to their shoulders), I did begin to feel most onpleasant like; and thinkin' there must be some mistake, I pushed my card under my plate, and tried to git kinder quieted down in my feelin's.

"'But what was my horror, when I see them all lookin' at their cards, and admirin' the picters on them, to hear Jeannetta, who sat on my other side, exclaim: "Oh, where is that lovely card of Cupid and Psyche? I don't see it any-

where; and it was the most beautiful of all! Mr. Bernardo, I want to show it to you, knowing your taste for the Old Masters! I really believe Aunt Maria Jane must have it!" and she turned to take my card. I tried to whisper to her that mine wasn't the one, for it was the picter of a man and woman in their night clothes; but she only laughed, and said to me, "Aunt Jane, that is the loveliest thing in art!" and to my horror and amazement, handed that very card right to that young gentleman to look at, without a blush on her face. Well, thinks I, perhaps them is angels; and angels do wear somethin' like night gowns in the picters in our old Bible.

"'When I asked sister Mary Ann about it, afterwards, she told me them picter galleries in Europe is jist full of ondraped figur's; and it's considered the highest art, to paint or sculptur' the human form.

"'Well, I only hope they always add the redeemin' featur' of wings; for, 'pears to me, I never could stand up before the picter of an ondressed woman, without wantin' to hold my shawl before her, to save her feelin's.

"'And when I see some o' them ladies, at a ball sister Mary Ann give, with no dress waist to speak of at all; and their skirts tied back so close, they could hardly walk; and trailin' on the ground, yards and yards behind them; and their whole figur's a standin' out before them trailin' skirts; jist as if they didn't have nothin' to do with them at all; I begun to think I wouldn't have to go to them picter galleries in Europe, to feel like holdin' my shawl up before the statur' of an ondraped woman. To be sure, they carried yards of cloth behind; but as that was only a coverin' for the floor, I couldn't see as it was much benefit to them; it only seemed a sort of invitation to walk on it, and tear off the few clothes that sot off their figur's—they couldn't be said, nowise, to *cover* 'em. What of their ankles behind, they considered most improper to show; bein' necessary for politeness sake, to cover 'em up with three or four yards of sweepin' trains—they, strangely, seemed most amazin' ready to expose their necks in front; thinkin' natur' herself completed all necessary coverin', when she made the skin, without needin' any additional help from modern dressmakers.

"'What there is so much more immodest in the sight of an ankle, than in the exposure of the whole neck and arm, indeed I can't begin to tell—I expect there's where their so-called *art* in dressin' comes in.

"'I must say, I do git riled in my feelin's, when I think of the immodesty of modern dressin'. It's bad enough, to make dressin' the chief aim of a woman's life—one, who is an immortal creatur'; and has got a mind, and soul, to think of, as well as a body. Surely, it's bad enough to make a dressed up doll of a woman, who could be a power for good in usin' the mind, and the heart, that God gave her, without addin' to this the degradin' of woman's immortal soul by mere frivolity, and foolery—the degradin' of her sense of all that's loveliest in woman—her modesty! There's one thing, 'pears to me most strange. 'Tis that a sensible woman, who is growin' old, and knows it, (as accordin' to natur', we can't go backward in age), can be persuaded to think she looks well in sich fantastic riggin's as seem to me only fit for an Indian squaw; and dressin' herself at fifty years of age, as though she was only fifteen; and, 'pears to me, losin' a most amazin' sight of dignity and respectability in the operation. For French art, and that man dressmaker, Worth, in the bargain, can't make a woman of fifty into a girl of twenty, nowise;—only most amazin' like a scarecrow. 'Pears to me, here's where Darwin's monkey natur' comes in again;—*apin'* what they can't be.

"'But I've come to the end of my yarn, if I h'ain't finished my morilizin'. I've knit sich a heap of meditatin's in with the stitches of these here stockin's, that I guess, for onct, them poor folks what I've made 'em for, will have their *heels freighted* with *wisdom*, notwithstandin' the *light cargo* of *idees* they may carry in their heads. And as supper won't nowise wait the convenience of moralizin's, I must go to the kitchen and peel them potatoes. And I'll leave these fancy notions for folks to discuss who's got more time to waste than I have, in sich idle spekelatin's.'"

When Aseneith had finished the homespun philosophies of the quaint spinster, all her hearers voted that her Yankee common-sense was far more to the purpose in life, than æsthetical crazes, and foolish fashions; which are as far removed from true home elegance, and becoming and modest attire, as snobs differ from innate gentlemen, or tinsel is inferior to sterling gold.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the week after the picnic, which had proved quite a success as regards the continued misunderstanding of each other's mental accomplishments. Each girl had gone armed with the lightest novel, to prove her weak brains; and they had all, at times, squealed most shrilly at the sight of bugs and spiders, to show their want of appreciation of the charms of natural history. Four pug dogs had reposed familiarly in four feminine laps; and had added the charm of their impudent noses, to emphasize the impertinent silliness of their fair owners' tastes. They had smattered bungling French, and had tormented the poor professor's ears with shrill shrieks of unparsable Latin; and had begged the doctor to "Please do dissect a lovely fly;—it is so perfectly delightful to know a little bit about dear Darwin's science!"

And somehow, Hector found himself thinking that after all, Aseneith was not quite so beautiful when she talked the same silly nonsense he had listened to indifferently, and thought a matter of course, when in the presence of many other women. Before the day was over, Hector and his friends had exchanged the confidential remark, that they thought those girls were playing some new prank, to impose upon their masculine credulity; and straightway, they all agreed to play at the same game; in which they so effectually succeeded, that Antoinette favored Hector with the remark, that evening, upon their return, that he and his friends had fulfilled her utmost wishes in imitating a Barnum's show for their feminine edification. And Hector had slyly hinted to her, that he and the other fellows, didn't think their *silly dodge* was, somehow, quite so becoming to their style of beauty, as their *assumed learning*.

"*Assumed!*" she cried. "Oh, Hector, dear! I never gave you credit for such keen powers of perception. But didn't we *silly* women play the pedantic *bas-bleu* well? All right! We'll try to play learned again for your diversion. Perhaps we can study up a few more bright thoughts, though I almost fear it is too much to require of poor Aseneith's brain.

Such unusual mental activity may be injurious to her beauty. She *is* beautiful, isn't she, Hector, dear? Now, if she were only gifted with brains, you see, I could prove to you my theories concerning woman's power. If she had ever written a book, for instance; or made a literary reputation in the world; what a proof positive she'd be, of woman's possibilities in mental culture!"

"Well, if a woman as beautiful as she, could ever write as sensible an essay as that last magazine article I read to you, entitled 'The Future Fiction of America,' I should at once and for all acknowledge, that woman's intellectual possibilities were bounded only by the extent of her mind-culture, in any department of literature, science, or art."

"What, even the law, brother mine? Can woman really learn to argue, think you?"

"Well, their intuitions would serve them where their logic ended, if their faces were as beautiful as your fair friend's, and their minds capable of being the authors of such writings as I have mentioned. But why suppose the impossible, my Toy? Those essays were evidently written by a man, and your friend is only a very pretty woman, with the average share of feminine brain."

"Yes, why argue?" rejoined Antoinotte. "Facts only, can convice the reasoning intellect of man. We'll leave it to facts!"

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"Our smart plot deepens, fair conspiritors!" exclaimed Antoinette, that evening, in her cosy boudoir, to her assembled forces. "The enemy weakens! Listen! They think our '*silly dodge*' was not as becoming to our style of beauty, as our '*assumed learning.*' Oh! if we had the vanity of men, we should betray ourselves too soon. Beware! Let not our pride be so puffed up as to make us rash!"

"Our '*assumed learning,*' was becoming, indeed!—How grateful silly women should be for such concession!" cried Eulalie.

"How proud we are, that we are capable of *aping* wisdom!" laughed Lucille.

"How thankful I am that a pug dog is not considered my most congenial and becoming companion!" said Aseneith. "Indeed, girls, that ugly pug was the worst of all my condescensions in the cause of masculine depravity."

"Well, you were well rewarded, dear," said Antoinette, "for Hector told me, that he never wished to see a pug dog in the arms of a beautiful woman again; though he has often before remarked, that it seemed strange that I never showed any fancy to pet dogs, as so many women did. And now, Neith, dear, be wary! Hector says, if a woman as pretty as you are could have written the essay on The Future Fiction of America, he would acknowledge woman's utmost intellectual possibilities. But don't be puffed up with pride! For he added, that no woman ever wrote it; and though you were beautiful, he did not suppose you were possessed of more than a fair average of feminine brain. Now, dear, on you hangs all our hope! As you did write it, and as Master Hector has made this confession unawares, proceed!—the drama progresses! We will play our parts. Be Rosamond, if you like! Be Portia, when you will! Be listening Desdomona!—Be one,—and all!—only so that you convince my sceptic brother that woman can be wise though pretty, and can be winning, though she dare seek knowledge as an aim in life."

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The summer was almost over. Hector, blustering and self-asserting Hector, had grown pensive, and sometimes was strangely silent in Aseneith's presence. Whereas, the quiet professor, under Antoinette's adroit management, had become quite eloquently loquacious. Doctor Wentworth and Miss Lucille Fielding, had advanced from the study of the nerves, and found themselves unconsciously experimenting upon the emotions; much to the austere doctor's surprise, as he had hitherto prided himself upon his complete indifference to all emotional fancies. Mr. Edgar Lewellyn continued to wage wordy war with his fair opponent, and often found that his legal learning did not prevent him from being routed.

Aseneith, wearied of her inseparable light novel—which she had assiduously carried, lest Hector should, peradventure, suppose that she strove to assert some pretensions to literary ability—had stolen away, one day, alone. She sought a safe retreat from profane eyes in a small arbor overlooking the picturesque river. Here she had dared to bring her note-book, and several books of reference in regard to a subject upon which she was then writing; being a short article upon the comparison of musical tones of sound, and rainbow tones of color.

Here Hector accidentally found her. He carried in his hand a magazine; and glancing toward her pile of books, he excused his interruption by saying that he was anxious to know her opinion regarding an article that had very greatly interested him, and he would beg leave to read it to her, if she had no objection. As the books beside Aseneith were lying with their titles concealed, Hector did not conjecture their nature; and remarked that he was sorry to hinder her letter writing, but "perhaps your kind friends will wait the pretty messages you have to send them."

"Oh, yes," smilingly replied Aseneith; "the readers of my weighty thoughts, will most kindly wait my leisure."

Aseneith was clad in some clinging black lace garments, which made her clear brunette skin gleam white as polished ivory. On the black lace which caressed her white throat, there glowed a marvelous opal; blazing with such a red fire, as a stray sunbeam fell across the shoulder of the handsome girl, that Hector could not resist the inclination to remark the unusual light flashing forth from the rare jewel.

"What a superb opal you wear, Miss Allan! It is the finest gem I have ever seen."

"Yes, it is a true fire-opal," replied Aseneith; "and it has a weird and fascinating history. I have never believed in the necromancy of lode-stones, moonstones, and all that sort of thing; but I have really become somewhat superstitious about this opal. Not in its ill-luck, as most persons believe, but in a certain magnetic influence. I will tell you what is known of its strange history, and how it came into my possession.

"The legend connected with it goes back to the time of the conquest of Mexico by Cortés. The ancient city of Mexico, was being besieged by the Spaniards. The Aztecs, under their brave prince, Guatemozin, whose princess wife was Tecuichpo, the youngest daughter of the unfortunate Montezuma, were reduced to sore straits through famine and pestilence. The Spaniards had succeeded in forcing an entrance into the city, and were passing down the great avenue that intersected the town from north to south; while in the distance, dark masses of Indian warriors might have been seen, gathering to the defence of their imperial city. The sides of the avenue were lined with buildings, upon the terraced roofs of which, Aztecs crowded; and as the hostile Spaniards advanced, they poured a stream of sharp missiles on their heads; and only the steel

coats of mail, worn by the Spaniards, prevented the infliction of mortal wounds.

"On one side, stood the palace of Axayacatl; and opposite, the palace of Montezuma. Upon a third side of the square, stood the *Coatepantli*, or Wall of Serpents, which surrounded the great *teocalli*, or little city of holy edifices, consecrated to the worship of the Aztec gods. Here, a year before, the Spaniards had torn down the heathen idols, and planted the symbol of the Cross. But now again, the Aztecs had raised another war-god, and placed its hideous and fantastic form in the usual niche occupied by that idol. The Spaniards again cast down the image, and tore away its mask of gold; and seizing the rich jewels, with which it was adorned, they hurled the struggling priests down the steep sides of the fateful pyramid, where they were accustomed to throw their human victims, who were sacrificed in the temple in honor of the Aztec gods; while the heads of the victims, strung together on stakes, crowned the wall adorned with serpents, which formed the front of the Plaza.

"The Aztecs, indignant at this sacrilegious outrage by the Spaniards, raised a yell of horror and revengeful fury, and threw themselves upon their invading foes, and drove them to the outskirts of the city.

"But again the Spaniards prepared to make another attack upon the capital. In order to bring the Aztecs to subjection, Cortés determined to destroy some of the principal edifices, which the Mexicans were accustomed to venerate as the pride and ornament of their city. First, the old Palace of Axayacatl was doomed. Then the torch was applied to the Palace of Montezuma. Adjoining this building, was the Home of Birds, filled with specimens of all the gorgeous and varied species native to the forests of Mexico. This was an elegant structure, light and airy, and was the particular delight of Montezuma. But the fateful torches were ruthlessly applied to it; and instantly the picturesque building was ablaze, and the relentless flames wrapped its imprisoned songsters with their hissing tongues of fire, which sent their direful splendors over city and lake, and crimsoned the midnight sky. Many poor birds, bursting through the burning lattice-work, flew with loud screams to their native forests. Whilst others, with many flutterings of singed wings, fell back again into the lurid flames, only to be destroyed by their devouring fury.

"The Aztecs, gazing with horror upon this destruction of

the palaces of their monarchs, and the sacred places consecrated to their gods, vowed vengeance. When their cruel conquerors had retreated beyond the city, to the camp of Alvarado, the great drum in the temple of the war-god was heard. As the doleful beats resounded through the city, and were echoed by the hills like peals of thunder, the Spaniards knew that some solemn act of religious worship was about to be performed within the sacred precincts of the *teocalli;* and they looked with eager, and yet dreaded expectation toward the Wall of Serpents, which enclosed the little city of holy edifices. As they were less than a mile away, the terrible spectacle now presented, was plainly visible.

"A long procession was winding up the steep side of the pyramid, the flat summit of which was called the *teocalli.* As the long file of priests and Aztec warriors reached the top, the Spaniards beheld with horror, in their midst, the figures of several men, stripped to their waists; whom they recognized, by the whiteness of their skin, as their own countrymen. They were the victims for the coming sacrifice. Their heads were decorated with gay plumes, and they were urged along with blows by their captors; who placed gaudy fans in their hands, and forced them to take part in the dances, in honor of the Aztec war-god. Then the captives, one after another, were stretched upon the great stone of sacrifice. The priestly executioner, by a strong blow with a sharp sword, cut asunder the ribs of his helpless victim; and, thrusting his hand into the wound, tore out the reeking heart, still quivering with the life-throbs of the last wild shrieks of the dying man; and these ghastly trophies were collected in a golden censer, and placed before the huge and hideous idol, as the most acceptable offerings to their warlike deity. The bodies of the slaughtered victims, were then hurled down the steep stairs of the pyramid; where they were gathered by savages beneath, who prepared them for a cannibal feast, which completed the shocking and revolting ceremonies.

"Again the Spaniards endeavored to conquer the intrepid Aztecs; but they still held a part of the city with resistless energy, under their brave Guatemozin, and bid defiance to their invading foes, inspired by the prophecies of the sacred oracles, which promised them victory in eight days. So they held out in grim determination, though their streets were piled up with the heaps of their dead, and starvation stared them in the face; for they were reduced to using for food the bark of trees, and

roots, and grass, and seaweeds; while night after night, fresh victims were led up to the great altar of sacrifice, in the hope of securing the help of their war-god in resisting their foes. But the eight days prescribed by the oracle passed away, and the city was still surrounded by their inexorable enemies. The Aztecs were in despair. Sickening heaps of corpses were seen on all sides, and their food was at last exhausted. In this extremity, the heroic Guatemozin at length surrendered to Cortés, and the city of Mexico was conquered.

"Now comes the legend of my opal. When the Spaniards had cast down the Aztec idols, the God of Love had been destroyed among the other images. This opal had adorned the breast of this idol; and as the Spanish soldiers tore away the masses of gold and jewels, this opal had been seized by a little page of Cortés. The page had been much indebted to a beautiful Indian woman, Doña Marina; a lovely Mexican girl, who had been sold by her mother, the *cacique*, or ruler of the province of Coatzacualco. Desiring to secure the inheritance for a younger brother of Marina, the inhuman mother had sold her daughter, when a child, to some foreign traders. Cortés, meeting her when she had grown to womanhood, was struck with her beauty; and employed her as his interpreter with the Aztecs, her countrymen. Marina was afterwards married to a Castilian knight, Don Juan Xaramillo; and the Spaniards, in reward for her assistance to Cortés, assigned to her large estates in Mexico. Many Indian ballads commemorate Marina, or Malinche, which was her Aztec name. The legends say that she was very beautiful and kind, and that even now, her spirit hovers over the capital, and that an apparition of an Indian princess is sometimes seen flitting through the shadows among the groves and grottoes of the royal Hill of Chapultepec.

"As Doña Marina had been very kind to the little page, he brought to her the great fire-opal he had seized from the image of the Love-God; where it had blazed like a globe of imprisoned fire, upon the breast of the sacred idol, and which was supposed to be a most potent love-charm. As Doña Marina was an Aztec, and had once believed in these heathen deities, she received this royal gift with intense emotion. For, though she had adopted the faith of her Spanish allies, she retained enough of her ancient superstition to be greatly moved by this momentous event. It was believed, that whoever possessed this matchless opal, would have the power of winning to itself the love of any mortal upon whom they should bestow this

magical gift, with the desire of attracting the most ardent affection and admiration of the favored recipient.

"No wonder that Doña Marina received the costly gift with trembling eagerness! She had just fallen in love with the Castilian knight, Don Juan Xaramillo, and would win him for her husband. Doña Marina married her Castilian knight, and lived in the city of Mexico; where she resided in the street of Medinas, as it is now called, but which then bore the name of her husband, Xaramillo. She is said to have had a pleasure-house at Chapultepec, and a garden in Cupoacan, which had once belonged to Montezuma. Mention is made in history of her grandchild. But my story has to do with some of the legends concerning her.

"An uncle of mine visited the city of Mexico, some years ago, and made the acquaintance of a family who claimed to be the descendents of Doña Marina. This family lived in the older portion of the city, on the street of Santa Teresa. The ruins of the old palace of Axayacatl, were brought to light while laying the foundations of some houses recently constructed in this street, near the Convent of the Conception.

"Perhaps I may weary you, Mr. Ormandoff, by this long introduction to my opal, but these quaint traditions interest me greatly!"

"The story is very fascinating, Miss Allan!" replied Hector; and he thought, "The story-teller is still more charming!" but he did not reveal this thought, but added, "I am waiting with keen curiosity, for the further history of the marvelous opal."

"My uncle had previously met the head of this household, in connection with some business matters, in New York city; and upon his visiting Mexico, he had been courteously invited to a grand ball, given in the old family mansion, in honor of the only daughter of the house, who bore the name of her ancient ancestor, Marina. Her father, Don Hernando Xuarez, had told my uncle of the wonderful opal, an heirloom in his family, which was to be worn by his beautiful daughter for the first time at this ball. My uncle, therefore, started for the mansion, feeling a much greater curiosity to behold the marvelous opal, than to secure a sight of the daughter; whom he supposed was probably much like other Mexican women, of whose charms he was not an enthusiastic admirer. He entered the ballroom, and carelessly approached the host, who greeted him courteously, and then added: 'My daughter is on the

veranda leading to the court, as the night is so warm. Let me conduct you to her?' Carelessly my uncle followed Don Xuarez, expecting to behold some swarthy, rather slovenly Mexican signorita; dressed in tawdry finery, not over particular as to her toilet, either as to good taste or cleanliness; for such had been his previous experience with Mexican ladies.

"I happen to have here in my note-book, the letter my uncle wrote me, when he sent me the jewel."

"Please read it!" said Hector. "I am intensely interested in the history of so beautiful a gem."

Aseneith, finding the letter, began where she had left off in the narrative.

"'As I entered the veranda,' wrote my uncle, 'I beheld standing near a small orange tree, which, laden with white blossoms, grew near a fountain in the open court, now illumined with many colored lanterns, a vision of beauty. The girl was attired in a dress of gold-tinted gauze. Her arms were bare to the shoulders, and clasped with circlets of diamonds; and in each tiny ear, there sparkled a jewel of rare beauty. But opals and diamonds were dimmed by the light in her eyes. Her father presented me, and in soft liquid tones, she murmured in English, to which a slight Spanish accent added an indescribable charm: "You are the gentleman Americano? I am pleased to have met you. My father has often spoken your name."

"'Was it her eyes, or the mysterious opal, which glowed on her breast, which now began to throw round me a strange mystic spell? I had never loved, and yet I was already engaged. I had fallen into the snare of pledging myself to an heiress. She was not an insipid beauty, "icily regular, splendidly null;" nay, rather, she was decidedly plain. But in an heiress, that does not always matter; and like other foolish fellows, I had concluded that marriage was after all a mercenary bargain; and the bigger the purse the better the bargain, as the woman must be thrown in as a necessary incumbrance. I was bound in honor to another; yet this girl's face had already stirred my heart with emotions so strange, and so magnetic, that I could not rid myself of their weird fascination. And even after the ball was over, and I had returned to my hotel, her face was a vision before my mind's eye, which could not be effaced by my will or my reason, though I endeavored to persuade myself that it was only some foolish fancy which a night's sleep would eradicate.

"'But weeks passed away, and still I lingered in the Mexican capital, spellbound by the charms of this fair, lovely being. She was not a mere soulless, beautiful animal, like many of her countrywomen. Her mind had been carefully cultured by travel, and study, and the best masters which Europe afforded. For her father was a man of large means, and cosmopolitan tastes, and had spent years abroad with his idolized daughter, whose slightest wish was his law.

"'The last time I beheld her;—shall I ever forget it? So entranced had I become with Marina, that I felt I must win her; and yet honor sealed my lips, while still bound to another. I had determined to return to my home in New York, and break the hated bonds which there held me. Surely, a broken engagement, which had been formed only upon a mercenary basis, was more honorable than living a life-long lie.

"'So one evening, I went to bid Marina farewell, for a season. That she loved me, I hoped, from some slight tokens, which even her natural reserve had failed to conceal. But it was only a hope, and I must be free to win her, before I could test it. I found her that evening in her favorite place on the veranda, which surrounded the picturesque open court, with its fountains, and flowers, and soft-colored lights, which illumined its orange-bordered paths. This fairy-like spot was now flooded with the silvery effulgence of the full moon.

"'Marina was dressed in some oriental material of white gauze, embroidered in silver. The design was the lotus flower, and amidst the dark loops of her hair nestled one fragrant lotus blossom, which gave to her beauty the weird charm of some old fairy legend of the East. In her beautiful form and face there was combined the alluring voluptuous splendor of an oriental Cleopatra, softened by the subtle and delicate fascination of modern refinement. She was the embodiment of the power of modern civilization to uplift and purify the merely physical charms of the old types of the beauties of the Orient. A Cleopatra might have possessed her form, but only a pure Madonna could have looked from her eyes, and spoken through her lips, where the lines of refinement and purity had chiselled away the coarser curves of a sensuous nature.

"'When I announced my speedy departure, the glance I surprised in her eyes, strengthened my hope. I left her almost abruptly, with a parting adieu of customary politeness; for my heart was so thrilled, that I dared risk no longer the

restraint of silence I had placed upon my lips. One moment more, and I should have told of my adoring devotion. Oh, why was I not warned of the future? and why did I allow my heart to be held by imaginary and useless restraint?

"'I left her and returned to New York. My heiress had already found some handsomer fellow than I, whom she would endow with her gold. Business detained me in the North, or I should have speedily returned to Mexico. Then I heard that Marina was ill, very ill, nigh unto death. Oh, how slowly the steam engine seemed to crawl through the space which separated us, as I took my journey, in hot haste, to be near her! 'Twas in vain! When I reached the city of Mexico, and hurried to the mansion of Don Hernando Xuarez, Marina was dead! My lovely Lotus-Lily had perished forever! Her fair form was arrayed in the habiliments of the tomb!

"As I entered the apartment where she lay in her coffin, I started—so lifelike she looked—clad in the same garments in which I had last beheld her, the oriental gauze embroidered with silver lotus flowers. And see! yes, again a fragrant white lotus blossom nestled in the coils of her dark hair. But her glorious eyes!—Ah, those bright orbs were veiled by the ivory-white lids, silken fringed, which lay on her pale death-blanched cheeks! Oh, why had cruel death snatched her from my warm clasp! Yes, that was the saddest part of the story. I cannot repeat to you her last message. 'Tis too sacred for the ear of a mortal. This in brief is the story of the last scene in this heart-drama.

"'One day, at dinner, soon after my departure, some friends had mentioned in her presence the rumor of my engagement to the New York heiress. Marina listened in silence, but her father noticed that from that day she drooped. When dying, she told him her secret, and she begged him to give me her opal, after her death, together with a sealed letter addressed to me. Receiving these sacred relics of my lost idolized love, I retired to my room. I shall mention only the opal. As I opened the case containing the marvelous gem, and lifted it from its resting-place upon the white satin lining, I perceived on the under side of the stone, a plate of frosted gold, set with rare diamonds, in the form of four letters, spelling the word—Love!—As I accidentally pressed one of the stones, a hidden spring opened a locket; one side of which was formed by the opal in its delicate setting. Within lay a tiny fragment of parchment, upon which were inscribed strange hieroglyphics,

which I could not decipher. But looking again, I discovered a small piece of delicate white paper, upon which this translation was written: "If the one who receives this opal shall be my twin-soul, formed by Quetzalcoatl, the Love-god, in the far distant dawn of the universe, when the firmament was sprinkled with star-dust, and spirits were quickened to life;—in token whereof, great Quetzalcoatl, god of the air and the light, caught from the bright Milky Way one drop of the nectar of love, and imprisoned within it a star-gleam, and that mortals might know of its power, he gave this rare jewel to the priest of his image, to be placed on the breast of the idol consecrated to his worship on earth. And forthwith he decreed, that whenever the destiny of two mortals should be united through the potent charm of this opal, then should their spirits ascend to the heavens, even though death might divide them on earth. And these souls thus united by the magnetic spell of the love-charm, when their mortal bodies shall be dissolved into their primitive elements, shall still bask in the light of an undimmed and immortal love, and in the coming hereafter, their souls will be twin stars forever." '

"So my uncle always wore this opal," continued Aseneith, "and never married, and in his will it was left to me."

"Is the parchment still within the locket?" asked Hector.

"Yes," answered Aseneith; "I have never shown it to any gentleman, for I have a slight superstition about it. Some time, perchance—" but she didn't finish her sentence; and Hector noting her slight embarrassment, resumed the subject of the magazine article, by remarking:

"I read this article to Toy, but though she is clever enough, I thought that she did not fully appreciate its literary merits."

"Indeed! Then why waste your time on me, if your bright sister did not prove adequate to the mental discrimination required?" demurely asked Aseneith. "'Twere a pity for a man to be disappointed in the intellectual capabilities of two women!" she continued, breaking off a rich red rose from the clambering bush which was trained over the arbor.

"Well, somehow, Miss Allan," stammered Hector, "I've sometimes imagined that you knew a great deal more than you pretended to."

"And so you wish to test my mental caliber?" said Aseneith, toying with the rose, and darting a swift and mischievous glance toward Hector, who was leaning against a side

trellis. "If you were that brilliant Doctor Wentworth, I should imagine that you were longing for my demise; that you might skilfully and scientifically dissect my empty head, and by your scales ascertain the lightness of that bubble called my brain!" she continued, with slight sarcasm.

"Have mercy, Miss Allan!" remonstrated poor Hector, who somehow, did not like to hear her call the doctor brilliant, in his presence.

But Aseneith continued: "As you are a most learned lawyer, with opinions founded upon the immovable rock of logic, why wish to know the vain and superficial *guess* of a weak-brained woman, upon so weighty a subject as a literary criticism?" and plucking a crimson rose-petal, she lightly poised it on her finger, and then blew it into the air, where it rose like a flaming butterfly. The pose of the girl was unconsciously bewitching, but purposely indifferent; as though she would dispose of all wearying problems as lightly as she had tossed the rose petal into the air. But as she demurely veiled her bright eyes with the long silken lashes, there flashed forth a diamond gleam, which only the red rose lying in her lap was a witness of. And when she again raised her face toward Hector, there was only an expression of polite endurance visible upon her countenance.

"Why do you always deny that woman's intellect is strong, and capable of cultivation?" asked Hector, seating himself on the arbor bench beside Aseneith.

"Oh, you mistake! I do not deny;—I leave that for man to do;—I only do not assert her claims of mental superiority;—I leave that also for man to do, concerning his own intellectual position. Woman's intellect is safe enough when left to facts. She does not need pompous assertions. The time has passed for those."

"That's exactly what Toy says," rejoined Hector.

"And I think your clever sister is proof enough, that woman may cultivate her mind without losing any of her charms of manner, or any of her fascinations of beauty," added Aseneith, roused to animation in spite of her indifferent mask.

"Toy is clever, that can't be disputed!" admitted Hector. "But sometimes I fear, that being so exclusively in my society, I may make her a trifle masculine, by allowing her to imbibe too many of my ideas," he continued, patronizingly.

"*Really!* how grateful she must be! As it has always been supposed that women were so desirous of becoming masculine

in mind, by aping men's opinions, and quoting men's thoughts; —as it has only lately been admitted that woman could think for herself!—what a blessing it would be, if all women could be favored with learned brothers, who could supply their lack of mental endowments, by storing their memories with smart sayings which they could repeat with parrot-like comprehension and aptness!"

"Don't be so severe, Miss Allan, I beg of you!" said Hector, with a growing feeling of discomfort at the turn the conversation had taken; and being forced for the first time, to look upon his lordly guardianship of his sister's mind, in rather an unenviable light. "But indeed, Miss Allan, don't you think a woman is happier when she does not bother her brains about learning, beyond polite accomplishments; and does not care for politics, and philosophy, and present problems of humanity, and all that sort of thing; but busies herself in making her own pretty self irresistibly fascinating to the poor forlorn beings who have no time to cultivate the beautiful, in the rush of the strife of getting bread and butter?"

"And, pray, why shouldn't woman be allowed to help in getting the bread and butter, without receiving only blame, where man is awarded only praise, for the same commendable performance?" retorted Aseneith, as the color mantled her cheeks, and she even forgot to veil her eyes, as she went on with increasing ardor: "And then the poor forlorn men would have a little time, perhaps, to cultivate the beautiful; and women would gain a vast amount of dignity and strength of mind; and I doubt if she would lose any of her irresistible fascinations in the operation, either."

"Now, Miss Aseneith, how absurd to suppose, that a woman as pretty as you are—I mean no flattery!—could earn her bread and butter in this common-place, drudging world! Why, such women are only made to be petted, and loved, and to have devoted and strong arms to take care of them; and ——" but suddenly remembering how far he had betrayed his feelings, he blushed, and hesitated. But Aseneith came to his rescue, with the cool remark:

"But, Mr. Ormandoff, what if we object to being made idle pets; and have a notion that we have a right, and wish to help in the daily cares of life;—not only with our hands, which has always been kindly allowed to us, but also with our heads? For the suggestion will force itself forward, and demand reply: If woman is either to be uselessly pretty, or if not endowed

with beauty, a homely drudge—why was she cumbered with the gift of a useless mind, which she is not allowed to cultivate beyond an utterly worthless superficiality; and so it becomes merely a torment, instead of a God-given delight, and a power to secure for her the blessing of self-respecting independence?"

"But man delights in being the strong oak, to support the tender vine of woman's frailer loveliness!" said Hector, enthusiastically.

"Oh, Mr. Ormandoff, how can your keen mind resort to such a trite and worn-out simile! The oak and vine!—Oh, yes, it is a charming contrast! But please remember, that oak trees sometimes die, in spite of tender twining vines. And then, if vines have no independent roots of strength, and means of sustenance, all their clinging loveliness goes for naught, and they must die; or be that hated thing—a parasite!—which in the human race, becomes—a *toady!* If loving fathers, devoted husbands, and tender brothers, always existed and always lived; then man might always be the strong and sturdy oak, and woman might be willing to aim no higher than to be a twining vine, clinging to man for her support. But even then, woman would miss half the glorious destiny for which she was ordained; for she was to be a *helpmate*, not *checkmate*, in the game of life. But enough of solemn sermons!" Then she archly added: "Allow a syllogism: Man has intellect. Woman is man's better half; therefore, woman has man's better half of intellect."

"Well, if I grant that very logical conclusion, which I fear would be most illogical in law; you must allow me to test your intellect, by giving your opinion on this article that I wish to read to you. Do you often see this magazine?"

"I read it sometimes," replied Aseneith, recognizing a well known number of that same monthly.

"This article," continued Hector, "is on the Future Fiction of America; and, I think, is very masterly in style and reasoning."

"Indeed!" laughed Aseneith, with a sly twinkle in her eye. "I fear, Mr. Ormandoff, its power will be lost upon an unreasoning, illogical woman. Spare me, please, the mental weariness of trying to comprehend so deep a subject!"

Just then, her tell-tale note-book fell from her lap to the ground; and as Hector gallantly stooped to pick it up, the leaves were lying open, and his eyes caught the startling head-

ing "Future Fiction of America." With a questioning glance he turned to Aseneith, who with blushing cheeks, but merry eyes, bent down to grasp the betraying book. Their hands met on its pages; and simultaneously raising their eyes, their glances met;—and then, they smiled; and Aseneith burst forth into a bright gay laugh, exclaiming:

"The masquerade is over!"

While Hector retorted: "The wiles of witching woman would cause alarm, if man was not sure that she was an angel! You are that learned unknown, whom we poor men have been admiring!" Then after a slight pause, he added: "Miss Allan, I said to Toy, if a woman as beautiful as you are could have originated such fine and lofty thoughts, I would believe in woman's utmost intellectual possibilities. I will not retract a word. Can you ever pardon my arrogant, blind ignorance, Miss Allan, enough to grant me your esteem, and——?" but Hector's blustering loquacity failed him, and he was silent.

Aseneith kindly answered: "I cannot blame you, Mr. Ormandoff. No wonder that gentlemen have doubted woman's wisdom! For, until lately, if a woman was not positively ugly, she seemed to think that the charms of her pretty face might be marred by disclosing the fact that she dared to think. And though I am not very old, even I can remember, when it was thought pedantic for a woman to converse upon any literature deeper than poetry and fiction. But as the Yankee idea of a smart woman is being rapidly replaced by the more refined modern type, which is described by the English word 'clever;' and Webster defines 'cleverness' to mean 'possessing talent, or skill;' whereas 'smartness' is only being 'keen, and sharp, or witty,'—which even fools can play at; so the present clever woman, has already been awarded the gift of talent; and *talent persevered in*, has been defined as genius." No need to play indifferent now!—and the girl's eyes flashed, and her indolent pose was quickly changed to one of alertness, as she added, with an earnest vibration thrilling through her well-modulated voice: "In these days, woman's place in the world is bounded only by her own capabilities and highest possible development. In benevolent and missionary enterprises, she has long taken the lead. Now, literature, music, art, science, medicine, metaphysics, theology and trade, are open to her ambition; and to every woman comes the stirring question: *What can I make of my own life?*"

Roused now from her former assumed manner of frivolous femininity, Aseneith Allan seemed a new creature. The diamond flashes in her eyes became dazzling; and her beauty was now etherealized by her genius, until her entire being seemed instinct with magnetic force.

Hector was completely fascinated; not only by her beauty of face, but the glimpse he had gained of the beauty of her mind, which rendered him eager to hear more of her exalted thoughts. As she prepared to gather up her books, as though intending to end this delightful *tête-à-tête*; Hector quickly resolved to detain her yet longer if possible, and politicly selected a subject which he conjectured would be of sufficient interest to accomplish his object.

"As you have handled the subject of American fiction so ably, in this article, Miss Allan," he said, throwing himself back in his seat, with an evident manner of continuing the conversation, "I would like to learn some of your views regarding some English novelists and writers. What is your opinion regarding the types of women as portrayed by George Eliot?"

A look of inspiration illumined the expressive face of Aseneith Allan, as she responded: "In no way does one get so clear an insight into the subtle and gradual stages of soul-poisoning, which, in the course of years, changed the deep heart-searching belief of George Eliot into the dreary materialistic doctrine of positivism, as by carefully and thoroughly analyzing the different phases of life and action, and their motive force, as they are depicted in those powerfully portrayed types of womanhood, 'Janet Dempster,' 'Dinah Morris,' 'Maggie Tulliver,' 'Esther Lyon,' 'Romola,' and 'Gwendolen.' No one will deny the exalted genius of George Eliot. Her insight into human nature partook almost of the supernatural. In her earlier writings, one feels the keen surgical touch of the intellect; but one also listens to the beating of the human heart, throbbing with vital religious convictions, such as are only reached by a human soul who acknowledges the saving efficacy of a crucified Redeemer."

"I think," rejoined Hector, "that in her later writings, that heart seems benumbed by the terrible pressure of an awful unrest, leaving to the intellect alone the work of dissecting poor human nature. And though the mental scalpel has, perhaps, a keener edge, it cuts the tendons of the motives and feelings of our spiritual bodies, with the cold precision and half-mocking severity of the purely scientific surgeon."

Aseneith's face was aglow with interest, and her entire pose was alert with magnetic vitality. She no longer idly toyed with a rose, but gazed toward the river; not with an expression of sentimental reverie, but with a flashing eye, and flushed cheek, which betokened the thrill stirring her soul, as she said:

"*Man* may have genius and scepticism, and still remain, perchance, an intellectual giant; but a *woman of genius* without *religion*, is an intellectual monstrosity."

"I agree with you," replied Hector, casting a fascinated glance upon the face of the earnest girl beside him. Then he added: "Which of the types of womanhood portrayed by George Eliot, do you consider the finest?"

Aseneith turned her eyes from the river and fixed them for a moment upon a fleecy cloud resting like a pillow of down in the vaulted azure, as she answered:

"Viewed from a spiritual, not æsthetical standpoint, the highest type of womanhood in all the writings of George Eliot, belongs, without doubt, to the character of 'Dinah Morris.' One might almost say, that nowhere, in the realms of fiction, can be found her equal as a purely spiritual type of woman's most exalted nature. She possesses the *genius of self-sacrifice*, and is truly apostolic in her self-negation. She stands forth as the embodiment of pure and undefiled religion. She could not have been originated by any soul in which the influence of the true gospel of Jesus Christ was not felt to be the highest motive power by which a human life could be directed. That such was the belief of George Eliot, at the time of writing 'Adam Bede,' has been proved to be the correct inference, by means of the letters lately discovered to be in the possession of a grandson of an aunt of the authoress; which aunt, Elizabeth Evans, is said to be the model for the character of 'Dinah Morris.' These letters, written to this aunt by George Eliot, are pervaded by strong and deep religious sentiments. No soul paralyzed with doubt and unbelief, could have put into the mouth of another, such living Gospel truths as may be found in the words of 'Dinah Morris.' No author could have embodied such deep and holy truth in language, or have dared to quote such solemn words from Hely Writ, without a deep sense of their awful reality."

"Yes," responded Hector, "a person may be a hypocrite in life; but, in spite of one's self, the deepest emotions of the soul will make themselves known in one's writings; and poor George Eliot is no exception, but rather proves the rule; for

as her religious beliefs changed to intellectual speculation, just so did her writings lose their vital force—vital as regards the *soul*, not the *intellect*. How do you compare George Eliot with other English writers, Miss Allan?"

"George Eliot may well be classed with Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, and even with Shakespeare," replied Aseneith; "and in the types of womanhood depicted by her, she outranks them all; and, in the types of manhood, only Shakespeare can be said to far outrank her. But Shakespeare's women partook too much of the shrewish and grotesque type; and though a 'Portia,' 'Desdemona,' 'Cornelia,' 'Imogen,' and 'Juliet,' stand out in shining light; the age in which he wrote, though fitted to make strong and mighty men, was still too near those times when women were yet considered as subordinate to men, in both heart and intellect; and when it was thought more meet that a woman should be ruled by a bad man—be that man father, husband, brother, or king—than that she should follow the dictates of her own conscience."

"That is a discriminating judgment, Miss Allan; and I would add, that though many of the female characters in Sir Walter Scott's novels are most pleasing and picturesque, they seem to belong too much to the age of chivalrous knights and fair ladies of legendary lore, to stand as types of flesh and blood. And though Thackeray's 'Becky Sharpe,' is a pitiably true type of a bad woman, and 'pity 'tis, 'tis true;' we can hardly consider her as a great type of womanhood, unless greatness consists only in smart wickedness. His moral females stand more truly as types of the portraits of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with flowing damask tunics, and quilted satin petticoats, and powdered wigs, and political party patches, than as types of living women outside of canvass and gilt frames. What do you think of Dickens' women?"

"Dickens' women, 'tis true, live and breathe, and have their being;" answered Aseneith, with the merry twinkle sparkling in her eyes; "but again, they are shrewish women, sour women, saucy women, slovenly women, snappish women, sniffling women, women indeed common enough, but not just the kind we would pick out for a grand type of woman to call our ideal."

"I heartily agree with you," rejoined Hector, laughing; "your list of adjectives in S, portrays a graphic picture of the undesirable type of women. I think Dickens himself could scarcely have penned that sentence with more scathing satire."

"His 'Little Nell,' and 'Florence,'" resumed Aseneith, "are as sweet and lovely bits of womanhood as one would want to dream of; but they are only women in miniature. But he has drawn one piece of womankind with a masterly stroke; and sweet, quaint, trusting, womanly, motherly 'Dot,' stands for all our highest thoughts of mother, sister, and wife. In whatever else men may have the pre-eminence, it is probable that the truest types of womanhood will always be portrayed by women."

"Yes, that is true!" said Hector. "Man can describe accurately her faults of speech, and gait, and temper; can, forsooth, do greater justice to her beauty and her follies; but her higher emotions, her inmost secret self, can be depicted only by one who *experiences*, not *conjectures*."

The sun was slowly sinking in the west, down toward the waters of the river, which flowed below the grassy hill upon which the arbor was erected. It was a dainty bit of landscape which lay before them. Such a view is always inspiring to mental activity. Those who possess the gift of talking well, are always at their best when nature adds her magnetic influences to their soul's inspiration. There could hardly be imagined two more diverse pictures than Aseneith Allan, with distasteful pug dog, and trashy novel; and the brilliant girl, with the fire of genius darting from her eyes, and the soul of an heroic woman shining in their unfathomed depths.

Hector Ormandoff was entranced with the marvelous transformation, and was enthralled by the witchery of her peerless personality. When one gains such a friend as Aseneith Allan, one has received one of life's most precious treasures. Such a woman, by her very superiority, shames anything belittling in one's self, and calls forth the highest powers of one's nature.

Hector, loth to lose so rare an opportunity, inquired: "How would you describe some of the other types of women portrayed by George Eliot?"

"In 'Janet Dempster' and 'Esther Lyon,' particularly the latter," answered Aseneith, "the æsthetic taste is more appealed to than in the portraiture of 'Dinah Morris;' though in both 'Esther' and 'Janet,' the spiritual nature stands forth as of pre-eminent importance. The gradual ennobling of a highly æsthetical sensibility, by the overshadowing influence of an exalted religious ideal, is grandly brought out in the character of 'Esther Lyon.'"

"Do you not think 'Maggie Tulliver,' possesses more of genius, Miss Allan?"

"Yes," responded Aseneith. "She possesses more of genius, and also more of human imperfections. She is every inch a woman; a very faulty one, 'tis true, but not the wicked faultiness of a 'Becky Sharpe;' no worldly devilish cunning, but rather the faultiness of an immature child, capable of grand development. A child of only thirteen years of age, who would try to still the longings of a famished heart and ambitious mind with the quaint and holy teachings of Thomas à Kempis, must possess much of inherent goodness, even though inconsistently headstrong and peevish. And a girl, who, in her fresh bouyant youth, could put from her a great temptation for which her heart was yearning; and choose the path of humility, which her own wavering had already sown with thorns, saying, 'Faithfulness and constancy mean something else beside doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us, whatever would cause misery to those whom the course of our lives has made dependent on us;' —such a character, had death spared it to reach full maturity, could consistently and logically have developed only into a grand and noble woman."

"What do you think of 'Romola' and 'Gwendolen,' Miss Allan?"

"In the characters of 'Romola' and 'Gwendolen,' George Eliot unconsciously lays bare her own spiritual barrenness. The subtle poisons of intellectual speculations had already sapped her spiritual strength. In spite of one's self, an author can at no time of life originate a character above one's own ideal; and that ideal is always consequent upon, and drawn from, one's own highest nature."

"It is a true saying," rejoined Hector, "'Show me a man's ideal, and I will tell you what the man is himself.' A person may lead a sham religious, hypocritical life; but one cannot originate a high religious ideal out of a soul blinded with false speculative opinions, no matter how powerful the imagination, nor how keen the intellect. A person may write an impartial history, and be a sceptic; he may be a brilliant essayist, and keep many of his candid opinions to himself; he may be an immortal poet, and yet live a dissipated life; he may portray the life of nature, and yet hide his own spiritual deadness. But to originate an ideal character, the author, in spite of

himself, infuses into it his own heart's-blood; and he cannot describe a more holy nature than he himself could conceive of."

"This applies as well in religion as in fiction," said Aseneith, with deepening solemnity in her voice, and a spiritual light shining in her eyes, which gave a very different expression to those dark orbs from the diamond scintillations called forth by merely intellectual delight. This spiritual light filled their glowing depths with an effulgent glory, which bespoke the sensitive response of her nature to every holy thought. "We cannot conceive of the spotless holiness of God; therefore, we cannot describe—only declare it."

"What do you think of the character of 'Romola'?" asked Hector, observing the exalted expression of the girl's face, with half wonder, and intense admiration.

"In 'Romola's' character," replied Aseneith, "one catches now and then, an echo of an exalted strain of feeling, like a half-forgotten melody, or the whispering of an Æolian harp-string, just touched by the slightest zephyr. Intellectually, she is a strong type of womanhood, appealing with overwhelming force to our highest æsthetical sentiments; but, morally, she is most lamentably weak; not in any earthly sense, for she is the emblem of exalted purity, but in a spiritual sense."

"I acknowledge that she is capable of the grandest possibilities," rejoined Hector, "but she possesses the goodness of the self-exalting Pharisee. 'Tis the coldness of the Stoic, the proud self-conscious perfection of a heathen goddess; not the loving, beating heart of a living woman."

"I agree with you there," said Aseneith. "When she might have gained an overpowering influence for good over her worldly, selfish, deceitful husband; she envelops herself in proud, disdainful indifference, and crushes the sproutings of his better nature beneath the weight of her stony silence."

"Her husband, to be sure, was most contemptible," responded Hector. "He was the epitome of selfish arrogance and unprincipled ambition. But, bad men have been moved by woman's love and gentleness," he continued, with a persuasive cadence to his voice.

"And 'Janet Dempster,'" exclaimed Aseneith, eagerly, "could willingly—yes, longingly—return to minister to a brutal husband, who had beaten her in drunken anger, and turned her out of doors; for her soul was exalted by a true conception of the power and reality of Christ's self-sacrificing forgiveness; while 'Romola,' wrapping herself in icy, scornful silence, flees

from a husband who has failed to conform to her lofty ideas; and, being sent back by a priest, whose religion she conceives to be only bigotry and superstition, she apparently makes no effort to ennoble the character of her husband."

"And when afterwards," rejoined Hector, "she again takes refuge in flight, and ministers to the pestilence-stricken villagers, 'tis with the cowardly desire of meeting her own death—that cowardice of the suicide, who flees from the life he has not the greatness of soul to endure."

"'Tis pitiful, indeed," said Aseneith, "that the same George Eliot, who, in 'Mill on the Floss,' could say, 'Joy and peace are not resignation; resignation is the willing endurance of a pain that is not allayed, that you don't expect to be allayed;' it is a pity, such a George Eliot could not have drawn from her own spiritual life and belief, any stronger motive to impel the life of the intellectual and æsthetical 'Romola,' when troubles overtook her, than the cowardice of suicide; and must leave her to pass from our vision, with the saddening, hopeless feeling, borne in upon our own consciousness, that she is wailing forth the doubtful cry: *'Perhaps religion is not bigotry! Perhaps all beliefs are not superstitions!'*"

"In the character of 'Gwendolen,'" said Hector, "one perceives the same want of a vital belief as the impelling force of action. Standing for a more modern type of womanhood than 'Romola,' but if anything, worse off than she, in a spiritual sense; for she had not even the traditions of the gods and goddesses, to help inspire her with noble aspirations."

"I agree with you," responded Aseneith. "'Tis better for a soul to believe in the greatness of a Jupiter, than to be centred in *self alone!* Poor 'Gwendolen'! Capable of such grandeur of noble purposes! One feels all the time that such a soul could be lifted to high peaks of aspiration; but we leave her on a petty mound in the chain of spiritual mountain-heights."

"'Romola' and 'Gwendolen,'" said Hector, "with all their possibilities, reach only the first step outside of self, and look to a 'Savonarola,' and a 'Daniel Deronda,'—helpless mortals like themselves—for that spiritual help and power which the *finite* can obtain only from the *Infinite.*"

Aseneith gazed over the river with a dreamy expression of face, as she murmured, in thrilling tones which powerfully stirred the better nature of Hector Ormandoff, as he listened with deep emotion: "Poor, great-souled, great-brained George

Eliot! When death had closed her earthly vision, there was found upon a table, by the side of her lifeless body, a book lying open. Not dreary, benumbing, speculative philosophies; but the holy writings of Thomas à Kempis, were chosen by her as a solace in those last hours. And, perchance, with her ideal spirit-child, 'Maggie Tulliver,' still hovering before her mental vision, she sought soul comfort and spiritual rest with the same quaint, saintly advice of the old monk, with which she had herself stilled the unrest—the wild questioning heart of the child of her own imagination:

"'Why dost thou here gaze about, since this is not the place of thy rest? In heaven ought to be thy dwelling, and all earthly things are to be looked on as they forward thy journey thither. All things pass away, and thou together with them. Beware thou cleave not unto them, lest thou be entangled, and perish. If a man should give all of his substance, yet it is as nothing. And if he should do great penances, yet are they but little. And if he should attain to all knowledge, he is yet far off. And if he should be of great virtue, and very fervent devotion, yet is there much wanting; to wit, one thing, which is most necessary for him. What is that? That having left all, he leave himself, and go wholly out of himself, and retain nothing of self-love. . . . I have often said unto thee, and now again, I say the same, forsake thyself, resign thyself, and thou shalt enjoy much inward peace. . . . Then shall all vain imaginations, evil perturbations, and superfluous cares fly away; then shall immoderate fear leave thee, and inordinate love shall die. . . . Blessed are those ears that receive the whispers of the Divine Voice, and listen not to the whisperings of the world. Blessed are those ears which harken not unto the voice which soundeth outwardly, but unto the *Truth* which teacheth inwardly.'"

Meanwhile, the tired sun slowly sank to rest beneath the crimsoned waters of the river, and as he "wrapped the drapery of his couch about him," he wove cloud-tapestries of gorgeous hues and patterns; resplendent as the scarlets, golds, and purples of the rainbow; until the whole western horizon glowed like a radiant Bow of Promise, ablaze with effulgent glory, and transplendent with dazzling tints of myriad hues. And then the glorious vision gently faded into softest tints of light lemon, and pale rose, flecked here and there with opal lights, and illumined with dashes of white, like ocean's foam, shading to misty green, spreading out into a deeper tone of the same

color, like some aerial Nile; while the restless river beneath, shimmered with tints of darkest blue, like remembered glimpses of the Mediterranean, beneath the glowing skies of Italy. And then the full-orbed moon gleamed like a shield of silver in the sky, casting a dreamy light o'er all the landscape, and flooding the arbor with her radiant rays, as Hector and Aseneith sat silent for a moment, enthralled by the witching beauty of the scene.

Presently Aseneith rose to return to the house, and Hector gathering up her books, escorted her to the veranda, where Antoinette awaited her. As Toy glanced at the titles of the books, she merrily whispered to Aseneith:

"Oh, Neith, dear! I fear you have betrayed us!"

That evening, at the dinner-table, Hector made this remark for the enlightenment of the company:

"As I've secured the favor of the goddess Neith, you other fellows may try to win the smiles of her attendant maidens!"

"Why, really, Master Hector," cried Antoinette, "because the Goddess of Intellect has smiled on you, you need not take it for granted that other women are to be disposed of in any such wholesale style. Neith, dear, you've conquered, I see! Bravo! Our cause is safe! My theories are proved! Lucille! Eulalie!—Let us rejoice together! Our intellects are vindicated, for lordly Hector is vanquished!"

CHAPTER X.

A YOUTH stood eager, at the world's great gate
And gazed forth yearningly, lest he be late
To seize the prize, to win the coming race;
To make himself a name, and gain the place.
The Master stood beside, and softly said:
"Beware, rash youth! by patience now be led."
"What! wait?" exclaimed the youth, "and let them by?
If they can join the race, pray, why not I?"

"I do not mean to wait in idle ease,"
Replied the Seer. "Let work thy zeal appease;
Work persevered in, will the end attain
More surely than thy soaring spirit's pain!"
Patience and perseverance are the rules
Which grant the prize to wise men, not to fools;
And when the gift is offered;—then 'tis Pluck,
That seizes on the prize, and brings the luck.

BUT summer vacations are soon passed, and the grim tussle of earning one's livelihood by the sweat of one's brow, again met Hector Ormandoff. As if to test the strength of his manly purposes, circumstances seemed to combine to erect obstacles in his pathway. A young lawyer in great London, has an uphill road to travel. Hector had resolved that his mother and sister, in their quiet country home, should know as little as possible of his hard struggles. He had hoped that his father's attorneys, who had received for past services, large sums from the Ormandoff estate, would materially aid him in his chosen profession. But beyond cold advice, they did not appear to consider themselves obligated. It is astonishing how speedily the majority of men feel all obligations cease when fortunes are falling, when the same men interested themselves with pertinacity when family estates were flourishing.

Hector Ormandoff had returned to his bachelor quarters in London, and the party of friends who had spent those pleasant weeks together in his mother's home, were scattered. Aseneith Allen and Eulalie Everard had sailed for America.

Lucille Fielding was still with Antoinette Ormandoff, but the doctor and professor had returned to their respective vocations; while Edgar Lewellyn, finding himself intensely fascinated with Eulalie Everard, determined to visit her native America, and try and win her for his wife.

Hector Ormandoff was forced to acknowledge to himself, that not only the beauty, but the mental superiority, and the noble character of Aseneith Allan had fascinated him more than woman had ever charmed him before. But in his present restricted circumstances, he deemed it unwise to make known to her his deep sentiments of admiring love. Aseneith Allan would not have been daunted by straitened means, or the possibility of personal self-sacrifices; but would rather glory in being able to thus manifest her proud devotion. She admired and respected Hector Ormandoff, the struggling young lawyer; while she would have felt contempt for Hector Ormandoff, the pleasure-seeking, Parisian exquisite. His plain London apartments would have pleased her far better than his luxuriously furnished quarters on the gay boulevard; not that she was not an intense lover of beauty, and beautiful environments; but the unselfish character evinced by the one, would have commanded her esteem; while the indolent habits, and wasted talents represented by the other, would have occasioned her pitying indifference.

Hector Ormandoff had pondered much more over his moral inheritance, than over his lost ancestral estates. The picture of evil revealed by his grandfather's direful diary, had terrified him; and had caused him to observe with shuddering alarm, the evidences in his own nature, of even slight tendencies toward any similarity of character between himself and old Ivan Ormandoff.

As his study of Traducianism, had invested the subject of heredity with such solemn and awful consequences; he blessed God, with deepening thankfulness, that his father's and his own Christian and heroic maternal ancestry, had so far counteracted the ignoble tendencies of inherited evil. But he did not weakly ascribe his own detected faults of character to an ill-fated destiny, nor seek to shirk his individual responsibility regarding his own thoughts and acts. He was sometimes tempted to despair when he realized that he had been overmastered from time to time, by some temptation, when he had supposed himself invulnerable to certain special attacks; but these experiences only strengthened his firm resolve to obtain

the victory in the end, and to become the master of his will, while he deemed it no ignoble bondage, to be the slave of his conscience.

He had not yet fully learned the lesson of spiritual success: That though man possesses free will to choose, yet the Spirit of God, working through the human will, though it does not coerce, does influence toward right choices; for God worketh in man "to will and to do of His good pleasure." "Our grand business is, not to *see* what lies dimly at a distance, but to *do* what lies clearly at hand."

> "Think that day lost whose low descending sun
> Views from thy hand no noble action done!"

Hector Ormandoff was willing to act, and act bravely; but so far as his worldly prospects were concerned, it appeared to be more a matter of waiting, than of acting. This is often the hardest test of character—to wait; and still to work, and do the humble duty nearest to the hand, when seemingly the momentous wellbeing of our future hangs balancing upon the passing moment. This is a crucial test to one of high ambition. But darker experiences than even tired toiling, or weary waiting, confronted Hector Ormandoff.

Few had been his clients as yet, and small their remuneration for arduous labor performed. For the barrister of reputation can demand two hundred pounds, and get it easily, and as a matter of course, for the same legal paper for which the young attorney can only expect to receive twenty pounds.

One day there was a knock at the door of Hector Ormandoff's law office.

"Come in!" cried the young man, expecting a messenger-boy, or his janitor. To his surprise, a lady entered; and to his still greater surprise, he quickly recognized his visitor.

"Why, Mademoiselle Blanche!" he exclaimed, with mixed feelings of annoyance and astonishment. "How came you in London?"

"Madame Whorton, if you please," retorted the lady, laughing, as she carelessly continued: "Yes, I was fool enough to marry Will Whorton, though I am free to confess, his money was his only attraction; but little enough I've seen of his money since that day, and then he must needs take himself off in such an uncomfortable manner, and not a pound have I received from the estate."

"Is Will dead?" asked Hector, gazing with repugnance

upon the faded beauty of the woman he had thought sufficiently charming to fritter away some of his past hours.

"Oh, yes!" replied Madame Whorton, heartlessly. "He tired of life, and ended it with a pistol. Pity he couldn't have taken some less notorious means! It made any amount of talk, and his relations even went so far as to insinuate that I was not free from blame."

Hector recalled with a shudder his last parting with Will Whorton, and his careless prophecy. The presence of his unwelcome visitor was very disagreeable, but he politely asked her what her errand was.

"Well, you see," she said, "I am determined to receive my rightful share of the Whorton estate. As I was informed that you had become a lawyer, I made free to come to you,—to take my case for old acquaintance' sake," she added.

Hector felt his face hot with indignation and shame. Shame, that the folly of his past life should thus beset him; indignation, at the bold heartlessness of the woman. Of course, her claims as Will's wife might be just in the eyes of the law, which does not always take cognizance of the character of the claimant; and as Will had married her, Hector felt somewhat constrained to see that she obtained her wife's dower. Disagreeable as was the prospect before him, after becoming thoroughly convinced that she was legally Will Whorton's wife, he agreed to take her case.

We need not linger over the details of the ensuing lawsuit. Suffice it to say, that Hector was forced to experience many humiliating annoyances as a result of his past unfortunate acquaintance with a woman of her reckless, evil character. But he little imagined the wicked designs of her seemingly plausible renewal of his acquaintanceship. Many times, during those unpleasant weeks he was forced to devote to her legal case, did the noble character of Aseneith Allan rise like a vision of enchanting loveliness before his mind; and with deep humiliation did he deplore that he could ever, even for a moment, have been attracted by so weak, selfish, and ignoble a woman as Blanche Whorton. Will Whorton's fate might, peradventure, have been his own, but for an intervening Providence, which had mercifully overruled his destiny. How he blessed God now for the stings of remorse which had so constantly beset him in his wild career, and for his vigilant conscience which had not allowed him to be utterly reckless in his follies as poor Will had been. He felt sure that his mother's prayers had held

him, even when his mad folly was threatening to wreck his life and his character.

Notwithstanding his present repugnance to Madame Whorton, Hector Ormandoff was faithful to his professional duty, and won the case in her favor, as her claims were legally just. But little he imagined the bitter reward he would receive for his wearying labors!

When the case was decided, Madame Whorton, with many protestations of thanks, sent to Hector Ormandoff the modest sum he had charged for his professional work; and Hector heaved a sigh of relief, as he supposed that this would end his disagreeable encounters with Blanche Whorton.

The day after his reception of his remuneration for his legal services from Madame Whorton, all London was startled by the report of a daring and puzzling bank robbery. Hector read the press accounts with rather idle curiosity, paying no attention to the statement that several of the fifty and twenty pound bills had been privately marked by the bank, and might lead to the discovery of the robbers.

That very day, Hector Ormandoff went to deposit the sum he had received as his fee in the Whorton case, at his usual bank of deposit. Within a few hours after this transaction, Hector was surprised at the sight of officers of the law entering his office, who bluntly informed him that he was under arrest for the recent bank robbery. In vain were his protestations of innocence. He was informed that the bills just deposited by him, had been recognized as some of the marked bills belonging to the robbed bank. Instantly Hector recognized the grave aspect, if not hopelessness, of his case. Blanche Whorton had doubtless been an accomplice to the robbery, and to screen herself, had sent the marked bills to him as his professional remuneration. It would take weary weeks to prove his innocence, even if that were possible under the unfortunate circumstances.

Hector was confronted with the terrible dilemma of accusing a seeming lady, and former acquaintance, with an atrocious crime; (which accusation even might not be accepted as a proof of his own innocence under the circumstances); or silently bearing the hopeless ignominy of so grave a charge, and probably being forced to undergo the unmerited penalty. Considering the reckless character of the woman, he concluded that the silent sacrifice of his own prospects, and of his character as well, in public opinion, was not demanded of him;

but that it was his duty to clear himself, if possible, from the awful and false accusation. His statement regarding the deposited bills was received with much incredulity by the defrauded bank authorities; but they agreed to allow him his liberty, under heavy bail, until the case should be fully examined. As Hector had made warm friends by his manly efforts since his failing fortunes, several of them offered him the required means, which under the circumstances, he was forced reluctantly to accept.

Weary weeks now followed in harassing waiting, watching, and working. Blanche Whorton had disappeared from London, and for a time, no trace of her could be found. Bitter was the fruit that Hector Ormandoff was now forced to gather from his past folly. Though his acquaintance with Blanche in Paris had gone no further than his merely being Will's companion, on a few occasions when Will was flirting with the pretty, but unprincipled Blanche; as "evil communications corrupt good manners," so evil associations, though encountered only for a time, will write their indelible record in a life's history. Though his present circumstances were occasioned by events beyond his control, had Hector never made the acquaintance of Blanche in Paris, the probabilities were that she would not have chanced to light upon him as her victim in London, had he been an entire stranger to her.

For a time, he succeeded in keeping the harrowing news of his terrible grief from his mother and sister; but bad news always travels quickly, and soon the rumor of his seeming disgrace reached them. Brave Antoinette immediately wrote:

"Don't be discouraged, Hector, dear! Don't think for an instant that I entertain a suspicion that you could have committed any act which was ignoble, to say nothing of such an absurd idea, as your being guilty of crime. Your complete innocence will surely be fully proved."

And his heroic mother wrote:

"May the Lord defend you, my precious son! Your mother thinks only proud and loving thoughts of you. You could not be your father's son, nor the grandson of your grandfather Carisbrook, and be guilty of aught that would make your mother blush. The Lord will vindicate you!"

"Bless God, for my moral inheritance!" murmured poor Hector, as he read these letters with streaming eyes and comforted heart. "When my mother and sister believe so implicitly in me, I can stand the false impressions of public opinion."

Crucial was this trial, to such a high-spirited man as Hector Ormandoff; for never, in the midst of his youthful follies, had he committed any deed which was dishonest or contemptible. Casual acquaintances now turned the cold shoulder to him, giving him open snubbing, or cutting sarcasm. A few tried friends stood bravely by the side of the tortured young man, and declared that in spite of appearances, they believed in him.

Added to all this woe, was the despairing thought that now his bright dream regarding Aseneith Allan, had forever vanished. Unless his good name could be completely vindicated, all thoughts of her must be banished. And even should his innocence be proved, this cloud of suspicion which had rested upon him, might forever separate them from each other.

Telegraphs, and Atlantic cables, quickly furnish London news to all parts of the world; and Aseneith Allan read one day, with blanched face, in Niagara's daily paper, the account of the robbery of the London bank. No item was omitted which could add to the sensation of the narrative, and Hector Ormandoff's name was branded with the terrible accusation.

Aseneith Allan's dark eyes blazed, as her great-grandmother's had blazed in Revolutionary times. Though her cheeks were pale, her eyes were defiant of all the world's false opinions. Although she had corresponded with Antoinette, she resolved to allow no second person to convey her message of allegiance. So she wrote to Hector three thrilling lines:

"I would swear to your innocence, my friend! It would be simply impossible for you to commit such a deed. Though the whole world should declare it to be a fact, I would continue forever to pronounce such an accusation, a base lie. With the most implicit confidence in the complete integrity of your character, I shall always remain your friend!"

So this brave message of the heroic girl was wafted across the wide ocean, and carried its holy balm of healing to the bruised and bleeding heart of the afflicted Hector.

More heroic was this implicit faith in another, than even Margery Warren had displayed, when she followed her wounded lover out into the lonely wilderness, and with her own lips, sucked from his wound the poison which threatened to destroy his life. Ah, more bitter is the poison of false accusation!—more keen is the sting of unmerited disgrace and reproach, winging death to the heart, than any barbed arrow piercing the quivering flesh!

Why had such a tormenting trial come to him? He could

more easily have faced a battery of loaded cannon on a battle-field, enthused with patriotic fervor, and feeling that death would be welcome, if it met him performing some heroic action. He could have more bravely endured a Christian martyr's fate, exalted with the glorious ardor of dying for a holy cause. But braving unmerited ignominy, and false accusation, for such an ignoble cause as a supposed motive of criminal dishonesty; to calmly wait and watch his good name, which he valued far more than life, being hourly bespattered with foul accusations of base crimes, from which his soul shrank with unutterable horror; to be classed with criminals and rogues, when his lofty ambition had always been to climb to heights of honor and distinction; was indeed far worse than death. Had he been a moral coward, he would have been sorely tempted to end this terrible trouble by suicide. But his faith in God, and his mother's words, gave him strength to fight the demon of despair.

Still his soul wailed forth the maddening question, Why?—Was this the necessary retribution consequent upon his past weakness in yielding, even for a short time, to the evil in his nature? Was such a crucial experience necessary to convince him that "the wages of sin is death"? That the way of even the slight "transgressor is hard"? That a holy God demands holiness in human lives? That a deed once done, forever leaves its impress on a life? That youthful follies will arise as spectres in one's pathway, even though they may not become demons of evil to grapple and destroy the character?

> "Where lives the man that has not tried,
> How mirth can into folly glide,
> And folly into sin?"

At length the case came to trial. No trace had been found of Blanche Whorton. Through the efforts of friends, Hector was acquitted. But his innocence was not proved, for the criminal was not discovered; and in the eyes of many, there yet rested a shadow on his name.

Still his loyal mother declared: "The Lord will vindicate you yet, my son! Take courage!"

And then came another blow. Just when Hector needed most the encouragement of this Christian mother, death smote her down. Her last words to her anguished son were: "Trust God! All will yet be well!"

Above that open grave, Hector moaned forth a still more despairing. "*Why?*"—

EARTH'S WHYS?—HEAVEN'S WHEREFORES!

Why?—is the dirge of earth's ceaseless wail,
Centuries old, in its deathless woe!
As piercing to-day, in its anguished tale,
As when Egypt's first-born was smitten low.

Why?—cries the mother with empty arms;
Why?—moans the young widow beside her dead;
Why?—sob the children, whom no mother calms;
Why?—gasp the aged, with grief-bowed head.

From every land comes this human wail;—
Why are *these* taken, while others are left?
Why do all efforts to save them fail?
Why must our hearts of all joy be bereft?

Why?—is earth's question; unanswered here;
But beyond the vail which limits our sight;
Heaven's Wherefores!—in letters of love appear;
And Paradise proves that God's way was right.

Again came a message over the sea to these stricken ones. Aseneith Allan wrote this time to Antoinette Ormandoff: "Will you not bless me by coming to me and giving me the coveted joy of claiming a sister?"

As London was now unbearable to Hector, where he still met the cold glances of many who looked upon the injured young man as disgraced, he had determined to make a new home for himself and sister in America. As this kind invitation of Aseneith's would avoid the dreaded trial of putting the wide ocean between himself and his now doubly prized sister, he advised Antoinette to accept for a time the hospitality of this kind friend, until he should have secured for them both a home in some city of what should in future be their adopted country. As Antoinette would, in no manner, be in the least dependent financially upon Aseneith; for Hector refused to accept one pound of the sum resulting from the sale of their English home, and as the modest income, which of late years had comfortably supported Mrs. Ormandoff and Antoinette, would still continue to be received from certain permanent investments;

which income, Hector insisted should be entirely turned over to his sister; he felt that Antoinette would in no wise be a burden to Aseneith Allan, but would find sympathy and company in her loneliness and sorrow with this constant friend.

Like the sunshine in the summer, breaking through the morning mist;
Like the fragrance of the roses, which the glowing rays have kissed;
Like the whiteness of the lilies, free from taiut of selfish pride;
Like the blue of summer heavens, where God's truth and love abide;
Like the deepest ocean currents, pulsing with a blissful rest;
Like the low notes of the organ, thrilling tones of all the best;
Like the soft touch of the zephyrs, cooling fevered heart and brow;
Like the warbling of sweet songsters, swinging on the blossoming bough;
Like the shining of bright star-gleams, breaking through the midnight sky;
Like the glowing sun at noon-day, sailing through the heavens high;
Like the minist'ring hand of bounty, stretched forth for a smitten soul;
Like health pulsing through the veinlets, making suffering mortals whole;
Like all nature's constant blessings, lavished freely, without end,
So do weary spirits, care-tossed, find soul-rest in a true friend.

Their preparations were soon completed, and Hector and Antoinette sailed for America, shedding many tears of regret that they were forced to leave their beloved mother's grave behind them.

"Then to the grave I turned me to see what therein lay;
'Twas the garment of the Christian, worn out and thown away.
That once was mine; it is not *I!*"

and yet we bend with loving tenderness over the sacred spot where rest the cold, still forms of those beloved by us in life; and though we know full well their souls are basking in the effulgent light of Paradise, that little mound of earth is eloquent with hallowed memories.

As Antoinette and Hector knelt beside that grave for the last time, Antoinette murmured, while a faint and chastened smile was shining through her tears:

"I never can associate such a woman as our mother with thoughts of death. I always find myself thinking of Easter morning, and sunshine, and flowers; for her life was so infused with sympathetic vitality, and enthused with mental and

spiritual aspirations, and crowned with a halo of holy thoughts, and ennobled and sanctified by Christly deeds!"

* * * * * * *

Having landed in America, Hector left Antoinette in the loving care of Aseneith Allan, and turned his face toward the growing West; comforted by the warm welcome he had received, from the noble girl whom he loved more deeply than ever before; but from whom he seemed forever separated, by the sad circumstances still clouding his life.

"Trust God! All will yet be well!" was echoed again and again by his memory, and seemed a whispered benediction from the spirit of his beloved mother; and roused his fainting heart to new courage, and nerved his soul to fresh efforts in the stern and disheartening battle of life.

CHAPTER XI.

THE morning train on the Denver & Rio Grande railroad was sweeping southward through the Monument Valley, on the south side of what is known as the Colorado Divide. Balanced, as it were, on the summit of the range at one point, at an altitude of 7,208 feet, is a little lake dividing its waters equally between the Arkansas and the Platte rivers. Near at hand, is the "Wing of the Devil's Kitchen," with its magnificent natural archway. Descending the valley, one beholds numbers of colossal white sandstone rocks, entirely isolated, and sometimes reaching a height of over two hundred feet; and as they are composed of layers of irregular depositions, they are weathered into horizontal lines, and strange, fantastic forms; giving them, at a distance, quite a castellated appearance.

The foot-hills of the grand old Rockies, seem within pleasant walking distance, as the eye sweeps over the intervening plain, and gazes upon the high hills covered with verdure; and then up to the mountain-sides, bleak, and bare, and bluish-grey in tone; up higher still, to the majestic peaks of purple-tinted granite; rugged, fantastic, imperial, crowned with glistening diadems of everlasting snow. And when the tourist is informed that even those green foot-hills, are many miles away, and that the eye takes a sweep of country, of plain, and hill, and mountain-peaks, of several hundred miles; spread out like a vast panorama of ever-changing views of matchless beauty, and awesome grandeur; the mind begins to comprehend the majestic sublimity of the Rocky Mountains.

Within one of the Pullman cars, a gentleman was seated near a window. As the train stopped at a small station, the door of the car was opened, and a traveler entered. Just at this moment, the gentleman seated by the window, turned his head away from the fascinating view upon which he had been gazing with evident enjoyment and appreciation; and glancing at the stranger, they both involuntarily started; then, as the gentleman sprang from his seat, with a smile of recognition, the tourist exclaimed:

"Why, Doc., old fellow, of all things to meet you here!"

"Not any stranger than to behold you drop from the very clouds, Hector! Where are you bound for?"

"To Manitou, and Pike's Peak; and you, Doc?"

"Oh, I am pursuing my customary way to my summer residence in Glen Eyrie," replied Dr. Egbert Wentworth.

"Well, of all things! living in the Rockies?" cried Hector Ormandoff.

"Yes, living in the Rockies, at least part of the year; and now that I have found you, I shall carry you off to my glen."

The train started, and the two old friends sat down to continue their conversation.

"Well, Doc., when we were chums at Oxford, I thought that you intended to settle down into the life of a humdrum practising physician in your native America; catching occasional glimpses of the world, in hasty visits to London; and ministering to so many poor people, and out of the kindness of your generous heart, giving them so much of your professional skill, gratis, that you would always have but a poor devil's sort of life. But you are surely one of fortune's favorites, Doc.! First, your affectionate maiden aunt took a fancy to you, because you had successfully prescribed for her sick cat, and she leaves you a snug little fortune; and next, I meet you at Capri, lazily sailing away your time and money, on the waters of the Bay of Naples. Say, Doc., do you remember the Blue Grotto?"

"Yes, Hector, I have truly good cause to remember that place, since you very nearly lost your life there by your venturesome curiosity."

"Oh, yes, when I went on an exploring expedition over those underground waters, on my own account. I shall never forget your white face, when I came upon you and the guide, peering into all the dark recesses, expecting to find an upturned boat, and a body minus."

"Those were lazy days, indeed, Hector! And strangely enough, my thoughts were 'sailing the Vesuvian Bay,' as I gazed upon these distant mountain-peaks. Perhaps I felt your presence by intuition, and I found myself repeating those lines:

"'Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'er looking the volcanic lands.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles!
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright estates. "

"As fond of poetry as ever, Doc.! A poet and physician combined! Strange anomaly of nature! Science and the Muses clasping hands over the abysmal chasm of grim facts! But tell me, Doc., do you remember the fair lady of the wonderful Blue Grotto? I have so often wondered what became of her. I have peered into numberless fair faces, during my wandering life, with the faint hope that I detected some familiar outline of figure or profile—but in vain. My search has proved utterly hopeless. But why do you smile, Doc., in that quizzical fashion? Are you astounded at discovering this faint suspicion of romance in my most matter-of-fact composition?"

"Not at all, Hector. But here we are at the station where my carriage waits for me."

As the two gentlemen left the train, Dr. Egbert Wentworth escorted his friend, Mr. Hector Ormandoff, to a handsome carriage drawn by two superb black horses. But a slight shade of disappointment passed over the face of the doctor, as he observed the empty carriage; and turning to the coachman, he said:

"Why did not Mrs. Wentworth come with you?"

"She bid me tell you, sir, that she was very sorry; but that unexpected company from the Springs, prevented her riding to the station to meet you."

"All right, George, drive on!" said the doctor, and he again turned to his friend to point out the various interesting features of the wonderful landscape through which they were now passing.

We cannot linger to describe minutely this weirdly beautiful region. Few spots on earth are so fantastic and so fascinating as this Monument Valley of Colorado, in which are to be found those famous places, Glen Eyrie, Manitou Springs, William's Cañon, Rainbow Falls, and the Garden of the Gods. In the midst of green plains, and rolling meadows; here, tinted with emerald hues; there, yellow with golden grain; surrounded by pine-clad mountains, and towering snow-capped peaks, piercing the sun-gilded clouds; and in the far distance, outlining their pinnacled spires against a sky of such clear azure, as almost to

dazzle the beholder; until the eyes are again cast down, to watch the changing play of light and shadow on the wide sweeping plains around.

Then, as we approach nearer to the Rocky Range, and enter the region of strange rock formations, which in different localities are known as Monument Park, Glen Eyrie, and the Garden of the Gods; we are constantly confronted by some new glimpse of these curiously eroded sandstone rocks, which tower from one hundred to three hundred feet above the roadway; sculptured by a peculiar process of weathering, into most marvelous and fantastic forms.

Here is a great wall of bright red sandstone, three hundred feet high; the north end of which, with its towers and pinnacles, strikingly resembles a cathedral. Through the centre of this wall is a huge gateway, two hundred feet wide, leading to the Garden of the Gods. Here are isolated masses of rock, of the same prevailing character; broken, and thrown into endless varieties of form and outline. Far in the distance, the purple mountains form the horizon; while around you, rise vast columns of bare rocks; some red, some brown, others cream color, or of a peach-bloom shade; in all fantastic shapes, as though partly carved by some titanic sculptor, and left unfinished through some grim freak.

Passing through this famous spot, which caused Hector to exclaim again and again, in surprised delight at its surpassing fascination, Dr. Wentworth and Hector Ormandoff entered the picturesque gorge in the Rockies known as Glen Eyrie. Here Dr. Wentworth had erected a quaint and inviting villa, at the foot of a huge red rock, which towered like a guardian sentinel, one hundred feet above it.

As the carriage approached the gorge, Hector exclaimed in delight: "What a curious and picturesque gateway!"

This gateway was made of large pine knots, just as they were cut from the trees. The bark was peeled from the knots, and they were twisted together in a most grotesque manner. Having passed this unique portal, and a pretty porter's lodge, the road wound through young oak groves, and over rustic bridges, spanning dashing mountain rivulets; then through narrow gorges, lined with broken rocks on either side, so varied and so rich in coloring, that it would require all the tints of an artist's palette to reproduce their strange and pleasing hues.

Perhaps nowhere else can so great a variety, and such bril,

liant tones of rock-color, be found, as in this famous district of Colorado.

Hector cried enthusiastically: "You dear old Doc.! Fortune has again displayed her partiality for you, by bringing you to such a paradise of beauty and grandeur!"

But they had now arrived at the picturesque villa, so cosily snuggled amidst the rugged recesses of the Rockies. As they alighted from the carriage, a lady stood at the open doorway to receive them; and as Hector glanced toward her, his habitual indifferent politeness of expression in the presence of women changed to startled surprise, as he grasped Dr. Wentworth's arm, whispering: "The lady of the Blue Grotto! Jupiter, Doc.! What next?"

But no more questions could be asked or answered then. Dr. Wentworth, approaching the lady with a beaming smile of proud admiration, presented his friend to her, saying: "My wife, Mr. Hector Ormandoff," adding: "You remember, dear, my old Oxford chum of whom I have so often spoken?"

With rare grace and queenly courtesy, Mrs. Wentworth said: "Any friend of my husband is always welcome; but such a dear and old friend is more like a brother than a stranger. Permit me to welcome you most cordially to Glen Eyrie, which I hope you will make your familiar home."

Then turning to the doctor, with an expression of thrilling appreciation, she said: "I was sincerely sorry to seem inattentive to you, dearest, but unexpected guests prevented my usual welcome to you. The Irvings from New York, drove over this morning from Manitou Springs."

Mutual introductions amongst the guests, and a gay impromtu lunch party, now occupied the attention of both host and hostess; and Hector was forced to abide his time, and observe with ceaseless interest, the many graces, and fascination of face and voice of this mysterious lady, of whom he had so often mused; and whom he now so strangely met again, as the wife of his old college chum.

His former glimpse of her had made a lasting impression upon him. It had happened in this manner: Dr. Egbert Wentworth and he had been spending some weeks in the charming vicinity of the Bay of Naples. During the previous years, since their college life, they had been separated by the rolling Atlantic; but at the time of this memorable event, Dr. Wentworth—having received a legacy from an aunt, which thus made a lengthened vacation from his arduous profession

possible—had accompanied Hector upon one of his frequent trips to the Continent, which Hector was accustomed to make, before his reverses of fortune. While at Naples, they visited the lovely island of Capri. In this island is the famous Blue Grotto; that remarkable spot where the tourist, while sailing along the shore of the bay, comes to a cliff, which at a little distance seems inaccessible; but as one draws nearer, an unexpected opening in the rocky wall offers an enticing retreat. Sailing within, one finds himself in a sort of arched vault, of unknown size; and gliding with noiseless oar through avenues of rough colonnades, as though in some underground reservoir, one is strangely fascinated with the peculiar blue tint of both air and water, giving to this weird spot the appropriate name of the Blue Grotto.

It was in this romantic place, as Dr. Wentworth and Hector Ormandoff, with their guide, were rowing slowly along, trying to read some of the secrets of this mysterious freak of nature; they perceived coming toward them, another boat, containing three persons, likewise; a gentleman and lady, accompanied by a guide. The gentleman was noticeable for his dark olive complexion, and mephistophelian expression of countenance; but the lady, once seen, would never be forgotten.

Evidently an American; betokened by that nameless characteristic of form and feature, which is always felt, though so seldom and so imperfectly described. German and English girls may be blondes; French, Spanish and Italians may present very perfect types of artistic brunettes; but American beauties, whether blonde, or brunette, possess a charm all their own, which no foreign belle can claim. It is a spirituelle expression, betokening the rarely organized spirit within looking through the soulful eyes, and lighting up their unfathomable depths with an electric flash of intelligent and magnetic appeal, or quick responsive appreciation; and making even the blue-veined, delicate white skin of face, or fair rounded arm, instinct with a vital beauty far above mere fleshly loveliness.

Not only the rare beauty of this unknown lady, but the startling contrast between the exalted and ethereal expression of her face, and the cunning, diabolical look on the countenance of the man beside her, arrested one's attention. What strange destiny had thrown them together?

As the two boats glided slowly past each other, Dr. Wentworth accidentally caught the eye of the beautiful lady; and

was startled by the look of hopeless, sorrowful appealing, which her almost unconscious glance revealed.

Just at that moment, her companion said something to her in a whisper; and cast upon her such a demoniacal look of evil intent and conscious power, as might be detected in the cruel and glittering eye of the serpent, that holds its helpless victim spellbound by its ominous, but irresistible power. This one glimpse of the lady of the Blue Grotto, had never been effaced from the memory of Hector; and he could scarcely restrain his impatience to learn her subsequent history from his old chum.

No fairy tale, nor marvelous story from the Arabian Nights, could present a more surprising mystery. As much as politeness would permit, he watched with keenest interest the manner and faces of his host and hostess. Dr. Wentworth evinced in every look and motion, his adoring affection for his beautiful wife; and when her face was turned to his, in answer to some question, the flash of light and love, which illumined her soulful eyes as they gazed into his for a moment; and the glowing radiance of her smile, and the entrancing cadences of her musical voice, as she replied to him; revealed to Hector a depth of affection which few women are capable of experiencing. He, of course, discovered in the light of the past, a hidden romance which none of their casual acquaintances had suspected. Never had a lunch party seemed so interminable to Hector; and like many lunches, it might have been called dinner, or even supper, as regards the time of day. For the sun was already setting with royal splendor behind the mountain-tops, turning their snow-capped peaks to golden turrets; and tinting the clouds, enshrouding their bleak sides, with rainbow hues; when the guests from the Springs departed, and Mrs. Wentworth, with a loving smile to her husband, excused herself to dress for their late dinner.

Scarcely had she vanished, before Hector exclaimed: "Well, Doc., such tortures as I have endured from my unsatisfied curiosity! How in the name of Saturn, did you become the husband of our mysterious lady of the Grotto?"

"It is a long and strange story, Hector, but it will have to wait till after dinner; when we will stroll through the gorge in the moonlight, and I will disclose this marvelous experience to you. But is she not regally beautiful, this superb wife of mine, Hector?"

"Ah, a lover yet, I see! Well, old fellow, I'm not so much

surprised, since I have noticed the expression of her face when she looks at you. Why, man, that woman fairly worships the ground you walk on! Of all the fortunate fellows, Doc.! How did you win her? But say, Doc., old fellow, how comes it that you have grown gray so fast?"

"Ah, that is part of the price I paid for my treasure, Hector! But oh, I would give life itself for her dear sake, if she needed the sacrifice! Ah, here comes my queen!"

Dr. Wentworth and Hector Ormandoff, having meanwhile dressed for dinner, had descended to the drawing-room. Mrs. Wentworth, attired in elegant dinner costume—for she always honored her husband by this attention—now approached them, and laid her small shapely hand upon her husband's shoulder with a fond touch, which he did not fail to reciprocate; for he caught the dimpled fingers and pressed them to his lips, saying:

"Is dinner ready, pet?"

"Yes, Egbert!" Then turning to Hector, she remarked: "Are not our old Rockies worth a long journey, Mr. Ormandoff? Do you wonder that Dr. Wentworth and I have selected this spot for a summer villa? I have spent many years abroad, but nowhere else, with the exception of one view in the Alps, have I found as varied and sublime scenery as I have beheld at different points in the Rocky Range. But then, as America is my native land, perhaps I am partial."

As the gentlemen, who had both risen from their seats at the approach of Mrs. Wentworth, now turned to accompany her to the dining-room, Hector whispered to the doctor:

"Then I was right when I insisted that the lady of the Grotto was an American!"

Notwithstanding the many fascinations of the beautiful hostess, Hector Ormandoff inwardly rejoiced, when Dr. Wentworth said to his wife, after dinner:

"If you will excuse us, Elma, we will stroll through the gorge. Mr. Ormandoff wishes to see it by moonlight. We will not be gone long, dearest!"

"I would accompany you," replied Mrs. Wentworth, "but as I am a little weary, I will rest on the veranda."

Dr. Wentworth excused himself for a moment, and came back bringing a light wrap, which he lovingly folded around the graceful shoulders of his wife, saying in low and thrilling tones:

"You remember I am your doctor, sweet wife! The evening air will be chilly."

What a sudden glance of unfathomable love, rewarded his tender care! It was as though her very soul shone through her dark blue eyes, as she softly answered, with quivering lip:

"I shall always rejoice to remember that you are my doctor, as well as my husband!" Then laughingly she turned to Hector, remarking:

"Oh! you cannot imagine what a terrible doctor he is!" Then proudly she added: "Or how mighty to save!—when you trust him!"

Fearing that this mysterious lady of the Blue Grotto, would so entrance her lover-husband, that the secret would still longer remain unsolved, Hector replied:

"Indeed, fair lady, I can vouch for the terrible character of this austere doctor; but he promised to show me your lovely glen by moonlight, and I am in haste to behold its weird charms."

"Don't stay out too long in the night air, Elma, if Mr. Ormandoff and I should stroll as far as the Falls."

"Don't be anxious about me, Egbert, dear! I am safe, you know!"

"Yes, *safe!*—thank God!" replied the doctor, gazing into her large lustrous eyes as though he could not bear to leave her even for so short a time. And with a chivalrous gallantry, as graceful as it was courteous, he raised her hand to his lips; and softly stroked with a gentle caress, her beautiful head crowned with its glowing puffs of silken, amber-shaded hair; then waved a good-bye, and joined Hector Ormandoff who had descended the veranda steps.

"I wonder if Egbert is thinking of Florence to-night! He always looks at me in that way, when he remembers that time," murmured the beautiful lady to herself, as the gentlemen passed from her sight over the rustic bridge into the oak grove.

"Oh, my King! My Deliverer!—My whole life can searcely reward your past love! Mighty to save!—Yes, indeed! From a very perdition of sorrow and horror and woe; —raised to a heaven of love, and peace, and rapturous bliss by his side! Ah! even now, the terrors of death—worse than death—creep over me as I remember that time! But no! I will dream only of him whom I love as my life!"

And the radiant woman rose from her seat on the veranda, and passed within the wide open window of the elegant par-

lor; and seating herself on a blue satin lounge, she drew toward her a harp; and sweeping the strings with her white tapering fingers, she gave herself up to a dreamy reverie in music; and the light in her eyes, and the smile on her lips, revealed the secret of whom she was dreaming.

Meanwhile, Dr. Wentworth and Hector Ormandoff were slowly strolling through that romantic gorge; weirdly beautiful in the light of the full moon, which silvered the peaks of the distant mountains, and flooded the valley with a soft shimmering radiance, till one seemed to have entered the mystic portals of fairy-land.

Dr. Wentworth had been strangely silent, and his face had become drawn as with pain; so that Hector started toward him, exclaiming:

"Why, Doc., are you ill? What ails you, old fellow?"

"No, nothing; but a memory haunts me, Hector! My story has much of sorrow and anguish in it. But, thank God! it is passed from us forever, and my dear one is safe! Oh, Hector! If you knew what I felt when I said she was *safe!* But I will tell you her history.

"After we had seen our lady in the Blue Grotto, you remember, you went back to Paris, and I went to Florence, where I remained for some time. After I had visited you at your mother's home in England, with the charming party of friends I met there, I should, perchance, have become fascinated in time, with Miss Lucille Fielding; whom, you remember, was allotted to me, in that pleasing party of friends, and whom I had found a delightful young lady. But I then returned to Florence, and met there my destiny.

"In accordance with my usual habit of visiting the hospitals and asylums, that I might gain increased skill in my chosen profession; I went to the outskirts of Florence, where I had been informed there was an asylum for the insane. Those in charge of the institution received me with courtesy, and as a physician I was allowed freely to pass through the wards.

"As we entered one ward, the doctor who escorted me, remarked: 'We have one patient who puzzles us greatly. She is young and very beautiful. She is an Italian countess. Count Benoni, her husband, declares she is insane; but aside from her strange manner in his presence, I cannot discover anything amiss in the lady's mind or conversation. We allow her the full liberty of the house and grounds; but as the

count's orders are peremptory that we constantly watch her, she is never left alone night or day.—Ah! I see she is not in this ward,' continued the doctor. 'No doubt she is out on the lawn with her attendant. I would like to have you study her case. Though she is an Italian countess, they say she is an American. One would know that she was a foreigner by her accent, though she speaks good Italian, and her voice is like music.'

"I followed the Italian doctor into the garden," continued Dr. Wentworth, "feeling some curiosity to behold this fair patient. We entered a small orange grove, and seated under one of the trees, I beheld with startled wonder, our lady of the Blue Grotto. As we approached, she raised her eyes with an expression of fear; then seeing me, a look of recognition flashed over her face, as the doctor said:

"'Here is an American gentleman who wishes to see the grounds and the orange groves.'

"'Ah, you are an American?' she said. Then as the doctor stepped aside to speak to her attendant maid, she half rose from her seat; and as I quickly stepped nearer, a look of horror and pitiful anguish distorted her beautiful face, as she whispered: 'I am not mad! Help me! Count Benoni imprisons me here and says I am mad, and these doctors believe him! Oh, for the love of God! will you help me? Can you help me?—Take care!' she added, under her breath; 'my jailors are coming. Don't betray me!'

"Help her I would! I had never forgotten the beautiful lady of the Blue Grotto; and oh, horrors! I had never forgotten the diabolical face of the man who accompanied her. Instantly I divined the truth. That man was her husband. She, an American! How had it happened? I knew not. He—the devil incarnate!—declared she was mad, and for some fiendish purpose had imprisoned her here. But what could I do? It would be no easy task to rescue her from the terrible dangers which surrounded her. Then and there, I vowed to devote my time and my skill to save her if possible. From what I knew not;—but I could imagine enough of the terrible tortures which she suffered if she were not insane;—and of that I was convinced, as by a heaven-sent intuition. My unspeakable wonder was only that she had not become a raving maniac, instead of remaining the gentle lady on whose angelic face was written only unutterable woe.

"As her jailers approached, I whispered: 'If human aid

can help you, trust me, I will do so! I am a doctor also, and so can manage to see you.'

"As I announced the fact that I was a doctor, a look of distrust passed over her face. But as though some angel had whispered a message of hope, the look vanished; and with a faint smile, which drove for an instant the woe from her beautiful face, she murmured: 'I knew God had sent you to help me! I will trust you forever!'

"Now the asylum physician approached us, and as I rejoined him, he said: 'Well, what do you think of our countess?'

"'She is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen,' I answered.

"'Is she an American?" he asked.

"'I think so, but I did not ask her,' I said. 'If you will allow me, as a physician, I would like to study her case.'

"'I should be glad to have you do so. Count Benoni declares she is insane; and of course it is for our interest to think so, as he pays well for her keeping, and is very solicitous regarding her health. But aside from her conduct when he visits her; when she becomes almost frenzied with fear, or horror, or anger, or anguish—or else scornfully silent;—I notice nothing in word or manner that would denote any unsoundness of mind.'

"Being sure that I had seen Count Benoni, and easily imagining what such a man could make any woman suffer who found herself hopelessly in his power; I did not share the doctor's surprise that his mephistophelian face, and dreaded presence, should so effect her.

"I cannot enter into all the details of my efforts on her behalf, Hector. Being allowed conversation with her in my professional capacity, I soon learned her history.

"Our lady of the Blue Grotto, then Countess Benoni, was an American. Her father, Mr. Waldemar, a man of large wealth, had traveled much with Elma, as she was his only child, and motherless. Residing for some time in Florence, they had made the acquaintance of Count Benoni, an Italian of noble birth, but most worthlsss character. With the cunning of many men of his stamp, and with the advantages of his birth and position, he lavished attentions upon her father and herself, and succeeded in winning her father's favor. As for herself, an instinctive repulsion warned her against him. But as his home and friends introduced them into a gay circle of titled ladies and gentlemen, she was gradually induced to join

in their gayeties, always under the escort of her devoted father. Then her father was taken suddenly ill. Count Benoni was so constant in his attentions to her sick father, that she lost somewhat of her intense repugnance for him. Her father was apparently suffering from a stroke of paralysis, which, though it deprived him of speech, did not make him entirely unconscious.

"One day, Elma discovered in her father's room, a letter addressed to herself; in which it was stated, that her father had by some means unexplained, become involved in some trouble, from which only the count could deliver him; and begging her to accept the count, who had already sued for her hand, as her husband; as the only means of saving her father from disgrace, and perhaps death; this being the only condition, upon which the count would use his influence in his behalf.

"Elma would have thought this letter a forgery, were it not for the fact that it was written upon paper marked with her father's monogram, and signed with his name, and dated the morning of the fatal day on which he had been prostrated by the paralytic stroke.

"Elma was overwhelmed with horror; but the sight of her helpless father, and the thought that if the statements in the letter could possibly be true, how ungrateful she must appear to her loved father; and the hope that if his supposed wish was gratified, he might be restored to health; at last overcame her own will, and forced her to this terrible self-sacrifice.

"So when the count spoke to her upon the subject, and renewed his protestations of love for her, and his devotion to her father, and his promise to help him out of the great trouble; which, the count declared, was the cause of his sudden illness; but which, out of kindness to her, and loyalty to her father, he would not explain; she at last gave an unwilling consent to become his wife.

"It seemed hardly appropriate to have the ceremony performed while her father lay so sick, but the count persisted in declaring that this was the most speedy remedy to restore his health; and assured her that when she should announce her marriage to her father, he had strong hopes that he might as suddenly regain his speech as he had lost it. As Elma had heard of such cases, in which sudden joy overcame the weakness of one suffering from partial paralysis; it seemed unfilial

to urge her personal wishes, if she could thus insure her father's recovery, or add to his peace of mind.

"She sometimes thought of speaking to her father of the matter, but the count urged that any allusion to his hidden trouble might prove fatal to him. Under these hopeless circumstances, Elma determined to sacrifice herself to her father's supposed wish. As she would not consent to leave his bedside, even for an hour, the count brought his sister and brother as witnesses, and a priest to perform the marriage ceremony. So poor, frightened, perplexed, friendless Elma, was hurried to her awful doom.

"As soon as the ceremony was over, Elma hastened to her father's side; and hoping to see his dim eyes light up with joy, she cried: 'Dear father, I have obeyed your wish. Count Benoni is my husband!'

"Elma says that amidst all her after sorrows, she never forgot the horror which she now beheld upon her dying father's face, as his dull ears at last heard her awful words. Instead of his expected recovery, his eyes glared even through the films of gathering death, with ghastly anguish; and trying in vain to articulate some words, the meaning of which his face only too well revealed, he gasped and died. Turning with horror to the count, and crying: 'You have deceived me! You have killed my father!' Elma fell upon the corpse, and remembers nothing more until she wakened weeks afterwards, to find herself in the house of the count, surrounded by his relations, who acted as spies upon her every word and action.

"By her father's will, which the count had discovered in her father's room; and which, as her husband, he assumed the right to secure; all of her father's large property was left to her, as long as she lived; and if she died without children, it was to go to his widowed sister. When she saw the will, and heard no more about her father's supposed disgrace, she became convinced that the count had forged the letter purporting to have been written to her by her father, and had married her only to secure the use of her fortune.

"Then came more personal cruelties. The count soon threw off his mask of kindness, and officious care, with the partial restoration of her hearth. Though to her, death would have seemed most welcome; youth, and a strong constitution, would not permit her to go down into the longed-for grave. When we met her in the Blue Grotto, about a year had passed since her father's death. We noticed, you remember, that she

wore black; and as the doctors had recommended change of air, the count had accompanied her to Naples. At that time she was being subjected to new tortures.

"She told me when I first met her in the asylum, that she was sure, if the will had been differently worded, the count would have poisoned her, or stabbed her to death. But as he could have the use of her fortune only during her lifetime, it was for his interest to see that her health did not suffer.

"Then was laid a new scheme to get rid of her in some manner, so that the count could indulge in all his favorite dissipations; for she had threatened to kill herself, if he brought any of his evil associates into her presence, and her death meant the loss of her wealth to him. Gladly would she have paid the whole of her fortune for her freedom; but all such pleadings were in vain. Only as her husband, could he obtain the use of her large income, which she dutifully handed over to him as soon as received from the executors of her father's estates. When she threatened to write to her American friends, and take legal measures to secure her divorce from him; he swore he would blast her fair reputation forever, and swear to the vilest of lies regarding her conduct in Italy, and use his relations as witnesses. She was friendless, alone, in a den of human fiends, thirsting only for her gold; with spies over all her actions, and every letter which she penned, subjected to the eyes of the count, or his equally cruel sister.

"Outwardly treated with marked respect, in the eyes of the world; the beautiful, heart-broken countess, was looked upon as one to be envied; and former schoolmates in America, proudly talked of their old friend, now the lovely Countess Benoni.

"At last, her intense horror at the very sight of the count, aroused his fiendish fury; and throwing off all masks, he declared that he had married her only for her money; that the letter, by means of which he obtained her, was forged; and as all that he wished of her was her fortune, if that cursed will had not made her life necessary to him, he would have killed her. Then, with an expression of face worthy of the arch-fiend himself, he declared that now he would shut her up for life in an insane asylum; and take good care, too, that she did not make away with herself; so, at last, he would be able to enjoy her money, and be rid of her also.

"'Was there no one to save her? Not one of all the pitying angels in heaven? Not one bolt of God to strike him

dead there before her?' Overwhelmed by these horrible threats, Elma fainted; and when she came again to herself, the prison walls of the insane asylum were closed upon her, and all her attendants looked upon her as a mad woman; and even expressed in her presence, their sympathy for the poor count, who was so particular about her comfort, and promised to pay so well for constant attendance; which was so faithfully performed, that she was not allowed to be alone one instant, either night or day; until I commanded, as her physician, that she should be given certain hours of freedom from such close restraint.

"As I listened to her tragic and heart-rending story, I was astonished that she had not, indeed, hopelessly lost her reason, after such terrible torturing of her young heart. To be shut up with raving maniacs, and forced to listen, night and day, to their wild cries, or idiotic mutterings; to look upon faces distorted with insanity; and, worse than all, to be regarded by all around her as a mad woman; so that every word she uttered, and every motion she made, was narrowly watched as a confirmation of this suspicion; surely, any but the strongest intellect, and the purest and bravest heart, and the highest faith in God's final protection, would have given way! Little wonder, that such unutterable woe should drive the sanest mind hopelessly and incurably mad!

"What could I do? How could I rescue this beautiful creature, who had so strangely become a part of my very life? How could the fiend exist, who could torture such a lovely being? These were my brooding thoughts night and day. Every project of possible rescue that suggested itself to my mind, was examined with minutest care; and each accidental contingency which might arise, was the constant subject of my unwearied anxiety.

"Sometimes, I thought of risking a sudden flight by night; which, as her physician, I might perhaps have attempted. But the remembrance of her husband's legal power over her, which would make her life all the more unendurable, should we be surprised and overtaken; and the thought, also, that by so doing, her fair name might be placed in jeopardy, notwithstanding our motives might be innocent of evil as the thoughts of angels, forced me to relinquish such a plan.

"I also thought of sending for her father's American lawyers, to secure for her if possible a legal divorce; but Elma assured me, that such a course would be hopeless; as the

count's position and influence was such, that he could manipulate the Italian courts according to his own pleasure. And as it was not for his selfish advantage to be divorced from her—or rather from her fortune;—he would fight such an attempt with all his malevolent cunning, and secure a horde of his relations to swear to all the vilest lies his evil nature could devise.

"About six weeks had now passed, since the Countess Benoni had become my patient. The resident physicians of the institution were well pleased with her apparent improved state of health, and had given her almost entirely into my charge. I had, for some time, been making secret investigations, in accordance with a new plan I had devised for her rescue; and though it was, in some aspects, a most hazardous undertaking, it was the only one upon which I could rely with any hope of final success.

"As I entered the asylum, one afternoon, on my return from the city, where I had been to attend to some very important matters, I was almost distracted by the appalling spectacle which met my gaze. I had insisted that my patient should have apartments so secluded, that she should not be obliged to meet any of the other inmates; and as I approached the open door of her special sitting-room, I was the unnoticed witness of one of those dreadful interviews with her cruel tormentor, the villainous Count Benoni. The countess had fled to the far corner of the room; her beautiful eyes dilated with such unutterable horror, and awful anguish, as made my very blood curdle. The count and the asylum doctor stood near the door, and I heard the cool sneering tones of the devilish scoundrel, as he smilingly said, in Italian:

"'There, Doctor, you see she is incurably mad! Why should the presence of such a devoted husband as I am, thus rouse her frenzy?'

"'I fear it is so!' replied the doctor. 'It is one of the strange freaks of insane persons, that they often display the wlidest fury of hate against their nearest relations.'

"Imagine my feelings at that moment! I could scarcely restrain myself from denouncing that arch-fiend to his face, and exposing his satanic villainies. But the knowledge that the law was on his side, and that instead of helping the poor countess, I should be abandoning her hopelessly to his cruel power, bridled my fierce indignation, and I allowed myself only mental curses against him. Just at that moment, the sorrow-stricken countess perceived me; and the flash of hope and

trust which broke through the shadows of despair and horror, which darkened her face, I shall never forget.

"The asylum official also saw me, and turning to the count, he said: 'Oh! here is that American doctor, who seems to have such beneficial influence upon the poor countess. Perhaps we had better retire, and leave the patient in his care."

"The count instantly approached me, and in the blandest of tones, through which, I heard, however, the voice of a demon, he said: 'Signor Doctor, you behold my poor wife! Think you not she must be incurably mad, to welcome thus the coming of a most devoted husband, who watches her health with such tender solicitude? I am glad to know that you have her in charge.'

"Not daring to trust myself to speak to that atrocious rascal, I closed the door of the apartment, and hastened to the aid of my poor tortured patient; who, grief-exhausted, sank down on the sofa, and covered her face with her delicate white hands. As I gently touched her head, she whispered, in frightened tones: 'Is he gone, Doctor?'

"'Yes, Countess!' I answered.

"As I spoke, she shuddered; and throwing her arms wildly above her head, she exclaimed:

"'Oh, for the love of God! Never call me that terrible name again! Every time I hear it spoken, it stabs me to the heart, like the keen blade of a dagger. Oh, Doctor, save me; or else let me die quickly! Call me Elma, Doctor, as my father did. My hated title, is to me only the stigma of shame, and reminder of my hopeless woe!'

"'Lady Elma,' I answered, 'I will never again use the title you hate. But forgive me, poor child! I am not old enough to take the fatherly liberty of addressing you without any title, and then—' But I paused;—while she was the wife of another, even though bound to a villain, I must bury my secret. My life, and my constant care, I could honorably offer; but my heart, I must smother, in unflinching silence, until I could call her—*My Elma!*—which might not be this side of the grave, peradventure. Oh, Hector, you can't know the tortures I suffered! Beholding the being I loved as my own soul, thus afflicted; and to know I had no right to offer her any comfort, but the professional care of her faithful physician! Perhaps she surmised some of my thoughts, for, with a look of angelic sweetness, while tears shone in her violet eyes, she replied:

"'Thank you, Doctor! Yes, that is better! Excuse my childish request. But I felt so forsaken and lonely!'

"'Not forsaken, dear Lady Elma, while I live!' I replied; and then I unfolded to her my last plan for her rescue, and which had become my determined resolve; since I had now witnessed the terrible torture, which even the mere presence of that infamous count inflicted upon her.

"My plan was this: A friend of mine, who had traveled in Persia, had secured some of that mysterious drug which the dervishes use; and had given to me a small vial of it, that I might make some experiments. He told me, that only those dervishes who had attained to the highest degree of sanctity, were allowed to make use of it, in a ceremony which was regarded as the most sacred of all their forms of devotion. The dervish set apart for this high honor, was given, from time to time, a small dose of the drug; until his system had become so accustomed to its effects, as to allow him to take a larger quantity of the medicine. Then he was prepared for the final ceremony, which consisted of a kind of burial. Having been placed in an unconscious, and apparently lifeless condition, under the influence of this peculiar drug; he was laid in a tomb, for a certain number of hours, until consciousness returned, when he was rescued from this living death.

"My purpose now, was to employ this drug, in the only plan of rescue which I felt confident could be successfully carried out. I had made many experiments, with this singular narcotic; first upon numerous animals, and subsequently upon some of my patients in the hospital, all of which tests had proved the efficacy of the medicine; and I had found it very valuable in cases of severe and complicated fracture of the limbs and thigh joints, when the slightest motion of the body would have produced most disastrous results. I had ascertained that the time of required unconsciousness, could be most accurately determined; and I had noticed no after evil effects, upon the patient, from such experiments; though, of course, it must be handled with the greatest care and discretion. So I said to Lady Elma:

"'I think I have devised a way of rescue, dear lady, but it will require some time, and much patience and fortitude on your part.'

"'Oh! I will endure anything, Doctor, most willingly, if there is any hope of freedom; and if it does not involve the sight of the count, whose presence so overwhelms me with

horror and repugnance, that I am no longer able to control my powers of mind, or the expression of my face.'

"'It is not such a trial of your fortitude, my poor child, that I require. And now that I have witnessed your sufferings, I have vowed that you shall never again be obliged to look upon his diabolical face;—villain!—arch-fiend, that he is!—Forgive me,' I quickly added, 'for so speaking of your— No! I cannot say it! We must be sufficiently frank with each other, to acknowledge that we understand and reciprocate each other's opinion of that man.'

"'Oh, Doctor, can you do so much for me? Need I never see him again? But how can you prevent it? He is my— No! I cannot say it!' she cried. 'He is my curse! my torture! A very demon of evil and crime. A murderer! For he killed my poor father, and would gladly kill me also if he could gain by it. He would have been far more human, and less a fiend, if he had pierced my heart with the jeweled stiletto that he always carries; and which he once showed me, and boasted that it had already shed the blood of ladies as fair and as rich as myself. And one of the attendants of this asylum, said in my hearing, yesterday: "'Tis strange she is the second Countess Benoni who has gone mad. The other young creature was also an American; but she died very soon, poor lady!"'

"'And that is just what you must do, dear Lady Elma!' I said, looking into her eyes with a reassuring smile, and taking her small white hand in mine, to feel her pulse. She appeared startled for only one instant; and then, with a beaming look of complete trust in her luminous eyes, which seemed to read my very thoughts, she smiled, and whispered:'

"'Ah! is that your rescue? Countess Benoni must die?'

"'Yes, dear Lady Elma, forgive the hated title just once! Countess Benoni must die; that is, in the eyes of the world; but Lady Elma will live, I hope, for long years to come.'

"'Well, how is this marvelous miracle to be wrought, most magical Doctor; and how will you smuggle me into my supposed grave, without suspicion?'

"Then I told her about this mysterious drug, and its effects. I would give her the medicine in small doses, at first. She must be patient, for many weeks must elapse before I should dare to give her the necessary quantity to insure her unconsciousness for the required time for her mock death and——

"'Burial!' she added.

"'No, Lady Elma, you shall attend your own burial, in the face of all your enemies—and yet they shall not know you. There is where your fortitude must come in, my dear child.'

"'Well, mystical Doctor, I shall begin to think you are some mighty magician, sent by Heaven for my rescue; or perhaps, some angel in disguise; for it seems to me, no human power can deliver me. But whether magician, or angel, you are surely mighty to save! If your experiment succeeds, and I am free to live, I will spend the rest of my existence in blessing you. But, even if it should fail to give me bodily freedom; if, by some unforeseen accident, I should never wake up in this life; believe me! I shall go down into the grave, blessing you with my last breath; and shall wake up in Heaven, to bless you throughout all eternity."

"Oh, Hector, those words were almost more than I could bear! Dear child! she did not know what a storm of emotions she raised in my heart. She did not know, that she was dearer to me than life itself; that I would gladly pour out my very life-blood, in her behalf, while I thus coolly talked to her of professional experiments. She did not know that I had to pray every hour of my life, that God would keep me from desiring the death of the worthless villain who separated us, and tortured her. Why should God heve allowed such a fiend to possess this beautiful pure being? I almost doubted God's overruling providence! 'All things work together for good to those that love God!' seemed sometimes a vain mockery; —and then again, thank God! my very bulwark of strength. That angelic spirit revered and loved God. Surely, her trust would triumph! And then a holy exaltation came to me in the thought, that Providence had selected me as the instrument of her salvation from such unutterable woe.

"I then told Lady Elma, that I had discovered an American lady in Florence, who was an old friend of her mother's. I had attended her husband, in a recent illness, and the name of the count being mentioned, this fact was ascertained. When I communicated to Lady Elma the name of this lady, she exclaimed, with delight: 'Oh! she will help us, Doctor!'

"'Yes, I have secured her promised assistance. I revealed to her all your history; and she, and her husband, both think that this is our best plan. I dare not take into our confidence any one of the attendants in this asylum; and as I shall require the services of some one, during the final arrangements, I have secured her aid. Would you object to lying in an open coffin,

dear Lady Elma, for a short time, while you are unconscious, with your friend watching beside you? For you see, dear child, I must not give the officials of this institution the least cause of suspicion.'

"'No, dear Doctor!' she cried; 'not only would I be willing to lie in an open coffin, but a closed one as well; for I would far rather be buried forever, than to be left in this torturing woe!'

"'My plan then is this: When the time comes to place you in the final unconscious state, I will have all arrangements made. Your short fits of unconsciousness, from the effects of of the small doses, from time to time, will prepare the attendants and doctors for the final one, in which they will suppose you have died. Meanwhile, I will conduct your American friend to your bedside. She will wear mourning, and a heavy crape veil, entirely enveloping her face and her figure. After the persons in this asylum have had ocular proof that you are dead, by seeing you lying in your open coffin; as the time approaches for your recovery, I will have no one present, but myself and your friend. When you come to yourself, she will aid you to put on the same clothes she had been wearing; and, as you are about the same height and figure, with the enveloping veil, no one will discover the difference in the wearers of that mourning costume. As they have seen her by your coffin, the next day they will perceive her, as they suppose—but you, in reality—beside the empty closed casket; and I will have aided your friend to disappear from the building, in the night, and to join her husband, who will wait for her in a carriage near by. Then is when you must show your fortitude and composure, dear Lady Elma! But fear not! your disguise will be such, that no one can suspect you; and as you appear to be the strange American lady, no one will dare to address you. The burial of the Countess Benoni must be public, you see, to allay all suspicion. As soon as the empty coffin is lowered into the family vault, and Countess Benoni is buried forever, I will conduct Lady Elma to her American friends in Florence, who will start with her immediately for America.'

"'Oh! can you work all these wonders?' she exclaimed, with glowing eyes; for, instead of evincing horror, as I had feared, she had listened to all these details with an expression of almost rapture upon her beautiful face.

"'I trust so, dear Lady Elma! I think that in the care of your friends, you will be safe; and having landed in America.

they will place you under the protection of the executors of your father's will.'

"'But then you will leave me?' she murmured.

"Oh, Hector, how could I keep from telling her that I would never leave her! But, poor child, she thought only of my fatherly care of her, and trembled lest she might never be safe from her tormentors if I left her.

"I walked the floor for a moment, to calm my wild heart-throbs; and told myself over again, 'No matter, though the count be a devil! While he lives, she is nothing to you but your patient!' But Lady Elma, mistaking my feelings, rose quickly and came to my side, saying:

"'Doctor, you think I am afraid to test this experiment! Forgive me, that I did not tell you before, that I had no fears regarding anything you would sanction. I have courage for anything, but a sight of that monster! But I will not move a muscle, unbidden; and on your arm, under that veil, I defy them to know me.'

"I cannot give you all the details of that anxious time, Hector! I thought I had provided for every emergency; but oh! I did not foresee the awful moments of anguish I afterwards experienced. I had administered small doses of the drug to Lady Elma, from time to time, with very satisfactory results. The first periods of unconsciousness were very short, and the attendants became accustomed to these 'fainting-spells,' as they supposed them; and as I was always present to give any assistance necessary, they in time left her, on such occasions, completely in my charge.

"The asylum physician, in consulting with me regarding her condition, made the remark: 'Well, Doctor, I do not understand this last phase of her case. I should not be at all surprised if she were actually to die, in some of these strange fainting-fits, which seem to be increasing in frequency.'

"And I took very good care not to differ with him in such an opinion. I found, also, that he did not keep this supposition to himself; for several of the attendants afterwards asked me, if I thought the case of the countess very critical. At that time, I also heard the story of the first Countess Benoni; who had become a raving maniac, and had set her clothes on fire, with a match she had obtained in some mysterious manner; and had died from the effects of the terrible burns she had received, before assistance reached her. And as I listened, I shuddered; and again I vowed that I would rescue Lady

Elma, not only from her persecutors, but from the very jaws of grim death, itself. Ah! how little did I then think of the unforeseen circumstances which would call the latter part of my vow into execution.

"At last the time arrived when I had made every arrangement for the final act in this tragical drama. I knew by my previous experiments, the exact time to a moment, when Lady Elma would recover consciousness, after the final dose of our protecting anæsthetic should be administered.

"The weather was very warm, which was a favorable event, as it would give force to my intended suggestion, regarding the necessity of a speedy burial service, after her supposed death had been discovered. I had already made all the arrangements regarding her coffin, with the exception of the silver letters of her title; which, by some strange instinct, I was fully determined to have placed upon the outside of the closed lid. I had ordered the coffin made, ostensibly for one of my hospital patients; and fearing, lest the time required for making the silver letters of her titled name, which I seemed by some supernatural agency, to feel were necessary to the successful consummation of the rescue of Lady Elma from the power of her inveterate and cruel tormentors; might, in some manner, prove a disastrous delay; I had ordered these separate letters to be made by different jewelers, at various times, so that I had succeeded in procuring them all without suspicion of their subsequent disposition.

"Everything being now in readiness, I administered the final dose to Lady Elma; and as usual, her attendants supposed she was unconscious from one of her customary fainting-fits. I was not surprised, when the physicians and attendants remarked upon the unusual length of the attack; nor when, after several hours, they announced the fact that she was dead. I took very good care, also, not to deny it; nor to show, by word or look, that I had doubts upon the subject.

"Leaving one of the most faithful of the nurses of the institution, to watch by the bedside of the countess, for a short time; I announced the fact, that most important business would call me to the city for a few hours, and volunteered to make all necessary preparations regarding her burial; suggesting to the asylum physician, that I would leave it for him to communicate with the count.

"As I could not imagine any harm which could befall Lady Elma in my absence, being confident that the drug would keep

her in complete unconsciousness for the expected length of time; I hastened to the city, to procure the aid of the American lady, in carrying out our previously arranged plan.

"I informed the nurse, that the countess had expressed her desire, in case such an event should occur as had taken place, that I should bring her American friend at once; who would perform every service necessary to render, as the countess had expressly requested that no other hands should touch her, in preparing her for burial. The nurse promised that no undertakers should be admitted during my absence, and I speedily departed. I was gone but a few hours; and returning with our American friend, I hastened to the apartments of Lady Elma.

"Going softly into the darkened room, a sight met my gaze that seemed to freeze the very blood in my veins; and lifted the hair on my head, as though some icy, spectral fingers, had been passed through my locks in a ghastly salute! For one awful instant, I seemed paralyzed in soul and body with very horror! Then springing forward, with a gasp of terror, I caught the uplifted hand of the asylum doctor, as he was just about to pierce, with glittering scalpel, the beautiful head of the unconscious Lady Elma! Ah, I had never thought of this!—Post mortem examination!—In my frenzied horror, I had almost betrayed our secret! For forgetting everything but her danger, I was just about to shriek 'She is not dead!'—but coming to my senses, I calmed myself as quickly as possible; for it would not do for a physician to appear so overcome at the sight of a post mortem examination of a dead patient. Then I hastily informed the doctor, that the countess had requested that I should prevent such an examination being made, if any of these frequent fainting spells should terminate in the event which had now taken place.

"The Italian said, of course he would respect such a request of the dead countess; but it had been the usual practice of the physicians of the institution, to make such examinations of the brains of their deceased patients, in the interests of science and humanity; and that he had already obtained the consent of the count in this matter.

"I looked at the unconscious and beautiful face before us, and shuddered once more, as the thought repeated itself over again and again in my mind 'What if I had been too late?' But the mental picture which followed was too harrowing to be endured; and, raising my eyes, I unconsciously gazed into a

mirror on the opposite side of the room; and started back in amazement, as I thought I beheld my father, who had been dead several years. But a second glance, revealed the fact, that it was my own face I was beholding; and that several locks of my hair had turned white, in that short moment of horrified anguish. Fearing lest others would notice the change in my appearance, I quietly darkened the window, from which the shade had been partially lifted, to throw light on the beautiful subject, whom the doctors had intended to pierce with their glittering instruments.

"The American lady now entered the room, and I introduced her to the asylum officials; but as she did not lift her heavy veil, it was quite impossible for them to scan her features; and it was part of my purpose, that her presence should be a well known fact, to attendants and doctors, to prevent after suspicions.

"Breathing a heavy sigh of relief, that Lady Elma was now in the care of a friend who would make no unlooked for mistakes, to endanger our projects; I called the nurse to my side, and followed the doctors out of the room, leaving our faithful helper to complete the arrangements we had agreed upon. When again I entered the apartment, the countess was robed as for burial; and we succeeded in placing her in an open coffin, which had been brought in accordance with my orders, without exciting any suspicions.

"But now we must pass through another ordeal. The count and his relations came to view the supposed remains of her, whose young life they had leagued together to torture, for their cruel, devilish greed. Thank God! her lovely eyes would not dilate now with horrified anguish, when the modern Mephistopheles should cast his santanic glance of baffled rage upon his unconscious victim.

"As the count approached the open coffin, at the head of which sat our American friend, still enveloped in her impenetrable veil; I could scarcely conceal my bitter hatred of this cool, cunning villain, who now so hypocritically assumed the demeanor of an afflicted mourner. That he did mourn, I knew; but 'twas rage for the loss of the wealth, which now seemed slipping forever from his iniquitous fingers. I well knew, that did he think that his victim was alive, and that he would be able forever to rid himself of her, and at the same time clutch her coveted fortune, by a cut of his glittering stiletto across her

white throat; he would murder her without hesitation, and gloat in fiendish delight over her quivering, bleeding corpse.

"As these thoughts flashed through my mind, while I listened to his hypocritical laments, I almost imagined that the horror of his presence had even aroused the unconscious sleeper, and that I saw a ghastly spasm overspread her pallid face. Hastily stepping to the side of the coffin, I touched the white hand of Lady Elma, and slightly pressed it three times; which was a signal we had agreed upon, by which I should warn her of danger, if I saw evidences of her coming to consciousness before the expected time. This sign would make known to her the necessity of still maintaining the feigned appearance of death, until one firmer pressure would assure her that the danger of detection was over.

"As the count passed from the room, I followed him, and for one moment I stood alone with him in the outer apartment. A wild thought then seized me. A glass of wine stood on a table. I would offer him some, and meanwhile, drop into it a deadly dose of a certain drug I had then in my pocket. Then my Elma would be free to be mine!

"As this awful temptation assailed me, I started, as though a fiend had spoken; and these words came to my mind: 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay saith the Lord!'—'Thank God! I'm not mad!' I murmured; and I went back into that consecrated room, to look again upon that angelic face, and bless God that the demon of revenge had left me.

"Still, hours of trial were before us, but I felt that God, in His merciful kindness, would open the way, and would keep us from staining our souls with sin. Oh, Hector, have you ever experienced the overwhelming sense of humiliation and remorse, which comes over the soul, as one realizes the frightful fact, that, even though only for an instant—and perhaps moved by a righteous indignation—still, nevertheless, for a moment, in your own heart you were a murderer? That the blood-thirsty demon of frenzy possessed you! Ah, one's own soul seems never so white after that! and the knell of our self-righteous boasted exemption from the terrible crime of Cain, is tolled by the deep tones of our awakened conscience repeating the words of the God-Man, 'Whosoever *hateth* his brother is a murderer.' Though the count be Satan-incarnate! though he had gained his legal power over poor Elma through fraud, and lies, and devilish cruelties; though such fetters were the most ghastly mockery of the God-appointed bond of marriage, which should

unite two lives and two hearts; what right had I, to make myself her avenger? Help her, I might and would. To rescue her from his power to torture and kill her, was plainly my God-given duty, and most overwhelming desire. But until God made her free from the fetters which bound her, any thoughts of her, save as her guardian and defender, would be sin. Ah, Hector, the battles I fought, to conquer my heart; to make me in her presence, the cool-headed, fatherly doctor; to blind myself to those overpowering expressions, which flashed in her angelic eyes, and flushed on her cheek; which my heart told me were merely the innocent, childlike demonstrations of the most trustful gratitude! Those were hours of exquisite torture! I was placed on the terrible rack of conflicting emotions. One moment, catching glimpses of heaven, in the light of her seraphic smiles; the next instant, hurled down to a perdition of hopeless despair; as I fought in my heart, the demons of vengeance and furious hatred; who came to me, clothed in the white garments of justice, and tempted me with their insidious, and seemingly righteous denunciations of the infamous being who was torturing my loved one, and wrecking my happiness!

"The hour had now arrived for the expected return of Lady Elma to consciousness. I had banished all from the room where the coffin lay, but our mutual helper and friend. For a time we gazed with breathless expectancy upon that beautiful countenance. Was she already an angel, or still a living woman? Her white hands were crossed on her breast. Her face, pale as death, and her luxuriant golden hair, which was wound round her head, seemed a halo of light. A wild fear, for one instant, clutched at my heart, as I gazed on her motionless form. Had the experiment proved fatal?

"With a sob in my throat which choked me, and a chill in my veins which almost benumbed me, I bent over her in speechless anguish. But no, thank God! Her eyelids are quivering! Her breast slightly rises, as a faint sigh escapes her; and oh, joy!—her luminous eyes, dark as the violet depths of the midnight sky, are gazing into my face; and as consciousness returns, there flashes into their azure depths, an electric light of loving recognition; and then they fairly blaze and glow, with a new beatific radiance I had never beheld in them before! 'Tis like the fire-light of the opal, which seems to burn from some hidden and unfathomable spark. Oh, those marvelous eyes of hers, Hector! I have never yet discovered all their mystical lights

and shadows. But, thank God! from that hour of renewed life, they have never lost their fire—opal glow, which seemed from that moment to illumine the depths which had before been darkened by the shadows of unutterable woe.

"As I gazed for an instant, spellbound by the magnetic attraction of her irresistible eyes, she smiled, and whispered faintly: 'May Lady Elma now come to life, Doctor? Oh, I have had such a beautiful dream!'

"'What was it?' I asked.

"'We were in Heaven,' she murmured, 'you and I! Now I know you will save me!'

"Again I must conquer the wild throbs of my heart, which, since my fears of her death had been turned to such transports of joy by the glance of her great gleaming eyes, now sent the fiery, tingling blood through every vein in my body. No time must be lost! Not one moment, even, could be given to rapturous joy! With a look, which I tried to make quite calm and cold, and in which I felt I had succeeded almost too well, as I saw the color die out of her cheeks, and a tear on her eyelids, I said:

"'Dear Lady Elma, the countess is dead, but we must remember that she is not yet buried!'

"Then beckoning to her friend, she advanced quickly, and clasped Lady Elma to her heart, exclaiming: 'Don't talk, darling, I know all. We must hasten! At midnight, I must leave you. So far all is well.'

"I retired for a time, to learn if the carriage was waiting in the grove near the building, with Mr. Melton, the husband of Elma's friend. Having ascertained that all was right, I returned to Lady Elma's apartments, and found there still a lady in deep mourning, wearing the crape veil; through whose black, sombre folds, no one could possibly discover the features of the beautiful Lady Elma.

"With Mrs. Melton's assistance, I placed in the now empty coffin, the necessary articles to ensure the proper weight; and then I closed and fastened down the lid, bearing the title, in silver letters, 'Countess Benoni; aged twenty-two years.'

"Having safely secured both doors and windows, so that Lady Elma could not be surprised in my absence; I attended Mrs. Melton to the carriage, where she was met by her husband, and they drove away unobserved.

"I now returned to Lady Elma's apartments, and informing her that I would watch in the outer room where the coffin

lay, I told her that she might safely rest in the inner apartment; keeping herself veiled, however, in case of sudden surprise. Only once were we disturbed. Hearing a slight noise at the door, I partially opened it, and found there the nurse who had been most faithful in the care of the countess. With tears in her eyes, she handed to me a wreath of orange blossoms, which she had picked in the grove, where I had met our lady of the Blue Grotto. She begged that they should be laid in the poor lady's coffin. I thanked her, and closing the door, I carried them to Lady Elma, telling her who had brought them.

"A flush first mantled her face. Then a small spot of red seemed to burn in each cheek, and her eyes grew distended with horror. 'Twas only for an instant. Then with a luminous smile, and the opal-light in her eyes, she looked up in my face, saying:

"'Excuse me, Doctor! But an *orange-wreath*,—of all things!—What pitiful mockery!' Then with softening tones: 'Poor creature! she thought I was fond of them, because I sometimes asked her to pluck them for me. I was fond of them, for they were the symbol to me, of my vanished ideal of love and happiness. I loved them as I would love the blossoms which grow on the grave of my father. But oh, Doctor, I could never have woven them into a wreath!—why, only *brides* wear wreaths of orange blossoms—not a *dead* countess!' Then, as though hushed into silence by a rush of hidden thoughts, she buried her face in the blossoms; and when she looked up, her eyes shone like sapphires, as she murmured: 'I will keep them, kind Doctor, in memory of my marvelous magician!—so mighty to save!—perhaps you can bring dead ideals also to life!'

"I dared not answer her; but as I walked back, to pace up and down by her empty coffin, a thought was whispered to my heart; which I received as an angel's message of hope and love, and made me strong to be faithful. For I felt an assurance, that *sometime!*—perchance in Heaven, as she had dreamed;—but *sometime!*—and oh, I felt the bliss of that *sometime* was worth a lifetime of weary waiting;—I should find my heart's love; and she would have the violet eyes, with the opal firelight, and the radiant image of my Elma!—*Mine!* she would be then, free to love;—throughout an eternity of bliss. Should God not will that we should meet on this earth, Heaven would be ours together. And if she could not

wear the wreath of orange blossoms as my earthly bride, she would wear the glorious crown of our immortal love.

"We had one more day of trial still before us. The funeral services must be gone through with. As the first pale pink tints of the wakening dawn tinged the east, I went to the window and lifted the curtain. Yonder was the city of Florence! Florence—the city of flowers! Henceforth, the name would bring to my memory, visions of woe and of rapture. Did the future hold happiness, or misery? Were the glowing tints of the eastern sky, now effulgent with the golden light of the rising sun, a prophecy of the dawning of a new day of our hopes and happiness?—or, was that closed coffin, in the darkened room behind me, an emblem of our perished and buried dreams of earthly bliss?

"As I turned from the window, Lady Elma stood by my side; and I perceived the perfume of orange blossoms about her garments, though they also were mourning habiliments of bereavment. Still the fragrance of love's flower was in their sombre folds, and a tiny white blossom nestled amidst the black lace encircling her soft white throat. Would she wear the wreath, yet? She had never worn a bridal-wreath. Poor child! she was married in black garments, by her father's death-bed. A black wedding-dress! Omen of evil from the first! Would she ever wear an earthly bridal-dress of white?—or would it be only the robe of an angelic spirit? Pointing to the rising sun, I said: 'Only one more day of trial, Lady Elma! Can you bear it?'

"'Oh, yes, Doctor!' she cried, with flushing cheek; 'I am strong enough to brave anything with you at my side!'

"Oh, Hector, her very loving confidence was exquisite torture! Poor inconstant human nature! I would be to her a fatherly protector, her guardian, and tender physician! And then, when her grateful young spirit, with child-like enthusiasm, acknowledged my fostering care, and showed her trustful dependence upon me, my weak heart faltered; and the cool-headed physician, who could use the surgeon's knife without the trembling of a nerve, became unmanned by one glance from her lustrous eyes! But, thank God! no sign of my secret escaped me; and Elma has since told me, that she was sometimes quite grieved by my cold reception of her fervent expressions of gratitude for my efforts in her behalf. Dear child! she did not know that my heart was torn with the wild-

est emotions, when I screened my feelings under the most stoical mask of professional care.

"All preparations had been made for the burial service. As the asylum was several miles from the city, the officials had arranged with the count, that the coffin should be taken in the early morning, directly to the cathedral, in which was the family vault. Under the circumstances, the count wished her burial to be as private as possible. For, having within a few years lost two young American wives, by death, in this mad house; it was for his interest, to occasion as little gossip as possible; for much comment, might prevent a third victim from becoming his prey. So none were to witness the burial, but a few of his relations, who were leagued with him in all his nefarious schemes.

"When the time arrived for starting, the asylum officials expressed some surprise as they observed the closed coffin. But I said that the countess had requested me, in such a case as had arisen, that I should close her coffin in the presence of her American friend only; and I added, that as the count and his relations had expressed no concern in the matter, I had obeyed her wish.

"The coffin was then placed in the waiting hearse, and Lady Elma and I entered a carriage, while the asylum officials took another, and we followed the hearse to the Cathedral. As Elma was a Protestant, and as the count's evil schemes did not happen to require his forcing her to become a Catholic, we had been spared any attendance of priests at her supposed death-bed, and this circumstance left us greater freedom in carrying out our plans.

"Strange ride we were now taking, in the sweet cool air of the early morning! To the world, there was nothing uncommon in the sight of a hearse, and two closed carriages following. But to us!—Lady Elma, and I! She,—accompanying her own coffin, marked with her high-titled name; which to her, was only the stigma of shame, the remainder of woes so unutterable, of anguish so appalling, as to have exceeded all her most ghastly suspicions of the horrors of an Inferno;—not yet hardly daring to hope that the hour of deliverance had indeed really come! I,—torn with conflicting emotions of sorrow and joy! Fearing, and hoping! Now trembling with sudden alarm, then lulled to a blissful content, as I gazed on her beautiful face!

"And so we rode into Florence!—Florence, the city of

flowers! Did its bright skies prophesy peace; or would some spectre of danger arise to confront us with more harrowing terrors? Arrived at the cathedral, the asylum physicians lifted the coffin from the hearse, and bore it through the broad aisle, into a small chapel at one side, where was the family crypt. As we followed, I felt the hand of Lady Elma, which leaned on my arm, tremble with fear. Softly I whispered:

"'Have courage, dear child! They will not discover you! The trial is most over!'

"'Oh Doctor,' she murmured, 'must I look on his terrible face?'

"'No, dear Lady Elma!' I answered. 'Close your eyes! I will lead you. You need see nothing. I promised, you remember, that you never need gaze on his fiendish countenance again!'

"As my companion was supposed to be only an old American friend of the countess, it was not necessary that we should approach very near the count and his relations; and standing so that Lady Elma was almost concealed by a sheltering pillar, we listened to the solemn chant of the burial service. As the words, 'Dust to dust!' fell upon my ear, the fragrance of orange blossoms was wafted to my senses; and I saw the sweet flower still gleaming, like a white star of love and of life, through the black folds of crape which shrouded the dear form beside me. Again hope illumined the future before us!

"Slowly the ominous coffin was lowered into the vault. At last, it was over! and still our secret was safe! I gave one glance toward the count, who stood at the head of the grave. His diabolical face was lurid with the baffled passions of avarice, and fiendish cruelty. Oh, what new tortures would that demon have inflicted upon this delicate creature, if aught should ever occur to again deliver her into his power. But no! that would not be! A merciful God would prevent it!

"Almost as unnerved as the poor darling who trembled beside me, I laid my hand on her arm with a reassuring pressure; and calmly—apparently—and slowly we walked through the long aisle of the ancient cathedral, and with a sigh of exquisite relief entered the carriage, and rode quickly away from that place so ominous with dangers and evils. As we once again breathed the pure air of bright Florence, it seemed as though we had suddenly arisen from some infernal abyss in the dark regions of Hades, and were basking in the light and the beauty of Paradise."

"Why, Doc., old fellow, what's the matter? You are as white as a sheet, and your eyes glare like a madman's?" interrupted Hector.

"'Tis nothing, Hector, I will be myself again in a moment. But the memory of that awful time of fear and anguish, always unmans me. Oh, if there are special places of torment for the archfiends in hell, Count Bononi has received his reward!

"But my dire temptations were not over. I had left Lady Elma safe with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Melton, who would start with her for America in a short time. That same evening I was walking alone through a street in Florence, where I had some important business; and as I drew near a building, in which I knew there was a hidden gambling den, I saw two men approaching. Then they stepped aside into the shadow of the building, and I perceived by their tones and their oaths, that they were quarreling. Just as I passed them, one of them lifted his arm, with a terrible curse, and I beheld a stiletto gleam in the light of the moon, which suddenly broke through the clouds. At that moment, also, I caught a glimpse of the face of the man whose life he thus threatened. It was the villainous Count Benoni! For an instant, I felt a thrill of joy, as the thought flashed across my mind, that now our wicked tormentor would forever be put out of our way. But with the evil temptation, came also the power to conquer it; and just as the point of the dagger was aimed at the throat of the count, I rushed between him and his murderer; and striking the uplifted arm of the drunken Italian gambler, the stiletto fell from his grasp to the pavement below, and the life of the count was preserved. I was weak enough, God knows! I hated him as I hated the devil! But I had once fought that battle with my tempters, and, henceforth, I would leave my vengeance to be meted out by God's providence. For I felt sure, only thus could I look for my future of happiness, with the angelic spirit whom He had allowed me to rescue."

"Well, what did the infernal count say to his magnanimous preserver?" inquired Hector.

"Oh, I received only a drunken curse for my trouble," resumed Dr. Wentworth. "But that was no matter. It was the good to my own heart, which rewarded me; and when again I saw Elma's dear face, I blessed God that my soul was not stained with the sin of being a willing witness of the awful crime of murder, even though the wretched victim would have

so richly deserved his fate. And I knew that in spite of all that Lady Elma had suffered, her pure soul would shrink from me if she thought I was even indirectly stained with the blood of another, though that one should have been her cruel tormentor.

"But God's vengeance followed him soon! It seems, his suspicions were aroused in some manner, regarding the supposed death of the countess; and with the hope that it might still lay in his power to enjoy her fortune; after learning from the asylum doctors, that no post mortem examination had been made, and that the coffin had been closed in their absence; he went with them to the cathedral, at night, to satisfy himself regarding this matter. But Providence watched over us!

"Just as the coffin was lifted from its resting-place in the vault, and as the lid was about to be unfastened; a loaded pistol fell from the breast-pocket of the count, who was bending above it; and striking the silver letters of the ominous title, which had bound poor Elma with its torturing chains of falsehood, and crime; the weapon was discharged, sending its avenging bullet into the evil-plotting brain of the count, killing him instantly.

"The asylum doctors, not caring to continue the investigation, once again lowered the unopened coffin to its place in the vault; and the dead count now lies powerless for evil, beside it.

"When the news of this startling event reached us, I determined to sail for America on the same steamer with Mr. and Mrs. Melton, and their beautiful charge, so providentially restored to her freedom. Now I could honorably enjoy her sweet presence, which, beyond my necessary professional care in securing her rescue, would have been ignoble while that man was her husband in the eyes of the law. Notwithstanding the hollow mockery—the sacred ordinance of marriage had been spoken over their heads! As the very success of my attempts to rescue her from his power to torture her, demanded that no legal measures to free her be taken, she could only be released from her bondage by the hand of a pitying God, Who does hear the cry of His children, and will answer their prayers, though devils array themselves against them! Perhaps not in their way; but to those who can trust Him, it will surely be revealed at the last, to have been the best way. And with the trusting, comes comfort and peace, and patience to wait and not falter; and, also, a strength of mind, and the needed

gift of wisdom, to do what lies in their power to help answer the prayer.

"Only once, while she was still bound by legal ties to another, had I allowed my love, for a moment, to conquer me! I had held her as some ethereal, angelic spirit beyond me; even when the glance of her large lustrous eyes, or the touch of her delicate finger-tips, sent the blood thrilling through my veins; then seemed to suddenly chill me, as though some spectre had touched me. But just once, when she lay there in her coffin, unconscious, and her beautiful face seemed that of a seraph; when alone with her for a moment, I bent over and kissed her. Surely, thus I might venture to caress her this once, as she seemed like one dead, in her coffin. But the shock which followed my rash deed, as though an electric fire had touched me, revealed to my conscience my weakness; and penitent, and trembling, I prayed: 'Oh, God! deny me not the bliss of my love for her! But give me strength to resist all temptations to sin!'

"But now I was free to gaze on her beautiful features, and thrill at the touch of her hand, without wronging her soul, or my honor. Of course, after our tragical acquaintance, any immediate demonstrations of love on my part would seem ill-timed, especially, as I did not yet know the state of her feelings toward me. Her earnest expressions of gratitude, I had no right to mistake for a warmer affection. Though no loyalty of heart bound her still to the dead, I would not wrong her pure soul, by imagining that she had allowed herself to recognize any feeling, save one of grateful and friendly affection toward a devoted protector, while still she was fettered by the chains of a recognized law. But now I was free to lay aside the dignified coldness of manner, becoming in her guardian and physician, and to approach her as a friend. And if I should see a light in her shining sapphire eyes, which might betoken something warmer than friendship, she would then find in me her most worshipful adorer.

"So our little party of four departed from direful, though beautiful Florence; and left in that dark vault of the ancient cathedral, our buried woes, and our death-chained tormentor; turning our faces toward that bright land of promise, o'er which floated the star-studded symbol of freedom's pure light.

"I can't tell even you, Hector, of our courtship. Those things are too sacred for the ear of even the closest of friends. In about a year, we were married; and thus our lady of the

Blue Grotto, became my idolized wife. But it is late! Elma will be waiting. And to tell the truth, I long for a glimpse of her dear beautiful face, to drive away the harrowing phantoms which my memory has revived, as I have been telling you her story."

"Yes, Doc., I agree with you. It will even be a relief to me, to see again the light in her eyes, after these terrible pictures you have drawn of her past sorrows. But indeed, Doc., you old generous fellow, I don't wonder that she seems to adore you!"

The two gentlemen had now returned to the villa, and as they entered the parlor, Elma rose with a smile to welcome them.

"I am late, dearest wife," said Dr. Wentworth, "but I've been telling our story to my old friend here."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mrs. Wentworth, as she gazed upward to the manly face of her husband, with a look of proud adoration. "But, Mr. Ormandoff, you should hear my side of the story; for I know this dear, unselfish man, has only revealed a faint glimpse of his devoted efforts in my behalf. Ah, I will yet sketch for you some time, the picture of my Hero! My chivalrous Knight! My marvelous Magician! Did I not say he was mighty to save?"

"Oh, you dear little flatterer!" interrupted her husband, as he fondly laid his hand on her shoulder. "I have already told Hector enough of my poor humble self, for one while. But Elma, though it is late, I feel the need of being soothed by your music. Are you too weary, love, to play and sing for us, if I bring your harp out on the veranda, where we can enjoy the music and moonlight together?"

"Remember, I am never weary, when I can rest you, Egbert, dear!" replied Elma, passing through the open window, to her favorite seat upon the veranda; where her husband had placed her harp, and had thrown himself in a hammock, swinging beside her. Hector Ormandorff had chosen a place apart, in the shadow, where he could watch this pleasing picture so unconsciously artistically arranged; for he admired the beautiful, and the sight of this happy couple filled his unselfish heart with pleasure, even while he sadly remembered his own darkened life.

During the absence of the gentlemen on their evening stroll, Mrs. Wentworth had changed her formal dinner-dress, for an elegant *nègligée* of soft white wool, bordered with swan's down.

And now, as the sweet strains of music were swept from the strings of the harp, by the delicate touch of her fingers; the Fairy of Fancy sketched, with the pencils of imagination and memory, three pictures in the minds of the listeners.

In Hector's picture were two scenes. One represented the famous Blue Grotto, with its underground shadows; and a lady in black, whose beautiful face wore a look of hopeless despair. The other, was the real picture before him. This radiant woman in white, with soft rounded arms uplifted, and face luminous in the light of the moon; with a background behind her of towering mountains, their snow-crowned peaks piercing the clouds. Once, the Lady of the Grotto!—now the Lady of the Glen! Once, imprisoned in a dungeon of affliction!—now, sheltered safe in the beautiful Valley of Peace; guarded by the overlasting Mountains of Delight, whose towering peaks are gilded by the rays of light which shine through the dark clouds of sorrow, which sometimes seem to shroud the face of a beneficent Providence.

In Dr. Egbert Wentworth's picture, memory held the pencil. The scene represented the deck of the steamer upon which Elma and he were seated, during that memorable voyage to America. It was the hour of sunset. The distant horizon was aglow with the warm blushes of roseate color, as the departing sun-god lavished upon cloud and upon wave, his fickle, but amorous caressing. Now, he hid his face in deep maroon shadows; then, flooded the sky with warm rays of light; which tinted the cheeks of the cloud-sprites with pink, and gleamed in the gold of their hair, and glowed in the blue of their eyes, and glimmered in the folds of their snowy cloud-garments, which trailed on the sky. And he gilded their soft white misty couches, and then, with a parting caress, he wrapped them in rainbow-hued mantles; and silvering the water beneath them, so it should mirror their exquisite loveliness; he vanished, and left them to grow cold, and gray, and lifeless, when deprived of his warm, life-giving caresses. Then the full moon arose, turning the shimmering marks of the pathway their ship had cut through the waters, into a long line of silver; and scattering myriad diamond-points of iridescent light, amongst the foaming spray which dashed against the sides of their fast sailing steamer. While, gazing far over the waters, hushed to silence by the mystical spell of enchantment, they beheld the Star of the Evening, which shone "like a tear" in the deep blue eye of the heavens.

Moved by this radiant picture of beauty, and drawn by the magnetic attraction of the dear presence beside him, he could no longer restrain his emotions; and bending toward the beautiful face near him, he whispered:

"Elma! My darling! From the first moment I gazed into your angelic face, I felt that I had met my ideal of womanly loveliness! And though I might never know you on earth, in Heaven our souls would be one! As long as you were not free to love me, I buried my secret in silence. Forgive me, if I have spoken too soon! I will wait till your heart bids you speak; only give me one glance, as a token that, perchance, my waiting may not be in vain!"

As for the first time he thus called her Elma, he saw the color mantle her cheeks; but her matchless eyes were downcast, gazing into the blue depths of the sea, and he could not read their story. But as he begged for one glance, those large lustrous eyes were upturned to his face, and he was almost startled to behold the fire which glowed in their sapphire-hued depths. For one instant, she seemed to gaze into the very depths of his soul. Then she bent her beautiful head, while the white downcast lids, like soft rose petals, half closed over her gleaming eyes; till the long, dark lashes lay on her round tinted cheeks, and a tear glistened amidst their shadowing fringes.

A silence, for a moment, hovered o'er them; but it was a silence vibrating with mystical music, attuned to the ear of the soul, and 'trancing their ethereal senses with a dream of a Love-land of rapture, where their spirits would bask in the light of a God-given bliss.

As the soft strains of her harp now mingled with those unheard notes of memory's music, he seemed, once again, with a thrill of emotion, to hear her sweet voice saying, with the same tones which before had enchanted his senses with their vibrating cadences: "I said I would bless you forever, when you came to me as my Deliverer! But oh, Egbert! My King! I did not know then how my heart would soon learn to love you as the very light of my life!"

He had thought she was beautiful then. But now, as he gazed on the radiant face of his wife, so adored in his heart that even his courtship paled in the light and the rapture of his realized dreams, she seemed transfigured before him; and appeared no longer a woman, but rather, a white-robed angel, with the immortal light from God's throne, already encircling

her brow; as with ethereal fingers, she swept her heavenly harp-strings, and joined in the song of the seraphic host. And so real seemed the vision, that he started; and laying his hand with thrilling touch on her arm, he whispered:

"Oh, my idolized wife! You look so like an angel, you frighten me!"

Quickly, she turned her eyes from the distant mountain-peaks, where she had been gazing with a dreamy expression of reverie; and into their blue depths, flashed again the opal fire-light, as she murmured:

"My heart's love! My husband! I was dreaming again that beautiful dream I had once before, you remember. You and I were together in Heaven. But instead of being angelic spirits, as then we seemed in my vision, I thought our heaven was on earth. It was a Garden of Eden! And I felt your warm kiss on my lips, and heard your dear voice whisper: 'My Elma! Beloved wife of my heart!'"

Then Doctor and Mrs. Wentworth turned to their guest, and with self-forgetful courtesy, entertained him for a time, until the late hour necessitated their return to the parlor.

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The next day, Hector Ormandoff bid farewell to his friends, and started again upon his travels.

CHAPTER XII.

HECTOR ORMANDOFF determined to make his home in Denver, Colorado. In that growing city there seemed to offer just the opportunity required for a young lawyer. After a few days spent at the principal hotel, while looking for less expensive and more permanent accommodations, Hector moved into a quiet boarding-house, and opened an office in the city. A few days after, he chanced to be sitting in the hotel reading-room, engaged in letter-writing, when he overheard a portion of the conversation of two gentlemen who sat near one of the windows.

"I noticed," said one of the gentlemen, "a name on the hotel register, the owner of which I would give much to see. But as the clerk says the gentleman left the hotel the day before we arrived, I cannot find out whether he is in the city or not."

"What is the name?" inquired the other.

"Hector Ormandoff," replied the first gentleman, "and I am intensely sorry to have missed him, as I had important information to give him."

Hector immediately gave close attention to the remarks of the gentlemen, but resolved to wait a few moments before disclosing his identity, hoping to hear something of the reason for this uncommon interest in himself evinced by a stranger. He glanced keenly at the men, but became convinced that he had never seen either of them before. He therefore apparently resumed his letter-writing, listening intently meanwhile.

"It was a very strange case," said the first gentleman. "I was in Australia last year, and by chance I was called to the dying bed of a poor man in one of the hospitals. Physicians are always liable to be provided with patients, even when traveling for one's health, as I was then. I was visiting the hospital at the time, and the resident doctor could not be obtained as quickly as the case demanded. The man had been brought to the hospital in a dying condition, having been fatally injured in a mine explosion. Perceiving that his case

was hopeless from the first, I asked him if he had anything particular to say, or any important message to send to his friends. Rousing himself with effort he replied: 'I lost all my friends through a bad woman. But before I die, I would like to do justice to an innocent man who has suffered through my sin. I haven't got much strength to talk. A few words will do for a confession. I met in London the woman who ruined my life. Blanche Whorton was her name when I knew her. I haven't got breath to tell all about it. I loved her. She wanted to be rich. She persuaded me to rob a bank there, and we fled with the money so obtained. Afterwards, when we quarreled, and I reproached her for the loss of my honesty, she boasted that she had ruined the good name of a much better man than I was, and told me of a young lawyer, named Hector Ormandoff, whom she had employed on legal business, and then sent him for his pay, all the marked bills which were among those I stole for her from the bank. This, of course, as she expected, caused his arrest, and he was tried for the robbery. I don't know whether he was acquitted or not; for after the money was gone, Blanche deserted me, and I drifted out here. Though I was a thief, I don't like to die without righting that poor young man, if possible, who was entirely innocent. If you can ever hear of him, repeat my confession to him.' The poor fellow soon breathed his last, exhausted by this effort to clear the innocent."

"I do not wonder that you are disappointed in just missing this Hector Ormandoff," said the second gentleman.

Hector had heard enough. Rising quickly, he approached the physician, with pale cheek, but flashing eye, exclaiming:

"I am the Hector Ormandoff whom you seek. My poor mother said, with her dying breath, 'Trust God! All will yet be well!'—But I couldn't see how I should ever prove my innocence!"

His whole form quivered with emotion as he spoke, and the elderly physician rose immediately, and grasped his hand with earnestness, as he said:

"My dear young man, I know something how you have suffered, for I have experienced what it is to be falsely accused. It is one of the keenest tortures of life. What can I do now for you?"

"If you will kindly write a statement of that dying man's confession, I think my innocence can be proved," said Hector,

who appeared already to have grown an inch taller, and carried his head with the old pose of recovered pride.

"I will do it immediately," replied the friendly physician, sympathizing with the young man's vehement haste to have his good name cleared from the shadows, by means of the light of truth.

By that very evening's mail, went the important letter to London, freighted with its momentous message.

When the authorities of the defrauded bank learned the facts, they were eager to atone for their unjust accusations; and as wide a publicity was given to the confession of the thief, as had been given to the false rumor against the innocent.

The notoriety occasioned by this vindication of his character, brought Hector into prominence, and he soon obtained all the professional business he could attend to.

When the news reached Antoinette and Aseneith, the girls embraced each other with tears of joy, and Antoinette cried: "I always told Hector, the idea of his committing such a crime was absurd!"

And Aseneith declared; "I never doubted him for an instant!"

With the warm congratulations sent to Hector by his sister and his friend, there was wafted to his heart also, a heavenly echo—"Trust God! All will yet be well!" and Hector fell on his knees, and thanked his mother's God with a grateful heart; and solemnly consecrated to His service that life, which through a kind Providence, had again become valuable in Hector's sight, and perchance, destined to bless the world.

In the midst of his exaltation, there flashed through his mind, a sad longing. "Oh, if mother had only lived to know that I was vindicated!" he murmured, bitterly. Then, with submissive faith, he added: "Well, perhaps she knows it in Paradise! At least, it is known to God, and He may peradventure reveal it to her."

How brightly glowed the sunshine! How gayly the birds sang! How lovely the flowers appeared, to the relieved heart of Hector, as he once again walked the earth with an elastic step, and felt he could confidently face the world, strong in his acknowledged integrity. For, though a person may be entirely innocent, a false accusation can bow the head, unnerve the soul, and even blast the life of the tortured sufferer. Words seem often but empty things; but false words can wreck the

earthly reputation, love, and happiness. But, thank God! even false words cannot wreck a *character* in the eyes of Him who knoweth all things. For God judges character by the unseen motives; not by the false opinions of men.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor! For I, the Lord thy God, am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments!"

Once again, hope illumined the dreams of Hector. Once again, love and happiness might be realized. Work now became inspiration. Labor was delight. What appeared arduous to him, before his bitter trials, now rested only with a feather's weight upon his spirits. As old Cromwell said: "He could not but smile out to God in praises!"

He felt himself to be a new creature; as though he had been dead, and suddenly resurrected. No efforts appeared too great to be encountered, in the service of that loving Father, who had given to him new life and hope. He did not rely upon his own strength, in fighting the battle of life. His daily mottoes were: "Trust God!" and "Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established."

CHAPTER XIII.

THREE years had passed since Antoinette and Hector arrived in America. Hector was now established with his sister, in a modest but pleasant home in Denver. It was the month of June. Hector and Antoinette were seated at the breakfast table. After reading the letter which Antoinette found awaiting her, by the side of her coffee urn, she exclaimed, with a sparkle of her old fun lighting up her sweet face, where sadness and grief had left hallowing, not marring, shadows:

"Hector, dear, I've a favor to ask."

"Well, Toy, what is the mighty favor?" Then, as memory flashed a light across his mind, recalling that same question from his sister upon a former occasion, and noting the twinkle in her eye, he cried: "Is Aseneith coming to visit you again?"

"Yes, Hector dear! May the Goddess of Intellect receive your welcome?"

"Bless her dear heart!" exclaimed Hector. "The Lord sent her to you before, and I know He is sending her to me now. Do you think there is hope for me in that quarter, little one?" inquired Hector, with such sweet persuasiveness of voice, as would have assuredly quickly settled the matter, if Aseneith Allan had been there to hear it.

"You will never know till you try, brother mine!" said Antoinette, laughing; "but just to give you a grain of comfort, I will venture to prophesy, that 'stranger things than that have happened.' But I would suggest, however," Toy added, with a return of her old sarcastic fun, "that it might be as well for you to delay attempting to storm the citadel of her affections, until she is safely ensconced under my sheltering wing, and blessed with my persuasive presence. I merely would suggest, that the Garden of the Gods, by moonlight, might be more romantic than the railway depot, for such a denouement. For as you have to meet her at the latter place this afternoon, and act as her escort to our family domicile, I thought that perhaps your impetuous nature might fail to realize, that a girl

who has traveled over the plains alone, and been three nights in sleeping cars—though Pullman may term them palaces—is perhaps not in the most romantic mood for a hasty disposal of her hand and heart, even though the fond wooer be your own lordly self."

"You're right, little one!" said Hector, with a fond glance toward his devoted, and much loved sister. "But I would beg leave to inform you, that I also have a letter; not from the Goddess of Intellect, but from my old friend, Professor Thomas Evermond, who will also arrive at Denver by the same train, and who is also to be my guest. Ha! blushing, little one! Now it is my turn to talk of Gardens of the Gods, and moonlight, *et cetera!* But I will spare you."

"What can bring the professor here?" remarked Antoinette, in confusion; through which, however, there might be detected pleasure, rather than displeasure. "I met him in Niagara, you remember, and——"

"Yes, I know, little one! But it seems that he does not think that he has received his final walking papers. He wrote me all about it. 'Your devotion to me,' 'Couldn't marry any one,—and so forth. I decidedly agree with the professor, much as I shall hate to part with you, little one! But good husbands are better than the best of brothers, after all. So I'll go to the depot to meet our friends, and we will afterwards arrange a quartette expedition to the Garden of the Gods."

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Two days after Aseneith's arrival at the home of the Ormandoffs, Antoinette received a letter from Lucille Fielding. Lucille wrote in answer to Antoinette's question, why she had never married.

"Well, this letter is just like Lucille," said Antoinette, to Aseneith. "Just listen."

"'You kindly inquire, among other items of consequence, why I am still an old maid. Well, I might propound to you the same weighty question, but there are rumors in the air, regarding a learned professor, and I forbear, and straightway come to my own confession. In the first place, the gay party which met at your English home, some years ago, you remember, paired off in couples; which seemed to have been, in most cases, arranged by the hand of a kind destiny, so far as sequels have demonstrated. But my unfortunate self, you remember, was, without wish or will of my own, assigned to a faithless doctor; who, unmindful of my fascinating charms, did,

with cruel indifference, desert me for another, more fair, known as the Lady of the Blue Grotto, leaving me to pine in single blessedness. Regarding your friendly insinuations, that I may, perchance, be missing my true vocation; I would rise to remark, that if having a clamoring family, be the mission of lovely woman, I have not failed there. One thousand children, in kitchen-gardens, day nurseries, and orphan asylums, require my constant supervision, which I think will prove sufficient to promote the exercise of my keenest faculties, in the direction of helping to train the young in the way they should go, even though I fail of women's mission of being a wife and mother. Then again, as it is said that females exceed males, in the human race, I am evincing my unselfishness in leaving my lordly partner for life to some other woman, who perhaps could not so well maintain her independence, as your humble servant. Some doves must bill and coo in cosy cottages, and some must face the world alone. And I happen to have been given the latter lot. When you and the professor are safely settled, and require the aid of an old maid friend, in any emergency, let me know ; and I will fly across the Atlantic, on the wings of devotion, and prove to you the use of spinister friends.' "

"How like Lucille!" said Aseneith, laughing. "I am coming to the conclusion, that there is a lofty and unselfish mission for old maids, which places them on the pinnacle of self-sacrifice. So if I shall continue in their ranks, I have a band of heroic sisters to keep me company."

"Hector seems to think he has something to say regarding such a possibility, Neith dear!" rejoined Antoinette. "I fear you have not only subjugated his intellect by your mental powers, but have also exerted some magic spell over his heart. But I will let him manage his own heart affairs, for even a sister cannot safely meddle there."

* * * * * * *

Two weeks after this, our quartette party started for an expedition to the famous Garden of the Gods. They left Denver in the morning, and took the train for Colorado Springs. The party had been invited to visit Doctor and Mrs. Egbert Wentworth, in their charming retreat at Glen Eyrie.

The ride along this road is magnificent. On clear days, there is a fine view of the Rockies all the way. Old Pike's Peak looms up above them all, and is visible during the greater part of the journey. There is one strange mountain peak, entirely bare of trees and vegetation, which rises up like a great castle, with turrets, towers, and massive walls.

Having arrived at Colorado Springs, the party left the train and took a carriage to ride through the delightful country to

the Garden of the Gods. The landscape spread out before them was enchanting.

"How beautiful!" exclaimed Aseneith, enthusiastically.

"Wait until you have seen our matchless Garden of the Gods!" said Antoinette.

After leaving the level plain, which extended as far as the eye could reach in every direction, bounded on the distant horizon by the encircling mountains, they commenced to approach the foothills. As they came upon the higher ground, the landscape was superb. Far in the distance loomed up the snow-capped summit of Pike's Peak. The more distant mountains before them, were dimly purple in the background, and those nearer were draped in tints of grayish blue, while those nearest, were green with pines and underbrush, while the plains and meadows behind them, displayed all shades of green, with here and there, fields of golden wheat. The sun was sometimes under a small cloud, and then the mountain-sides would be shadowed in gloom, while the fields and meadows were bright with sunshine.

This was one of those glorious afternoons in summer, when nature seems hushed in stillness, with very joy, too great for utterance. As the bashful maiden, listening breathlessly, as her lover declares his love, and then, so filled with rapturous joy she cannot speak, but can only look her devotion; so to-day, does nature seem to be breathlessly listening to the words of approbation from her Maker, as lovingly beholding her, He says: "It is good!" and in the face of nature, there seems to glow an ecstatic flush of pleasure.

After stopping often to gaze upon this delightful scene, our party reached the Garden of the Gods. This noted place is one of weird grandeur. Two huge rocks form the entrance to this strange spot. One of these is bright red in color, the other is of the tint of a peach blossom. At the base of the large red rock, just outside of the entrance, is a ledge of white gypsum, and the contrast with the bright rocks beyond, is most pleasing. These entrance rocks which form the gateway, are entirely bare of vegetation, and rise hundreds of feet into the air. Between them is a smaller one, which is called the Sentinel. After passing through the gateway, our party entered a fascinating region. Far in the distance, the purple mountains form the horizon, while around rise vast columns of bare rocks; some red, some brown, others cream color, or of a peach-bloom; in all sorts of fantastic shapes, seemingly, as though

partly carved by some gigantic sculptor, and then left half finished in grotesque grandeur.

One high, tapering column, is called the Tower of Babel; another forms a most real looking group of lions; and scattered here and there along the road, are massive piles of red sandstone, which are perfect representations of sculptured images of huge idols, whence comes the name—the Garden of the Gods.

The roadway, formed by the pulverized sandstone, is of a reddish color, which winding among the green grass, studded here and there with dark green pine-trees, adds much to the weird beauty. Just outside of the Garden of the Gods, are the famous Balancing Rocks. These are two massive rocks, so placed upon each other, that the upper one rests in an inclined position upon a small point, where it is poised on the lower rock in such a manner that it seems as though a touch would displace it; but the strongest man cannot move it an inch.

As our party entered the Garden of the Gods, the sunset glow began to illumine the western sky. Just before the setting, the heavens were a deep blue—so blue as to dazzle one—and the clouds were rather heavy and massive, then became broken into lighter and more fleecy ones, until a simple white veil hung here and there, through which could be seen the blue; and then the white clouds parted, and paler blue looked forth, like a small lake surrounded by hills of snow. Now the sun hides himself in his cloud pavilion; and see! they begin to change like dissolving views. First, mountains of pure gold; then purple-based, and tipped in gold; then drapery of chocolate color, changing to maroon, as though the sun had lifted a curtain and passed beyond; then bands of purple, orange, lemon, and pink, stretching far as the eye could reach. Now a brilliant fire-light seemed to illumine the heavens, and peak after peak of the Rockies caught the red glow. "Every cloud was a fire-psalm."

As the awesome grandeur and beauty of the scene cast its mystic spell about them, Hector repeated in impressive tones that matchless description: "'And the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass; and the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony; the fourth, an emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh, chrysolyte; the eighth, beryl; the ninth, a topaz; the tenth, a chrysoprasus; the eleventh, a

jacinth; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.' "

As the low tones vibrated on the air, the bands of color in the western glow, seemed to change into those foundation-stones of precious gems, and the orange and lemon clouds into the golden streets, and one could almost hear the song which is sung before the Great White Throne: "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty! which was, and is, and is to come!"

But slowly the sunset faded, and twilight fell upon the world. The tired sun, grown weary, sank into his gorgeous, cloud-canopied couch, and drew the gray curtains of twilight before his resplendent resting-place. Myriads of stars twinkled forth, winking like sleepy children, as though they had not quite aroused from their day-dreams; and the moon glided calmly and placidly in her boat of silver, on the blue lake of the heavens. The world was changed from its golden glow; a pale white light fell softly, and the waters of the mountain brooklets looked like lines of silver, and the flowers by the roadside seemed to be shrouded in hazy white gauze, through which one could not see their colors distinctly, and the grass in the moonlight became tiny spears of glistening steel. Nature had taken off the gay clothes from her child—the earth—and robed it in a pure white night-dress, that it might sleep, and be refreshed; and had left her lamps softly burning, that her earth-child might not be afraid of the dark. Gentle Mother!

Who could describe the wonderful Garden of the Gods in the moonlight? Those towering rocks and weird forms, sculptured by nature's chisel, became columns and statues of gleaming silver.

Our party had left their carriage, and had been wandering through this enchanting place. Of course Hector was the escort of Aseneith, and the learned professor forgot his musty books, and college walls, in the charming society of the sweet and clever maiden who had become a far more engrossing study to him, than ancient tongue, or abstruse philosophy. Before Cupid's darts, all men surrender, and find themselves overpowered by the mystic spell of love.

Hector and Aseneith had passed beneath a mammoth group of rocks, whose towering shafts, graceful as church-spires, seemed to pierce the heavens with their minaret-like points,

causing this group to receive the appropriate name of the Cathedral. As they stood admiring the bewitching scene around them, Hector softly whispered:

"It is said that friendship often turns to love, Aseneith! I love you!—have loved you from the first! I have dreamed of such a woman as you are, but did not dare to hope that I should ever find her. When first I saw you, your beautiful face charmed me. But I had often gazed on other pretty women with indifference, and so I knew it was your witching wisdom; which in spite of all your assumed levity of mind, betokened by light novels, and pug dogs, and other feminine freaks; betrayed itself by your intellectual brow, and deep unfathomable eyes; which in spite of all their merry twinkle, burn with the fires of genius." And with intensest fervor he continued: "It was because I had at last found my fair Goddess Neith, appearing in the form of a most beautiful and winning woman, that my heart bowed down before her in adoring worship. And when the clouds of sorrow gathered so thick and dark around me, your steadfast confidence in me was my shield against despair, and the thought of you was my star of hope shining through the black night of my soul-anguish."

And Aseneith nobly answered, while a glow burned in her gleaming eyes: "Woman's brightest crown of glory, is not the laurel wreath of fame; but the appreciative admiration of the one whose opinion is worth more to her heart than all the honor her talents may receive from the world; for notwithstanding woman's greatest achievements, she will always be true enough to her own highest nature to prize above all price the commendation of the one who has won her heart's devotion."

"Dare I hope to be that *one* in your life, my Goddess Neith?"

"Yes, Hector," she softly murmured, "for you have proved through crucial tests of character, that you possess the lofty soul and kingly nature, which only could gain my heart's allegiance."

So they pledged their love to each other at the altar of this grand cathedral, erected by the hand of the Almighty in the marvelous Garden of the Gods.

As they joined Antoinette and the professor, they found them standing near the rock column called the Tower of Babel.

"Ah," exclaimed Antoinette to Hector, with a twinkle in

her eyes, "I observed your marked interest in that rock cathedral! Rather suggestive, is it not?"

"*Very!*" cried Hector, in a glad voice, which told the joyful story. "But what are you doing by the Tower of Babel, little one?" he asked, with mock gravity.

"Oh, like a woman, having the last word in a momentous argument with Professor Evermond," replied Antoinette, with slight embarrassment.

"Well, who is the conqueror in this wordy war, little one?" Hector inquired, with brotherly interest.

"Ask the professor," cried Antoinette, as she took the arm of Aseneith and prepared to return to the carriage waiting near. And as Hector grasped the hand of Thomas Evermond, with hearty warmth, betokening his congratulations, Antoinette called back to the gentlemen: "Doctor and Mrs. Wentworth will imagine we are lost, if we do not hasten to Glen Eyrie!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE must always be shadows though bright shines the sun ;
There must always be labor for each deed well done ;
There must always be struggles ere victory's won ;
There must always be effort ere life's race is run.
Brooding care there must be with a mother's fond joy ;
Some hands must have toiled for each pleasure and toy ;
Some brain has been wearied for each great, noble thought ;
Some hearts must have suffered ere life's lessons be taught.
Defeats must be mastered ere success crowns our day ;
In life's web there is woven some sorrow alway.
'Mid the gold gleams of joy and bright blue hopes of youth,
And greens of life's springtime, and purple-hued truth,
The red tints of pathos in life's rainbow appear,
Ere the *White Light* of God's plan and promise be clear.

HECTOR and Aseneith had been married three years. In the midst of rapidly increasing professional duties and cares, Hector Ormandoff found time, or rather, never failed to make time, for his Christly service to his fellow men. His loving devotion to his Divine Master, was always first in his thoughts, and became the daily practice of his life.

"Plain, straightforward morality, and every-day righteousness, are better than emotion, and dogmatism, and all churchism, says the world ; and Christianity says much the same ; but plain straightforward righteousness and every-day morality come most surely when a man is keeping close to Christ."

Christ and common-sense, were the powerful forces energizing Hector's thoughts, and producing practical results for the uplifting of souls around him. His religion did not consist in lazily wishing that the world were better, bemoaning with half listless indifference the natural depravity of human nature.

"The trouble with much of the preaching of the day, is well illustrated by the answer of the colored sexton to the new pastor, who asked what sort of sermons he thought would best suit the congregation. His reply was : 'Well, sah, yer kin preach to dis yer con'gashun any larned sermont dat is religious ; but for mercy's sake, touch 'em light on de Ten Commandments.' "

With Hector, every thought and action was enthused by a

vital recognition of personal responsibility, and a resolute devotion of his body and soul to the task of doing his share, so far as God should give him opportunity, for the alleviation of suffering, and encouragement of the desponding, and the uplifting of the fallen, and the offering of the helping hand to the tried and tempted; and, above all, ready always to be used as God's instrument in the saving of souls.

"Sometimes Christians complain because there are so many calls for help in the public prints, as well as at home. But God is giving to us three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, twenty-four hours in the day, sixty minutes in every hour, and sixty seconds in every minute. In fact, God is giving to us *continually*, whether asleep or awake, at home or abroad, on land or sea, and He never grows weary nor complains. I fear too many Christians are like the Dead Sea—all the time receiving, but never giving—dead to every outlet, to the calls of the poor, also to the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us!' There comes a time when man can neither lay up treasure on earth nor in Heaven. Hence lay up treasure in Heaven, while it is called to-day, for the night will soon come to one and all. Then what?"

Having felt in his own heart the crucial tortures resulting from false accusations, Hector's sympathy was warm and helpful for all those who might be misunderstood. There is perhaps no smart so keen and scathing to a highly-endowed nature, whose sensitive soul instinctively sympathizes with the pangs of other hearts, than to feel that their kindest motives had been misconstrued; that their desires to help had been attributed to false, selfish, or belittling considerations; that their endeavors to bless had been rejected with totally unrecognized appreciation. To be Christly under such circumstances, to bear and forbear, to have that "Love which is *Patience;* Love passive; Love waiting to begin; not in a hurry; calm; ready to do its work when the summons comes; but meantime wearing the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit;—to have that Love, which in spite of misunderstanding, false accusation, or even insulting rejection, yet "suffers long; beareth all things; believeth all things; hopeth all things; for Love understands and therefore waits;"—to have such love under such circumstances, is perhaps the most difficult of Christian graces, and is truly well-pleasing to the loving Divine Christ.

He who has been falsely accused, can deeply pity all accused ones, even though sin may have condemned them to just

penalty, and Hector Ormandoff consecrated his life to the uplifting of the fallen. His Sabbath afternoons were spent in the prisons, and the hospitals; and many a despairing soul received from his kind action, or considerate word, the saving help in the desperate moment, which so often is the critical turning-point between reformation and destruction.

Ah! how little we realize, that perchance, the soul of one who stands beside us for an instant, giving us thereby a Providential opportunity, may be hovering over the awful chasm of despair; and peradventure, goes down under the terrible weight of sin and sorrow, while we fail to snatch this God-given opportunity to speak the word, or proffer the helping hand, or even give the encouraging smile, which might have been the turning-point in that life!

Aseneith consecrated herself also to the same holy work. In the hospitals, she passed as an angel of mercy, from bed to bed of the suffering inmates. A smile, a prayer, a flower, a dainty morsel of food, a song, a tender word of heartfelt sympathy, cheered the sick, comforted the sorrowful, and blessed the souls of the afflicted ones, as she passed from ward to ward, "going about doing good."

"The test of a man on the final day, is not 'How have I believed?' but, 'How have I loved?' The test of religion at that great Day of Judgment, is not religiousness, but Love; not what I have done, not what I have believed, not what I have achieved, but how I have discharged the common charities of life. It is the Son of *Man* before whom the nations of the world shall be gathered. It is in the presence of *Humanity* that we shall be charged. And the spectacle itself, the mere sight of it, will silently judge each one. Those will be there whom we have met and helped; or there, the unpitied multitude whom we neglected or despised. No other witness need be summoned. No other charge than lovelessness shall be preferred. Be not deceived. The words which all of us shall one Day hear, sound not of theology, but of life; not of churches and saints, but of the hungry and the poor; not of creeds and doctrines, but of shelter and clothing; not of Bibles and prayer-books, but of cups of cold water in the name of Christ. Thank God! the Christianity of to-day is coming nearer the world's need. Live to help that on. Thank God! men know better by a hair's breadth, what religion is, what God is, who Christ is, where Christ is. Who is Christ? He who fed the hungry, clothed the naked, visited the sick. And

where is Christ? Where?—whoso shall receive a little child in My name receiveth Me. And who are Christ's? Every one that loveth is born of God.'

One Sabbath afternoon in the month of May, when nature was rising in her resurrection garments from the grave of winter, Hector Ormandoff passed from the brilliant sunshine, and exhilarating air, through the gloomy portals of the prison, into the close and dismal cells; and his heart was full of sympathizing sorrow, as his eye fell upon the poor wretches around him.

"Mr. Ormandoff!" said the warden of the prison, "there is a sad case in one of our hospital cells. The prisoner is a woman, and having heard your name, she begged to be allowed to see you. She is dying fast from consumption."

Hector Ormandoff followed the warden with alacrity, but on reaching the door of the cell, he started back in dismay. There, on the poor pallet of straw, lay Blanche Whorton, gasping away her fast fleeting breath. Here lay the enemy who had so nearly wrecked his life, and had caused such deep sorrow to himself, and to his loved ones.

Satan whispered: "Surely, you have no duty here! She has received her just doom! She does not deserve your slightest pity! Think of your years of anguish! Think of your dying mother's sorrow on your behalf! Think of your wife!"

So great was the struggle within himself, that Hector turned from the door of the cell, before he was recognized by Blanche, and saying to the warden, "I will send some one to her,"—Hector passed out of the prison, convulsed with conflicting emotions.

For two hours he walked and battled. Could he forgive and minister to this soul? "Think of your own self-respect!" whispered the tempter; "that demands that you show proper pride!"

Fierce was the conflict in the soul of Hector. At length, pale and harassed, he sought his home, and meeting Aseneith at the door, she inquired with dismay, what was the cause of his emotion.

"Blanche Whorton is in the prison hospital. She is dying, and desires to see me. What shall I do?"

Now came Aseneith's struggle. Perhaps a loving and loyal wife, could not experience a more crucial test of unselfish heroism. It is easier to forgive an injury done to one's self, than to forgive an injury done to the heart's dearest object of affection. How her beloved husband had been wronged, tor-

tured, and dishonored! Could she minister in loving forgiveness to the enemy who had wrought this evil?

"Love your enemies!" whispered conscience. "Pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you!"

She had often read those words, but to *act* them!—Ah, that was a very different thing!

Hector had followed her to their library, and as the twilight deepened, they sat for a time in suffering silence, each soul meeting this crucial test. No need to talk much about it. The deepest sorrows of the soul are the least spoken of. Now and again in life, each soul must come face to face with God alone. Human sympathy can reach very far, and comfort wonderfully; but there is a space beyond, in the inner recesses of the individual soul, where each personality finds itself alone with God, or the devil. There is where the battles of character are fought! There is where the choices are made for good or evil! Thank God! every soul may find the Father, in this awful loneliness of one's personal self, for, "He is not far from any one of us."

The twilight deepened. The silver crescent gleamed in the sky, a shining bow, bent by its Creator's hand; and a star glistened near its upward curve, as though the finger of God was pointing the way to Heaven.

"Let us pray, dearest!" said Aseneith; and Hector and his wife bowed before the sinless God, in Whose holy presence the saintliest soul is unclean, and desperately wicked.

"There are two great classes of sins—sins of the *Body*, and sins of the *Disposition*. The Prodigal Son may be taken as a type of the first; the Elder Brother, of the second. Now society has no doubt whatever as to which of these is the worse. Its brand falls, without a challenge, upon the Prodigal. But are we right? We have no balance to weigh one another's sins, and coarser and finer are but human words; but faults in the higher nature may be less venial than those in the lower, and to the eye of Him who is Love, a sin against Love, may seem a hundred times more base."

As Whitfield said of the drunkard lying in the gutter: "There lies Whitfield, but for the grace of God!" And Christ, Himself, declared: "I say unto you, that the publicans and the harlots go into the Kingdom of Heaven, before you."

Rising from their knees, Aseneith threw her arms around her husband's neck, and whispered: "I will go to Blanche Whorton, to-morrow, dearest! Christ will help me to minister to her."

A month after that, Aseneith Ormandoff sat beside the dying woman, one afternoon. Tenderly she had ministered to this former enemy. Blanche Whorton was amazed at such unlooked for kindness.

"I should think you would want to *murder* me, Mrs. Ormandoff," she said, with labored breath, "instead of nursing me so kindly. If this Christ you talk about, can make a woman such an angel as you are, He must be wonderful, indeed! I don't want to excuse any of my sins, for I am a miserable enough wretch; but my mother was a *grisette*, and my father a French nobleman; but of course a *roué*, who deserted my mother, and I was forced to dance in the *cafés* and gardens, as soon as I was old enough, and afterwards earn my living by posing as a model for artists. Through my father I inherited smartness and vice, and through my mother, ignorance, beauty, and poverty. And as my mother died before I was fifteen, Paris streets were not the most likely places to keep a girl good and honest."

A month more, and Blanche Whorton, the repentant criminal, was in her grave. Her last words to Aseneith, were: "If the thief on the cross, could be saved, Mrs. Ormandoff, I hope a pitying Christ will save my poor soul; but it will all be owing to you, that I am not cast into perdition forever!"

"Oh, not to me!" exclaimed Aseneith, tenderly. "It is the loving Christ alone who saves you! It was Christ who sent me to help you."

Hector and Aseneith Ormandoff stood together at the grave of the dead woman. They had performed a Christly deed, which was more acceptable in the sight of their Divine Master, than burnt offerings and sacrifices—than loudest hallelujahs, and preaching from the house-tops.

"In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

A new star of a saved soul shone upon the Saviour's brow, and the "peace of God which passeth all understanding," entered into the hearts of Hector and Aseneith Ormandoff.

Ah, the rewards of Christly deeds come often in this life, to the souls of the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus! To *crucify self* pays, even as an earthly investment, and enriches the soul with peace and joy, which the world can never give, and never take away—to say nothing of the heavenly rewards for Christly service. For though we are saved by faith alone, and the acceptance of the Atonement of the Divine Christ; no

good deed nor holy thought, is unnoticed, and unrewarded by our Heavenly Father.

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Aseneith Ormandoff gathered around her each Sabbath afternoon, a large Bible class, composed of young ladies, of ages varying from sixteen to twenty-five. Inspired by their loving glances, attentive eagerness and sweet appreciation, she enthused their souls with Christly zeal; enlightened their inquiring minds, with her stores of gathered information; stimulated their talents by wise counsel, ready help, and cordial appreciation; brightened their lives, by raising their ideals, and demonstrating, both by her lofty example, and enthusiastic appeals, the possibility of consecrating all their talents, whether great or small, to loving service for the Divine Master; showing that home-life can become a wide field for womanly influence; and that Christ not only requires, but also, as He has chosen in His divine plan to work through human instrumentality, that He really needs the efforts of every person, howsoever humble they may be, in speeding on the glorious work of His Blessed Kingdom.

God could, did He choose, convert the world through the ministry of angels; but He has seen wise to use the imperfect and feeble efforts of men, and in this momentous and stupendous work, even the poorest and the meanest may have a glorious share. Thanks be to God! Christ blesses, not according to the talents, nor earthly precedence, nor outward seeming sinlessness of any person; for God searcheth the hearts, and in His holy sight, every soul is black, and full of guilt; for he that even "*hateth* his brother, is a murderer;" and only whosoever is *wholly without sin*, may cast the first stone at *any* sinner. Sinners saved by grace, we may be; but *saints*, we shall none of us be, until we awake in Christ's glorious likeness.

Peradventure, in the eyes of the loving Christ, the repentant thief on the cross, was less guilty than even the beloved disciple, John, who appears to our eyes so spotless. For mark you! even that seemingly perfect John, after he had been the beloved companion of that gentle Jesus for many months, said, regarding the Samaritans, who did not receive Him: "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them?"

But Jesus turned and rebuked him, saying: "Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of. For the Son of Man is not come to destroy men's lives, but to save them."

Thus imperfectly, had even John, the beloved, recognized and understood the Gospel of Love, taught and practised by the Divine Christ.

Sabbath after Sabbath, Aseneith sowed the good seed, patiently, hopefully, humbly, which hereafter;—*sometime*,—peradventure, after her loving face was calm in death, and her persuasive voice forever silent in this world;—but, *sometime*—that is God's promise; and the promises of the *Infinite* cannot fail;—*sometime*,—that *good seed should bear fruit.*

It was the year after the death of Blanche Whorton, and the victory achieved by Christ, in Aseneith's soul, had written its record of peace upon her noble brow; and her dark eyes glowed now with a holy fire, never equalled before by all their diamond flashes of wit and beauty. Ah, there is no such beautifier for the human face, as Christly consecration!

"Mrs. Ormandoff," asked one young lady in Aseneith's class, one Sabbath, after a lesson upon Forgiveness, "do you think any one could ever learn to forgive an enemy?"

"Yes, Mary!" responded Aseneith, with a radiant smile lighting her face. "It is a very difficult lesson, but nothing is impossible with God; and He can work wonders even with our poor sinful souls."

"But, Mrs. Ormandoff," continued the girl, eagerly, "I don't suppose you can know anything about enemies, for I can't imagine it possible for any one to be an enemy to you; but I have a bitter enemy, and I would like to find out if such a thing had really been done by some person."

"Mary, dear," replied Aseneith, tenderly, "I know by *experience* that it can be done; but only through Christ working in us, not of ourselves. I cannot tell you the circumstances, but I had been deeply wronged by one—or what was perhaps harder to forgive—the one I loved the dearest in all the world, had been tortured, injured, and dishonored, by a cruel enemy. And yet Christ helped me to minister to that enemy in her dying hour, and I trust that I was permitted to show her the way to a saving Christ." Aseneith's voice had grown very reverent, and her sweet face shone with love, as she placed her arm around the neck of the young girl, and whispered tenderly: "So you see, dear, I *know* Christ can help you to forgive an enemy. It is the victories Christ has gained for us, that makes us *sure* of future help, and future triumphs over sin and self!"

"Mrs. Ormandoff," asked another of her scholars, as the girls gathered closer round their beloved teacher, eagerly catch-

ing every word of encouragement and inspiration which fell from her lips; for Aseneith so readily understood their difficulties, and could always draw some practical help from her own experience, to smooth their paths, and chase away shadows of perplexity, by the sunshine of her loving appreciation and counsel; "Mrs. Ormandoff," continued the girl, "did you ever try to help anybody very hard, and then find that they only misunderstood your motives, and you seemed to have done only harm instead of good?"

"Yes, Bella," replied Aseneith, "that is one of the most trying experiences in Christian living and labor. Remember, my dear young ladies," she continued, with animated face, and kindling eyes, "remember that we do not ever get free from the devil's temptations, as long as we live in this world. I used to look up to older Christians than myself, and think, 'Well, when I get as saintly as they are, I won't find any temptations in my way!' But, dears, there is not a man nor woman so good, that the devil ceases to fight them. Indeed, Satan seems to wage the hottest warfare with some of the saintliest souls. When the devil can't tempt us to outward sins of the body, then he clothes himself with a garment of light, enters our souls in the guise of our conscience, and sometimes becomes so aggressive, that we are really at a loss to know right from wrong. And when we think to defeat him by doing some kind deed, he wraps around his sneering face the cloak of mock humility, and tempts us to desist from some attempted effort, by insinuating that our motives are only selfish. He, no doubt, tempted you, Bella, after your experience in trying to help your friend, which ended in your being misunderstood. He probably whispered to you, 'Well, you see, you had better not try to do good at all, you only get insult for your pains!'"

"Why, Mrs. Ormandoff, how you seem to know things!" exclaimed Bella, with flushed and interested face. "I thought it was so easy for you to think rightly, and always do the kind things!"

"No, indeed, my dear young ladies! I assure you, I have hot battles with the old tempter; and when I feel, sometimes, in moments of complacency, 'Well, the devil is laid low at last!' behold, he springs up again in some other unlooked for corner of my heart, and for a time, seems to gain the victory! You will find that he often tempts most when you are trying the hardest to live a Christly life. When we get worldly and indifferent, the devil is not so much afraid of losing his power

over us; and so he apparently lets us alone for awhile, and we mistakenly suppose that we have grown so good that Satan has been defeated. The Christian life is a battle, a constant battle, my dears, and will be, while we live; and those who are really growing in grace, are to themselves, apparently, never so full of sin. For as the conscience grows more sensitive, and the character more holy; sin becomes more hateful, and is therefore more easily detected by us. It is then the devil fights the hardest, and uses our very consciences as his weapons."

"What can we do in such times, Mrs. Ormandorff?" asked Mary.

"Pray and work!" replied Aseneith. "'We must not expect a telegram from the skies, nor to hear the voice of God speaking audibly to us out of Heaven;' but the Holy Spirit will enlighten our consciences; and if we pray, work, and wait, the light will be shed upon our pathway, and our steps will be guided aright. One of my hardest conflicts with the devil, was when I had tried, as Bella has, to help a friend; and instead of helping, I only seemed to have hurt a soul. And oh! it is less hard to bear, to be hurt one's self an hundred times, than to find that we have unconsciously hurt a soul. Then Satan is triumphant. Now is his opportunity. He taunts us; quotes Scripture to us; whispers, 'It were better that a millstone were hanged about your neck, and that you were cast into the sea!' Thus he tempts us to despair; and when we try to do some other kind deed, the devil sneeringly whispers: 'Yes you have hurt one soul, now you are only a hypocrite in trying to pretend to be kind!' I was so tempted in this way once," continued Aseneith, "that I did not seem to know the devil from my conscience; and after hours of prayer, the resolve came to me, 'If this is the devil, I'll fight him, hypocrite or not; and every time he tempts me in this way, I will go instantly and do some kind deed, or speak some kind word; and so I'll pile up kindnesses, in spite of the devil; and whether I am a hypocrite or not, God will know; and some souls will be helped anyhow!' Prayer and work are the best weapons against the devil."

"But why do you suppose we must have such an experience, Mrs. Ormandorff, when we are trying to help?" asked Bella.

"Well, you see, my dear, we often want to help in *our* way, and that may not always be God's way. And then we must be taught that *our* help is not always necessary to God's plans. After God has blessed our efforts many times, we are apt to

grow *religiously proud;* for we can have pride in our religious success, as well as other ways; and then such an experience comes to humble us, to show us the selfishness underlying even our good deeds. We had perhaps become Pharisees;—thanking God that we were not as other men;—we fasted;—we prayed;—we gave tithes;—we did this and that good thing. Then we must be brought to the condition of the poor Publican; when, having been brought by the searching Spirit of God, face to face with our own unworthy selves, we are led to exclaim, 'God, be merciful to me a sinner!' Only remember, my dear young ladies, Christ will never let us *slip* from His loving clasp! His grace will always be sufficient for us. It is by means of these crucial tests that character grows.

"Such experiences are also intended to give us sympathy with those who are trying to reform their evil lives. These mistakes and sins of ours, even when we imagined we were living very godly lives, reveal to us the weakness of human nature; and then, when the devil tempts us to give up trying, and even suggests to our minds, despair; how it quickens our sympathy with others, and leads us to wonder, not that so few reform, but rather, how anyone overcomes the awful discouragements which always stand in the way of those who are trying to lead better lives, after having given themselves up to self-indulgence and wickedness; and we become more than ever convinced, that it is only the power of God's Holy Spirit, working in any soul, which gives strength and grace to overcome the flesh and the devil!

"What a tough tussle the old devil must have had with Paul just after his conversion! The Christians didn't for a time believe in his conversion! He met the cold shoulder everywhere. We are told: 'When Saul was come to Jerusalem, he assayed to join himself to the disciples; but they were all afraid of him, and believed not that he was a disciple.' What a fine opportunity for Satan to attack Paul then! Two forms of attack must have been crucial. How the old devil must have whispered, 'There, you see, no one will believe in your change of heart and life! what's the use of trying?'—or again, 'A nice one, you are, to try aad preach! Why, your hands are even stained with the blood of Christians!'—No wonder Paul exclaimed in his old age, 'I have fought a good fight!' Ah, little we know of the soul-battles all around us! Every heart is a battlefield; and every life, is, in the end, either a victory

or a defeat. 'But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!'"

"Do you think, Mrs. Ormandoff," asked Mary, "that every one is guilty of breaking all of the Ten Commandments?"

"In practice, no, Mary; in spirit, yes? If we test keenly our lives and motives by the light of God's truth and holiness, we will find ourselves wholly guilty of breaking the spirit of the entire law. Look for a moment over the Commandments. 'Thou shalt have no other gods before Me!'—We have all of us worshipped self. 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain!'—We have all of us uttered thoughtless prayers, even though we may not have been profane. 'Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy!'—We are all condemned here. Light words, frivolous thoughts, and careless deeds, have broken this law, even though our outward lives have conformed to the customary decorous observance of Sabbath services. 'Honor thy father and thy mother!'—When, perchance, our beloved parents are laid in the grave, and we stand beside their sacred dust; we must all of us bewail with bitter tears, our breaking of this great law. 'Thou shalt not kill!'——"

"But, Mrs. Ormandoff," exclaimed Bella, "only murderers are guilty of breaking this law!"

"'Whosoever *hateth* his brother, is a murderer,' Christ said; and who of us have not sometimes hated, Bella?"

"Well, surely we are free concerning the next commandment, Mrs. Ormandoff!" said a lovely girl in the class.

"We may be free as regards being a Magdalen, Christine, dear," replied Aseneith; "but unclean thoughts, and immoral words, place us under the condemnation of that law."

"But theft, Mrs. Ormandoff," said Bella "surely, there we are free!"

"We may not have stolen gold, or goods," replied Aseneith; "but have we never robbed a heart of joy, by some cruel word or deed of ours? Have we never robbed a character of its just dues, by some gossiping scandal we have thoughlessly repeated? 'Thou shalt not steal!' covers a wide field of thought and action, you see; and the condemned criminal, may not be the only one guilty of breaking that law. And surely, we have all borne false witness, by unjust accusations and condemnations; and we have all coveted; so, in the eyes of a holy God, we are guilty of breaking the entire law! 'For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." A helpful writer says:

"'The world is not a playground; it is a schoolroom. Life is not a holiday, but an education. And the one eternal lesson for us all, is, how *better we can love.* What makes a man a good artist, a good sculptor, a good musician? Practice! What makes a man a good linguist, a good stenographer? Practice! What makes a man a good man? Practice! Nothing else. There is nothing capricious about religion. We do not get the soul in different ways, under different laws, from those in which we get the body and the mind. If a man does not exercise his arm, he develops no biceps muscle; and if a man does not exercise his soul, he acquires no muscle in his soul, no strength of character, no vigor of moral fibre, nor beauty of spiritual growth. Love is not a thing of enthusiastic emotion. It is a rich, strong, manly, vigorous expression of the whole round Christian character—the Christlike nature in its fullest development. And the constituents of this great character are only to be built up by ceaseless practice.

"'What was Christ doing in the carpenter's shop? Practicing! Though perfect, we read that He *learned* obedience, and grew in wisdom and in favor with God. Do not quarrel therefore with your lot in life. Do not complain of its never ceasing cares, its petty environments, the vexations you have to stand, the small and sordid souls you have to live and work with. Above all, do not resent temptation; do not be perplexed because it seems to thicken round you more and more, and ceases, neither for effort, nor for agony, nor prayer. That is your practice. That is the practice which God appoints you; and it is having its work in making you patient, and humble, and generous, and unselfish, and kind, and courteous. Do not grudge the hand that is moulding the still shapeless image within you. It is growing more beautiful, though you see it not, and every touch of temptation may add to its perfection. Therefore, keep in the midst of life. Do not isolate yourself. Be among men, and among things, and among troubles, and difficulties, and obstacles. You remember Gœthe's words: "Talent develops itself in solitude; character in the stream of life?" Talent develops itself in solitude—the talent of prayer, of faith, of meditation, of seeing the unseen. Character grows in the stream of the world's life. That chiefly is where men are to learn love.'"

Thus Aseneith Ormandoff was using her own experiences to help other lives. An effort seems not so formidable to attempt, when we know it has been successfully made by some other mortal like ourselves.

CHAPTER XV.

THE extension of the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, crosses the Sangre de Christo range at Veta Pass, at an elevation of over nine thousand feet above the sea. It is one of the highest points reached by any railroad in the world. One of the many curves of the road, gives a magnificent view of mountain scenery. Veta and Dump mountains, appear in the foreground; amidst whose dizzy heights, the railroad winds upward, still upward, like a tiny thread of steel—up—till the eye dares not look down into the awful chasms beneath; but, half terrified, and half exultant, gazes, spell-bound, upon the towering Spanish Peaks, and yet still higher, to the gleaming, snowy crest of Sierra Blanca, the highest peak in Colorado.

Beneath these dizzy heights, round which the sturdy engine bears its living freight of human souls, the mountain sides are draped with golden-tinted clouds; for we are now above them, gazing into the azure depths of heaven, flooded with dazzling rays of such pure light, as almost to blind one, when not viewed through the misty veil of sunlit clouds.

Now, while we bask in the sunshine, at this exalted height, the clouds beneath us deepen, and the rain falls, in the dark mountain gorges, far down the awful depths below us. As we watch the sublime spectacle, and note the sun-tipped crests of yonder black and threatening clouds;—on our side, sunshine—below, the darkness and the storm;—we involuntarily murmur, "Every cloud has its silver lining!"—It is always bright upon the other side!

Far up the steep and rugged sides of Veta mountain, in the Sangre de Christo range, still higher up than the daring railroad climbs; stood a lone miner's cabin, with one solitary occupant, known only amongst the people in the scattered hamlets by the name of the Hermit of Sangre de Christo. Several times, during the short summers, the hermit came down into the nearest mining camps, to procure supplies. But through the long winters, he remained invisible to all human eyes; having no companions but the snow and ice, and wild,

cold winds, and merciless storms which lashed against the mountain sides with demoniacal fury; seemingly intent upon hurling the grand old Rockies from their granite bases, and piling them up in still more titanic and fantastic masses of chaotic grandeur.

Who was the hermit?. None knew. Suddenly he had appeared upon the mountain side, like some strange apparition. Unaided, he had built his lonely cabin; across whose humble portal, no footstep but his own had ever passed. One rough miner, more venturesome than the rest, had climbed the steep mountain, and sought admittance to the hermit's aerial retreat. The owner of the cabin was not at home; and peering through the half draped window, the visitor was surprised to see in such a place a violin, and many richly bound books, filling the rude shelves which lined the little cabin. On a rough table, made of twisted pine knots, stood a tiny easel, with a woman's picture, framed in dark blue velvet. The rough miner's comments, when he returned from this visit to the camp below, were:

"Well, boys, that thar hermit is no doubt some 'tenderfoot,' but he's mighty plucky, in spite of his book-larnin,' and fiddle, and woman's notions. None but a daring fellow would have chosen sich a place. I reckon he ain't as old as his white hair and beard would make folks think him; for old bones could never have built sich a cabin, nor have lugged up that mountain all them thar books, though what on earth he wants o' them, beats me. I reckon he must be one o' them star-gazin' fellows, what tries to read their fortunes in the planets."

And so the hermit gained the added title of "Crazy Astronomer."

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The train which crosses this picturesque range, had just stopped at one of the small mining towns on its route. Three travelers alighted from it, much to the amazement of the rough miners gathered there; for two of the travelers were women, and their dress and manners, denoted that they were cultivated ladies. Their companion was an old Scotchman, whose deferential bearing, suggested the inference that he was some trusty family servant. Having attended to the baggage, the old man approached the ladies, and respectfully addressed the younger of them with the remark:

"Aw well, miss, I ween this project may be a bit awesome after all, though I wadna venture unco opinions to mar your bonny pleasure."

"Never fear, Donald," answered the lady, laughing, "you won't have to bear the responsibility of this wild freak of mine. But you need have no anxieties because I wish to ascend this mountain! Surely, the ascent of Pike's Peak, was just as formidable; and you found me quite a fearless mountain climber, and expert equestrian."

"But why does this Sangre de Christo range, have such a charm for you, Eulalie?" asked the elder lady.

"Ah! *Je ne sais pas, ma belle* Alice, unless it is my destiny," answered the younger and more beautiful of the two. But although her voice was clear and merry, the last tones softened almost to a whisper; and a far-away look came into her dark brown eyes, which left a gleam within their depths, like the reflection of a star in some smooth pool of water, nestled at the bottom of a deep ravine; too far down, to catch the fickle, changing sunbeams; but reflecting the bright evening star, which glowed in the heavens above it.

"Aw weel, miss, seein' old Donald couldna cross your wish, since ye were a wee bit o' lassie, in the short gowns, and the bonny blue snood, I'll do ma best to humor ye; but the day is too far gone a'ready, for sich a tramp 'ere night."

"Oh, yes, Donald, I can wait until to-morrow. Mrs. Humbert is so used to my mad freaks, that she will not mind one night in a log cabin; will you, Alice, dear?"

"Well, since our camping out in that wild thunderstorm, in Estes Park, Eulalie, I think I am prepared for anything in the way of an adventure. A miner's cabin, will be quite luxuriant in comparison; and if one night in these wild regions, will suffice you, I'll not complain. I'm quite relieved that you have not proposed to build a summer residence on the summit of Pike's Peak, for annual hair's breadth excursions."

So it was settled. For a generous sum of money, one miner's family was persuaded to vacate their three-roomed domicile for the night; and to crowd into some of their neighbors' cabins, who were to share their remuneration; and the two ladies, with old Donald to guard them, were soon making themselves at home in their rude quarters.

Why were they here? What was the cause of the strange fascination which the Sangre de Christo mountains seemed to have over Miss Eulalie Everard? What memory, or

legend was connected in her mind with those rugged, bleak, and awesome peaks, crowned with their glistening diadems of perpetual snow? What spirit hovered around their frightful chasms? What strange spell seemed to compel her to attempt to scale their unknown heights, and fathom the mysteries of their sublime, but awful grandeur?

For ten years, she had been chasing a phantom. Though the casual observer would have failed to detect any tragedy in her handsome countenance, a more skilled psychologist, might have read strange lines in that fair face—lines which betokened a thrilling history.

That night, when alone in her humble room in the miner's log cabin, she stood by the window, and gazed upon the towering summit of the mountains before her, whose snowy crest gleamed like burnished silver in the clear moonlight. Then, as though under the influence of some magic spell, she stretched out her white arms toward it, and softly chanted a Spanish hymn, lingering over the refrain "Sangre de Christo —Blood of Christ!—" with tones of melting tenderness.

What association was there in her mind between that range of lofty mountains bearing the strange Spanish name of Sangre de Christo, and the vesper hymn, called by the same expressive title? Again reaching out her arms toward the mountains, she murmured: "Sangre de Christo!—Sangre de Christo!—I am here, beloved!—I am coming! By the precious blood of Christ, I will never cease seeking thee, until I have found thee—either here, or hereafter!"

That night, about midnight, Eulalie was suddenly awakened by a voice. Where was it? What was it? The voice was not strange, although she had not heard it for ten long years. Was she dreaming? No! this was the miner's cabin—the window—the moonlight. Then again she heard the voice, chanting the Spanish hymn, "Sangre de Christo!"—It was a man's voice; —ah!—yes, she remembered. It was the night of her betrothal, far away in the city of New York—ten years ago. Her lover was bending over her as she sat in the soft moonlight, at the piano, near the open window of the drawing-room in her father's mansion. They had been singing Spanish songs together;—and then he raised her hand to his lips—looked into her eyes—and told the old, old, but always delicious story, when heart answers heart. And when she murmured "Yes!" his rich low voice had chanted, as though to consecrate their love, for time and for eternity, "Sangre de

Christo!—By the precious blood of Christ, which saveth us, we shall be one forever."

And then—oh, then—had come the blackness of despair! Then, that very night—the thunder-bolt had fallen! Ere the dawing of the new day, an impassable chasm yawned between them—and yet it was not death!

But hark! she surely hears a voice—his voice. It is no phantom of the memory. Truly, that is a mortal form, which now stands motionless in the moonlight, plainly visible through her open window, which is opposite the low, rude bed upon which she is lying. It is his height, but his hair and beard are long, and gleam white as snow in the silvery light. Is it an angel spirit? No, those are truly mortal tones, which now steal softly, and oh, so tenderly to her ear. "*Sangre de Christo!*" they chant, in melting strains of ravishing sweetness. Ah! those are his tones!—only his—she could never mistake them! Was she dead and in heaven with him, at last? Unconsciously, she closed her eyes, and listened breathlessly for an instant. The voice ceased. She started up. No one was to be seen. She sprang to the window. Only the soft, silvery moonlight, and towering peaks. What did it mean?

Swiftly, she glided into the adjoining room of her companion.

"Alice, dear, did you hear anything?" she breathlessly asked.

"Why no, child! What could we hear but the wind among the pine trees upon these great terrible mountains? What is the matter?" she continued, sitting up, and drawing Eulalie down close in her arms. "Why, child, you are trembling, as though in a chill! What has happened?"

"Oh, nothing!" whispered Eulalie. "I must have been dreaming. I think I must be cold in this mountain air. My window was open."

"Oh, you foolish, imprudent child! Lie right down here beside me! Surely, you will now give up your mad notion of climbing that awful mountain to-morrow, and take the early train for a more civilized country!"

"Oh, no!" eagerly replied Eulalie. "I will climb that mountain though I die in the attempt!"

"Oh, I expect you will next take some freak to explore the heart of Africa, and climb the Mountains of the Moon!" laughingly rejoined Mrs. Humbert. "If it comes to that, dear,

I fear I will have to resign my position as lady's companion; although I think I have proved that I would follow you almost anywhere, even though I do desert you now and then, leaving old Donald and the guides to attend you on your mad adventures, when my poor foolish nerves, and timid heart, will not permit me to accompany you. But if you insist on carrying out your rash intention, the sooner you are asleep, Eulalie, the better."

Early the next morning, Miss Eulalie Everard, accompanied by her servant, Donald, and one of the mountain guides, mounted their horses, and started up the narrow, winding footpath, which had been an Indian trail in former times. Eulalie appeared unusually excited, and was so daring, and almost reckless, as tc cause old Donald to shake his head, and gently expostulate upon her surprising and strange haste.

"Aw weel, my bonnie lassie," he at last exclaimed, forgetting her mature years, "will ye na bide a bit? It's unco haste ye're ta'en. I wot ye didna gang sae venturesome afore!"

"Don't fear for me, Donald!" cried Eulalie, as with the guide beside her, she reined her horse upon the edge of a deep chasm, to await the coming of her faithful servant, who followed a little in the rear. But the next moment the wind caught her long, flowing veil, and wound it quickly round her horse's head, blinding him for an instant. He reared, and plunged in fright; and ere the guide could grasp the rein, he lost his footing, and fell, with his fair burden, over the yawning edge of the deep precipice.

With a cry of horror, the guide and Donald sprang from their horses, and bent over the abyss with blanched faces and trembling limbs. Was she dashed to pieces? They thought so at first, for at the bottom of the deep ravine lay her horse. But where was she? Did she lie crushed beneath his weight? No!—marvelous!—a ledge, half way down the terrible chasm, had caught the skirt of her riding-habit; and she hung midway, held by the frail fabric, and clinging to the rock with her fast stiffening fingers. Oh! would she hold till help could reach her? Not a second must be lost! The guide exclaimed, "The hermit's cabin is near! I'll get a rope. Watch!"

It seemed an age, but not five minutes had elapsed, ere the guide returned, accompanied by the hermit. His long white hair, uncovered, floated in the wind. Instantly, he took command.

"Here, you two, let me down," he said, as he fastened the

rope around his waist. "Twist the rope twice round that small pine-tree, so it cannot slip, then lower me!"

He was gone over the edge. Soon the rope slackened. Fastening the end securely, they bent over the awful chasm. The hermit was standing on the narrow ledge, and had clasped her in his arms, just as the dress was tearing loose from the sharp edge of rock upon which it had caught. Eulalie had fainted. The hermit cast one glance upon that pallid, beautiful face, and then he cried: "Oh, my beloved!—It is she, my darling Eulalie!—My angel love!—Speak to me!"

But the dark eyes opened not. Was she dead?—dead, now!—when once again he clasped her to his heart! There was no time for tears. That slender rope might break with the weight of two. He must not risk it. Carefully he fastened the rope about her, and signaled his helpers above to draw her up. Oh, the awful agony!—the terrible joy of that dread moment! Had he indeed found his long-lost love? Was she alive? It seemed an eternity to wait, to learn the truth. At last the rope again descended, and the hermit was drawn up. Where was Eulalie? Donald had borne her into the hermit's cabin, and laid her on the humble cot; which was richly covered, however, with soft, warm furs, secured by the hermit in his hunting expeditions. The hermit approached her, and gently taking her white hand, he felt her pulse with his trembling fingers. Feeble pulsations could be perceived, and quickly placing to her lips a few drops of brandy, he was overjoyed at last to see her breast heave, and then her brown eyes open. By chance, they fell first upon the picture, in the dark blue velvet frame, and then on the hermit's face. A wild joy flashed from their depths, and a glad cry burst from her lips:

"*My Edgar!—found at last!—blessed Sangre de Christo!*" and then again she fainted.

"Ah, my poor bonny lass!" exclaimed old Donald, with the tears streaming down his cheeks. Then turning to the hermit, who had clasped Eulalie in his arms, he said: "Master Lewellyn, the sweet lass has sought ye far and near, for ten long years. Ever since that night—you know—. Strange, my old eyes did not discover ye before; but the awful fright, and danger of my mistress, and your white locks, which used to be so bonny brown, have near clear blinded me. Excuse me! I mean no disrespect;—Miss Everard always seems a bonny lass to her old Donald, who has served her ever since

she was a wee tottling bairn," and with an instinct of what was fitting, old Donald withdrew from the room, saying: "If I can help you, call me, Master Lewellyn. I'll be just without the door."

"My darling! Oh, my heart's love!" whispered Edgar Lewellyn, between the sobs which shook his strong frame, as he held Eulalie in his arms, with an embrace which only death could sever. But then, suddenly, his bright eye darkened, and a shadow black as night passed over his enraptured face, and he laid her softly down, whispering: "Oh, I had forgotten for one blissful moment! I must not touch her!—my pure angel-love!—the past——!"

"Edgar!—Oh, Edgar!—Did I not find you, love?" exclaimed Eulalie, rising up with startled eyes; and clasping his cold hand, she whispered: "I've sought you the world over, love, for ten long years!"

"Why should you seek one who has such a dishonored name?"

"Dishonor!—Disgrace! Do you not know?" she exclaimed, speaking hurriedly, with flashing eyes and deepening color. "Did you not know, that I never, for one instant, doubted your innocence? That awful night!—that *blessed* night!" she added, clasping his hand closely in her own. "You know when you left me and went to find poor papa, as I had bid you—and found him!—Oh, I cannot say it!—murdered!—and your screams brought the servants, and they beheld you with the bloody knife, which you had drawn from his bleeding heart! Then—you know, dear!—though they could not prove it, they thought you guilty! But I did not, for one single instant. Love, I would have staked my life, and hopes of heaven, upon your innocence! And after your trial, and acquittal, I thought you would surely come to me; but instead, came your short parting note: 'I can only say that I am *innocent;* but as I cannot *prove* it, I will never trouble you more. Farewell! Sangre de Christo is my only hope. Perhaps in Heaven, you may know my innocence and love, and we may meet once more.' Oh, Edgar, dearest, those words were burnt into my very soul. I vowed that I would find the guilty one; that I would clear you in the eyes of all the world; and then I would spend my life in seeking you. And if I did not find you this side of the grave, I would search through all Heaven, and never rest, until I clasped you to my heart, or joined your soul in Paradise."

"Did you find the guilty one?"

"Oh, do you not know? Have you not seen it in the papers? I had it published east and west, and everywhere. A drunken servant, whom papa had discharged, and who had vowed vengeance, committed the awful deed. When about to be hung for another murder, he confessed this, among other crimes. And I have never ceased to search for you. Oftentimes, I thought you were dead; and then a clue would be obtained, by some of the many detectives I sent in all directions; and again it would be lost. At last, I found a faint trace of you in the far West; and I determined to follow it up myself, with old Donald, and my kind governess, Mrs. Humbert, as companions. When I heard of the Sangre de Christo range, I felt impelled to come; and Edgar, I had such a strange, sweet dream last night! I thought that I saw you outside my window in the moonlight, and I heard your loved voice, chanting the Sangre de Christo vesper hymn. But when I sprang to the window, you were gone."

"Why, my darling, I was chanting that hymn, out in the moonlight. For some reason, which I could not explain, for several days you have seemed nearer to me than ever before, since we parted. Last night, I could not sleep. I seemed to see your face, continually; and once, I thought I heard your voice, chanting that hymn, as I stood in the door of my cabin, overlooking the little camp below. At last, I could rest no longer. I went down the mountain-side; and about midnight, as I approached one of the cabins, I felt impelled to sing that hymn—you seemed so near me."

"I did sing it, Edgar, dearest. In the early evening, while looking at this mountain, somehow, I seemed to be so drawn upward, as by some unseen presence, that I stretched out my arms, and called your name, again and again. Ah, blessed Sangre de Christo!"

"Oh, my long-lost darling!" whispered Edgar, as he clasped her to his heart. "I would undure the past ten years of anguish, for the present moment of bliss!"

"I just knocked to say the guide has brought fresh horses," said old Donald at the door. "Shall I bring Mrs. Humbert up, or will Miss Eulalie go down the mountain again?"

"Oh, Alice could never have the courage to climb this mountain," said Eulalie, rising, but finding herself very weak after her late terrible adventure.

"Yes, she will!" exclaimed Edgar. "My cabin is more

comfortable than that miner's hut, and I will bring her safely, if I have to carry her up on my back. Donald, watch Miss Everard, while the guide and I go for Mrs. Humbert."

Then bending over Eulalie, he whispered; "How soon shall it be, darling? We have waited so long!"

"Whenever you wish, Edgar, love!" she answered.

"Then I will bring a minister or a justice, if one can be found, before the sun sets," whispered Edgar, "for we must be married upon the Sangre de Christo mount, which has restored us to each other!"

As the first rays of the rising moon silvered the snowy crest of the lofty peak, Edgar and Eulalie were married by a minister from the nearest hamlet, in the hermit's cabin, with Mrs. Humbert, and old Donald as witnesses. After the holy ceremony was completed, as the moon flooded the heavens, Edgar and Eulalie stood upon the mountain side, with clasped hands and radiant faces, and softly but exultantly chanted the vesper hymn, *Sangre de Christo.*

CHAPTER XVI.

We must pass over twenty years in the lives of Hector and Aseneith, before we take our last glimpse of them. Their characters had been constantly growing toward higher ideals. Blessed with worldly success, and widening influence, they sedulously cultivated the beautiful grace of humility; feeling, that when they had done all in their power, they had but in some slight measure made returns for their rich moral inheritance, and God-given opportunities.

Two beautiful children were the delight of their lives. The nature of their son, Cleon, a noble youth of twenty-two years of age, seemed to be the complement of the finer qualities and characteristics of both his parents. And their lovely daughter, Claire, of seventeen, just blossoming into radiant womanhood, was the embodiment of sunshine, love, and joy.

It was the month of July. Hector and Aseneith, with Claire and Cleon, were spending a few weeks at the summer home of Antoinette Evermond, whose husband was professor in one of the oldest colleges of the East.

This charming summer retreat, was situated upon one of the most picturesque of the islands in the St. Lawrence, forming one of the group designated as the "Thousand Islands."

There is no more bewitching spot in America, than this fascinating point in the St. Lawrence river. Nature has here combined so many of her varied and enchanting charms! The sweep of glistening water, is studded with its island gems, like emeralds set upon a shining ribbon of silver, encrusted with gleaming diamond points of light, as the sun catches the drops dancing upon the crests of the waves, and transforms them into myrid rainbow-tinted globules of glowing, quivering light, each drop a miracle of God's almighty power.

Then, as the eye sweeps the horizon, it takes into view the rushing river; smoothed, perchance, into the likeness of a mirror, in some protected cove; then again, dashing impetuously against some rocky ledge; then flowing onward;—here, deep blue, where the clouds overshadow it;—there, glittering

like gold, where the noon-tide sun smiles upon it. Here, broken into bays and narrow streamlets, where the islands cluster thickly, lifting their green offerings of praise to their Creator; while the voices of the pines are chanting *Te Deums*, to the accompaniment of zephyrs on Æolian harps. Then again, the royal river flows onward with majestic breadth and sweep, and the islands recede into the dim horizon as the steamboat ploughs the waves, churning the waters into white foam in its wake, and scattering the spray from its side-wheels, in sparkling fountains of liquid diamonds.

Then as the steamboat nears the landing of some of the large islands, the blue waters are dotted here and there, with fishing boats and rowing boats, containing picturesque groups of pleasure seekers; adding to the varied charm of the scene, by grace of motion, and gayly-colored attire.

But the height of the enchantment of this delightful summer resort, is experienced upon some moonlight night, when all the islands are brilliantly illuminated. And as the steamer glides over the silvered waters, the tourist seems to have entered some fairy-land of entrancing loveliness. On every side, islands encircled with rows of twinkling lights, loom from the waters; while here and there, some large hotel or stately mansion is garlanded from base to tower, with festoons of colored lanterns, gleaming like massive chains of precious stones against the dark backgrounds of the imposing buildings.

It was on such a night as this, that our little party, consisting of Hector and Aseneith Ormandoff, with Claire and Cleon, together with Antoinette and Professor Evermond, with their only son Harry, had chartered a small steamer, thereby securing undisturbed enjoyment of the witching scene.

The young people, who were fine musicians, had invited some of their musical friends to join them; and with songs, banjos and guitars, they filled the soft night air with delightful melodies; which, mingling with the moonlight, entranced the ear, while the eye feasted upon the enchanting prospect spread out on all sides.

"Cleon and Claire, both seem to have such lovely natures, Hector!" remarked Antoinette; as the older ones, seated a little apart from the group of young people, had turned for a moment from the alluring scene around them, to the charming picture of youth and beauty beside them.

"Well, Antoinette," replied Hector, "Cleon and Claire are privileged to have inherited souls, which have descended from

long lines of Christian, self-sacrificing natures. They have come into a moral inheritance which is above all earthly price. You remember, Toy, how you and I have often blessed God for our rich legacy through soul-heredity; and Aseneith's noble ancestry of heroic natures and consecrated souls, gives to our children a double portion."

Just then, Cleon approached his parents; and as he stood before them for a moment—with deference in his manner, and filial love in his noble face, as he made some slight request of them—the moonlight fell upon his manly brow, and in gazing into his true, pure eyes, there was not visible the slightest trace of old Ivan Ormandoff. The heroism of the Huguenots was stamped upon his features, the endurance of old Cromwell's "Ironsides," was manifested by his splendid physique, and the loyalty of his mother's race of Revolutionary heroes, glowed in his large dark eyes. In him was exemplified the result of the victories over self achieved by his ancestors, through the aid of God's Holy Spirit; and his priceless moral inheritance, was the possession of a nature, in which the tendencies toward good choices predominated so largely over evil tendencies, as to insure great probability of the development of a true and lofty character.

As Cleon returned to his young friends, Aseneith remarked, with a lingering look of pride and love resting upon her idolized son: "God grant, that he may make such a wise choice of his heart's mate, as to insure to his children a still richer moral inheritance!"

Here, in the moonlight, blessed with the realized joys of happy parents, with souls filled with the peace of God, "which passeth understanding," leading lives of Christly consecration, we will take our last glimpse of Hector and Aseneith Ormandoff. What of joys and of sorrows the future shall bring to them, will but perfect their characters, and thereby add to their eternal rewards.

THE END.

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